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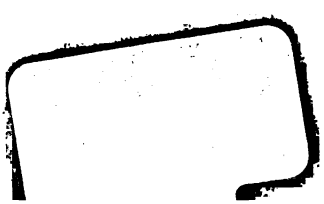

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MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM SAMPSON:

INCLUDING

PARTICULARS OF HIS ADVENTURES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE; HIS CONFINEMENT IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION IN LISBON, &c. &c.

SEVERAL ORIGINAL LETTERS;

BEING

HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MINISTERS OF STATE IN GREAT-BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL;

A SHORT SKETCH

OF THE

HISTORY OF IRELAND,

PARTICULARLY AS IT RESPECTS THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH DOMINATION IN THAT COUNTRY;

AND

A FEW OBSERVATIONS

ON THE STATE OF MANNERS, &c. IN AMERICA.

New-York:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY GEORGE FORMAN, 64, WATER-STREET, NEAR OLD-SLIP.

1807.

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District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the Eighteenth day of November, in the thirty-second Year of the Independence of the United States of America; William Sampson of the said District hath deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM SAMPSON;

Including particulars of his adventures in various parts of Europe; his confinement in the Dungeons of the Inquisition in Lisbon, &c. &c. several original Letters, being his correspondence with the Ministers of state in Great-Britain and Portugal; a short sketch of the History of Ireland, particularly as it respects the spirit of British domination in that country, and a few observations on the state of manners, &c. in America.

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the Encouragement of Learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other Prints."

EDWARD DUNSCOMB,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

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TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

THE Author, without apology, submits his Memoirs to that nation where truth can be uttered without alloy.

To the idolaters of English power, some of whom motives have too strong for truth to shake, he is aware that his work will not be pleasing. But he knows, that the genius of America is not that of persecution; and that although for ten years past, terror and corruption have been able to silence the vindicators of the Irish cause; yet it needs but to be known to find favor with the just and generous of every country.

The printing presses of Ireland have been lawlessly demolished, and all who dare write or speak the truth, have been hunted to destruction; whilst scouts and hirelings, paid from the Irish treasury, have been maintained in the remotest regions of the earth, to slander Ireland; yet all this has not been sufficient to reconcile the minds of thinking people to the idea of a *nation of rebels*, or a *kingdom* out of a *king's peace*. For if a government be so manifestly against a

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people, and a people so manifestly against a government: if a kingdom must be put out of the king's peace, in order that a faction may monopolise royal power, it may be fairly asked, on which side is *rebellion?* and the answer arises spontaneously in the breast of a free American.

Some of the most respectable citizens of America have acknowled to the Author, that they had been deceived respecting Ireland, and were desirous of knowing the true state of things; and this was a principal motive for giving to the public his Memoirs, which, from certain principles of moderation, he had so long suppressed.

The Author has, with no less frankness avowed, that the unremitting and reiterated calumnies levelled against the American reputation, had not been without effect upon his mind, until it was his fortune to be corrected by the happiest experiment: till in that country, where, *it was written*,* that the men were sordid, the women withered, the institutions vicious, and religion unknown, he found—exalted hospitality; the charms of female society elegant and attractive: institutions

* See Moore, Weld, Parkinson, Davis, The Stranger, and all the rest.

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which on the other side the Atlantic pass for wild and visionary theories, reduced to practice, and unexampled prosperity growing beneath their shade: till he found religion unsullied by political craft or violent dominion, inculcated with purity, and exercised in charity: till he found, in the benignity of the BENCH, a long lost profession, and in the liberality of the BAR, friends worthy of his entire esteem.

To such a people he addresses himself with confidence.—The faint sketch his Memoirs present of the calamities of his country, may serve at least to awake attention to a subject too little known for the common interest of humanity. The rest will follow; and time may yet come, when the genius of Columbia, exulting in her young flight, and soaring on her eagle-wing, in quest of subjects equal to her swelling conceptions, may find them in the courage, the constancy, and undeserved calamities of slandered Ireland. Till then, let it be kept in mind, that the same writers and runners, hired to traduce Irishmen in America, are those who traduce America in Europe—with this only difference, that in all their clumsy sarcasms, the spirit of the jest is, to call the American YANKEE, and the Irishman PADDY.

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ERRATA.

IN running his eye over these sheets, since they were printed, the Author regrets to have discovered several typographical errors; which it would be too tedious a task for him to point out in a formal list of Errata: confiding in the liberality of every candid and intelligent reader to make allowance for those accidents, which he knows are inseparable from all literary performances, and which no author has ever been able to prevent, particularly in a first edition.

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LETTER I.

Treason—Carlisle Gaol—Bridewell.

AT length my friend, I take up my pen to comply with your desire, and to give you the history of my extraordinary persecution. From it you may form a judgment of that system of government which drove the unhappy people of Ireland to revolt. But, to judge rightly, you should also be aware, that of many thousand such cases, mine is one of the most mild.

Before any open violence was attempted against me, I had been often distantly threatened, and indirectly insulted: And particularly on the 12th of February, 1798, I was charged with high treason, by an alderman of Dublin, then colonel of a volunteer corps, without any other pretext than my having gone to confer with the high sheriff on behalf of a

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printer, whose house was beset by a body of military, into which I entered by the request of an unfortunate wife, whose husband was then lying in prison, under an arbitrary sentence. I found the house crouded with military, who threatened to demolish it, as other printing houses had been demolished. The types and printing implements were destroyed, and the unfortunate woman thrown into an agony of terror. After interceding with the sheriff, he conducted me to the door. Mrs. Stockdale's sister having picked up a parcel of ball cartridges, deposited by the sheriff himself, or by his consent, on a former occasion, for the purposes of defence against a mob, became fearful that they might be made a pretext for a massacre, took advantage of the door being opened for me, to carry them away. They broke through her apron, and scattered upon the flaggs. The whole sergeant's guard crying out, that they had found the *croppie's pills*, pursued me at full speed. I turned short to meet them, and, by that means, checked in some measure their fury. I was immediately surrounded by near twenty bayonets presented to my body, each soldier encouraging his comrade to run me through. I assumed an air of confidence and security beyond what I felt, and appealed to the sergeant, who, after some rough parley, led me back a prisoner to his officers within. He, the lady, the sergeant, and some others, underwent an examination, and at two in the morning, I was told by Alderman Carleton, that there was a charge against me amounting to high treason, but that if I would be upon ho-

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nor to present myself to him on the following day, he would enlarge me. I went the next morning, accompanied by Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Hill Wilson, and the honorable John Leeson, to demand some explanation; the alderman was denied, and there the matter finished, as it began, in buffoonery.

I learned afterwards, that the investment and occupation of Mr. Stockdale's house, was to prevent an intended publication in the "PRESS," against Lord Clare, from circulating. One side of the news-paper, however, that which contained it, had already been printed, and the soldiers who made prize of the impression, circulated it rapidly at a great advanced price.

But that event from which my present persecution flows, in an uninterrupted series, was an attempt to make me a prisoner on the 12th of March, of the same year; a day famous for the arrest of many men distinguished, at that time, by their qualities, but more so by their sufferings since.

This was considered by my enemies a good occasion to repair the blunders of the former day; and I was, without the slightest pretext, included in the list of common proscription.

It was probably hoped, that in the seizure of my papers, something might be found to justify so violent a measure; but no such ground appearing, more scandalous means were resorted to; and an officer of the Cavan militia, Mr. Colclough, was found so unworthy of his profession, as to be the instrument of that scandal, and to propagate that he had found a

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commission, naming me a French general. And a noble Lord (Glentworth) did not scruple to proclaim the same falsehood to the young gentlemen of the college corps of yeomanry on their parade.—Such was the foul commencement of that abomination, of which you must have patience to listen to the detail.

Being from home when the house I inhabited was beset, my first care was to retire to a place of safety, from whence I wrote a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cambden, which was put into his hand by General Crosbie; and another to the Attorney-General, Mr. Wolfe, which was delivered by the honorable John Leeson. In each of these letters I offered to surrender instantly, on the promise of receiving a trial.

No answer being given, I remained in Dublin until the 16th of April, when the terror became so atrocious that humanity could no longer endure it. In every quarter of the metropolis, the shrieks and groans of the tortured were to be heard, and that, through all hours of the day and night. Men were taken at random without process or accusation, and tortured at the pleasure of the lowest dregs of the community. Bloody theatres were opened by these self-constituted inquisitors, and new and unheard of machines were invented for their diabolical purposes ——Unhappily in every country history is but the record of black crimes; but if ever this history comes to be fairly written, whatever has yet been held up to the execration of mankind, will fade before it. For it had not happended before, in any country or in

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any age to inflict torture, and to offer bribe at the same moment. In this bloody reign, the coward and the traitor were sure of wealth and power; the brave and the loyal to suffer death or torture. The very mansion of the viceroy was peopled with salaried denouncers, kept in secret, and led out only for purposes of death. Some of them, struck with remorse, have since published their own crimes, and some have been hanged by their employers.—*(See Appendix No. I.)*—Men were hung up until their tongues started from their mouths, and let down to receive fresh offers of bribe to betray their neighbour or discover themselves. If they neither knew nor would discover any thing, these intervals of relaxation were followed by new and more poignant inflictions. And when that courage, which is the noble attribute of my unhappy countrymen, spurned in the midst of agony at the temper and the bribe; the nearest and the tenderest relatives were often brought to witness these horrors; that out of their feelings might be extorted some denunciation, true or false, which the virtue of the sufferer had withheld.

To avoid such scenes, disgraceful to the name of man, and acted in the name of the king and British constitution, on the day abovementioned (the 16th of April, 1798) I embarked in a Collier ship for Whitehaven, and was on the following morning arrested on my landing, pursuant to general orders issued to the officers of that port. From hence I was sent to the county gaol of Carlisle, merely because I refused to tell my name; and my servant, John Russell, of

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whom I shall have too much reason to speak hereafter, was detained a prisoner in the workhouse at Whitehaven.

Though I never did, nor never shall fear my enemies, I did not think it wise to brave them at this moment, seeing they had the power of putting me in gaol, from whence the law had no power to set me free; and I therefore passed by the name of Williams, being nearly my name by baptism. Many attempts were made upon my servant to disclose my name, but he refused; and the news-papers of the place were mean enough to publish that he had betrayed me. Happily torture had not then, nor has yet been introduced into England: that may be referred for the future; and those means which have succeeded to overturn the ancient constitution of Ireland, bribery, corruption, division, torture, *religion*, and military executions, may much sooner than many think, be employed to clear away the ruins of British liberty. And the Irish may, in their turn, be led over to England to repay the benefits they have received.

Whilst in Carlisle, I obtained leave from the magistrates and gaoler, to write to the Duke of Portland, then secretary of state, requesting earnestly to be sent to trial, if any one had been impudent enough to charge me with any crime. Or, if that justice was not granted, that I might rather remain where I was, than to be again forced amidst the horrors which raged in my own country. But neither the one nor the other of these requests were listened to,

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and I was sent back again to Dublin, with my servant, where we landed on the 5th of May.

It is scarcely worth while to mention the vexations I experienced in Carlisle, they are so eclipsed by the horrors which were to follow. The gaoler, Mr. Wilson, was by profession a butcher. The moment I saw his face, I recollected having been present at the king's bench, during my attendance as a student, when he was sentenced to two years imprisonment for having kidnapped an old man, and married him by force to a woman, his accomplice. This sentence he had strictly undergone, and so far that fault was expiated; and he was now for his services at elections for members of parliament, under the special protection of Lord Lonsdale, named gaoler of the county prison. Such was the man who celebrated his clemency in accepting of payment for not putting me in irons; and who, when I was with difficulty allowed a bed to repose myself upon, insisted upon sharing it with me. One messenger came from London, another from Dublin; and, so averse was the spirit of the people of that country to such proceeding, that the messenger's quarters were surrounded by guards: patroles went round the city, and I could scarcely prevent my rescue. Such was the beginning of that persecution you have desired me to relate so circumstantially.

I was, upon landing in Dublin, taken to the apartments of Mr. Coke, as it was told me, *to be examined.* I was locked up some hours, but this gentleman did not think proper to *examine* me; and

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he judged well: perhaps, upon *examining* himself, he thought it best not to *examine* me.

From hence I was sent under a guard to the Castle tavern, where night and day two centinels were placed in my room. From these centinels I learned to what atrocious length the brutal licentiousness of the military had been encouraged. A young man of the North Cork militia, whom I had, by civilities, drawn into conversation, frankly regretted the free quarters in Kildare, where he said, that amongst other advantages, they had their will of the men's wives and daughters. I asked him, if his officers permitted that? and he answered, by a story of one who had ordered a farmer, during the time of the *free quarters*, to bring him his daughter in four and twenty hours, under pain of having his house burned. The young girl had been removed to a neighbouring parish. The father would not be the instrument of his daughter's pollution. And this young soldier assured me, he had been one, who, by his officer's command, had burned the house of the unfortunate father. And this was called *loyalty to the King and British constitution;* and now this crime, with a million of others, is indemnified by law. Whilst I, who would rather die than countenance such atrocity, am, without enquiry, dungeoned, proclaimed, betrayed, pursued, and exiled.—And still, great as my wrongs are, they are but as shadows of those of thousands of my countrymen.

On the 7th of May, I was taken with a long procession of prisoners, all strangers to me, to bride-

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well, where I was doomed to suffer, what honest men must ever expect, when in the power of those whose crimes they have opposed. In bridewell I was locked up in dismal solitude for many months.

I cannot help mentioning, before I go further, the extraordinary appearance of Mr. Cooke's office in the Castle. It was full of those arms which had been at different times and in various parts of the country, wrested from the hands of the unfortunate peasants. They were chiefly pikes of a most rude workmanship, and forms the most grotesque: green crooked sticks cut out of the hedges with long spikes, nails, knives, or scythe blades fastened on the end of them, very emblematical of the poverty and desperation of these unhappy warriors; and shewing, in a strong light, the wonderful effects of despair, and the courage it inspires. Never did human eyes behold so curious an armory as this secretary's office.

LETTER II.

M'Dougall—Trevor—Torture—Notice of Trial.

THE first occurrence in bridewell which gave me pleasure, was a notice of trial, served upon me in due form. I thought my enemies now committed past retreat, and I vainly anticipated the tri-

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umph I should have in their confrontation and confusion. I feared neither corrupt judges, packed juries, hired witnesses, treacherous advocates, nor *terror-struck friends*. I was all-sufficient for myself against such hosts. I had no need of defence, but had much of accusation to bring forth. I had committed no murders nor treasons. I had burned no houses, nor tortured no free men. I asked no absolution in acts of parliament, passed in one session, to *indemnify* the crimes of the preceding one. I had legally and loyally defended the acknowledged rights of my countrymen. I had opposed myself with honest firmness to the crimes of arson, treason, murder, and torture; and rather than stand by to see my countrymen deflowered, I was ready, as I ever shall be, to defend them with my life. I had done more; for when the boiling indignation of the people pointed to self-preservation, through individual retaliation, I had spent sleepless nights to save the lives of those who, after so many years of vengeance, seem still to hunt for mine. But, think not, my friend, that I should ever condescend to make a merit of this to those despicable men. The principal of my actions was too pure to be in any way connected with their degraded persons.

During the time that I was locked up in secret, my servant had found protection in the house and service of Mr. and Mrs. Leeson, with the friendly condition of restoring him to me as soon as I should be set free. He was allowed to come at times for my linen, and other necessary commissions, under the

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bars of my window, but only got leave to speak to me in the presence of the keeper, or the sergeant of the guard. Upon receiving the notice of trial, I sent him with the good news to Mr. Vincent, an attorney connected by marriage with my family, to request this gentleman to come and consult with me upon the necessary steps towards justifying myself, and confounding my accusers, if any should dare to appear against me. But unhappily there was no thought of trying me, as you will see by the attrocious result of this insolent mockery of justice. Mr. Vincent, pursuant to my request, wrote in the ordinary course, to the secretary, Mr. Cooke, who seemed now to have usurped all civil jurisdiction in such cases, for leave to come to me, and received for answer, a refusal. That I might be apprised of this, for he dared not now come himself, even in sight of my prison, he copied Mr. Cooke's note, and sent it open, by my servant John, who delivered it, to be read by the gaoler; and afterwards it was handed up through the iron bars of my window, upon the point of the sergeant's halberd. Such was the crime for which this unfortunate young man was pursued, dragged forcibly from the house of Mr. Leeson, to the barracks of the Cavan militia, where he was put to the cruelest torture. One executioner was brought to relieve another: his back and shoulders were first mangled, and then the rest of his body bared, and wantonly lacerated. This done, he was thrown raw and smarting upon the boards of the guard-room, with a threat of a similar execution on the

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following day, which he certainly must have undergone, had not Mr. Leeson made interest to save him, a favor which he with difficulty obtained. Though the bringing of the letter touching the subject of my trial, was the pretext for this infamous deed, yet the farther object appeared during the execution: for, as often as the torture was suspended, the young man was exhorted to save himself by some denunciation of his master. Such was the end of that famous notice of trial, of which, from that day forward, I could never hear a word.

From this faithful servant himself, I never should have heard of this transaction, so generously anxious was he to spare me such vexation in the then dangerous state of my health. But I had a doctor who was not so tender, and who seemed to take pleasure in announcing it to me. As this doctor made part of the *system*, it is right I should say a few words of him.

Being deeply affected in my lungs, I had requested to see some physician in whom I could confide. But, instead of that indulgence, there was sent me a certain Mr. Trevor, from the military hospital, a surgeon and apothecary, but whose chief practice, one would suppose, had been to stand by at military executions, to prescribe how much a patient could be made to suffer short of the crime of murder. Amongst civilised men, a doctor is a friend, bringing to suffering humanity the consolations it requires, and comforting even when he cannot cure. But such a person would have ill suited the views of

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the governing faction. This man's first care was not for my health. His first ordonance was, that another bolt should be added to those already sufficiently massive on my door, and to threaten the turnkey with flogging if he did not keep me close. How far the turnkey deserved to be whipped for his too much tenderness, you will judge from his history, which I had from his own mouth. As he was another part of the system, it may be worth relating.

His name was John M'Dougall. He was a native of the county of Down, and having been formerly, during the time of the *hearts of steel*, charged with various crimes, amongst which was the burning of Mr. Waddel Cunningham's house; and his name proclaimed in the news-papers with a reward for his arrest; he took advantage of his *religion* to save him from the fate that threatened him. For, about that time, Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald had advertised for *Protestants* to replace the *Papist* tenantry on his lands, as these latter being proscribed for their *religion's* sake, and deprived of the privilege of voting for members of Parliament, were unserviceable to his ambition, and as such to be turned off his estate. Every body knows by what crime that unhappy man, endowed with the joint advantages of birth, talents, and education, forfeited his life; and of the fate that he, with his principal accomplice, Breaknoch, were sentenced to undergo. John M'Dougall, who had been *too near a witness* of the death of Mr. Patrick Randall M'Donnell, was however reserved for other destinies. He once more found it

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not imprudent to emigrate, and for this time took refuge in Scotland, where having unfortunately knocked out the eye of a man, he, in order to wash out this offence, in his zeal for his king and country, and to merit the rewards given to those who forward the recruiting service, swore two of his prosecutors to be deserters from the army, and himself enlisted in the Dumbarton Fencibles, to fight in the great cause of the throne and the altar.

On his return from Guernsey, where he had been some years in garrison, he found, in Ireland, in a congenial administration, the road to new promotion, and was selected from his corps as the fittest for the office he now held.

You will, perhaps, be curious to know how so finished a politician could have been so much off his guard, as to make these confessions to a prisoner under his care. I, myself, was much surprised at it; but it seems wisely ordained, that some fatality should ever hang upon the rear of enormity, and detection almost ever follow guilt, though often too late for this world's justice. What led to these discoveries, was as follows:

Colonel Maxwell, of the same militia regiment, in whose barracks, and by whose soldiers my servant had been tortured; and one of whose officers (Mr. Colclough) had affirmed, that he had found, amongst my papers, a French General's commission: this Colonel, son of a Right Reverend Bishop, had, about this time, made a motion in the House of Commons, that the prisoners in civil custody should

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be taken out and dealt with militarily. I believe, without exaggeration, that this was no less than to say, that we should all me murdered. And it was given to understand, that my life, with that of the rest of the prisoners, should be answerable for the approach of any insurgents towards the prison.

The manner in which the *terrorists* of the House of Commons had received this motion, made it plain how many ready instruments there were for such a crime: I therefore attempted to engage Mr. M'Dougall, by his interest, not to take part in such a murder; and I was fortunate enough to surmount every scruple, save the sense of danger to himself, and the additional difficulty of his escaping after being so long proclaimed with a reward for his arrest, and a description published of his person. Thus it was, that balancing between avarice and fear, he deigned to make me this revelation, and favor me with his confidence.

I will, however, before I pass this man of confidence by, give you another characteristic anecdote of him: One day, after a long and rigorous seclusion, he proposed to let me, through special indulgence, go down to amuse myself with another prisoner in the court-yard. So new, and so gratifying a permission, was not to be refused. He turned the key in the outer door to prevent surprise, and a day or two afterwards I missed a number of guineas from a sack which I had always left loose. Upon missing this money, I applied to Doctor Trevor, who, instead of Doctor, was now in the character of a mi-

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litary inspector of these strong places, and a countercheck upon the humanity of the gaolers. A search was promptly and peremptorily decreed.—John M'Dougall was taken by surprise; and, in his first flurry, discovered that he had twelve guineas stitched up in the waistband of his breeches; but he said it would soon appear clear to every body that they were not my guineas, but his own, as they would be found mildewed, being the same he had carried with him over the seas to the island of Guernsey, and from thence home again. This assertion, whatever pretentions he might have as an alchemist, proved him but a bad chymist. But there was another stumbling block. Besides that, the guineas were all bright and shining, many of them were coined after the time of his sailing for Guernsey: and besides, they were wrapped up in a morsel of a Dublin Journal, which he had brought for me the very day on which he had so kindly let me into the court to take the air. However, he now had time to rally his ingenuity, and deliberately accounted for the whole, by saying that his wife had some days ago sold a web of linen to a captain in the regiment, now absent upon duty: that upon the receipt of the price of it, they had counted their common stock together, made a new repartition, and that he had stiched up what fell to his share, as was his military custom, in the waistband of his breeches. I proposed, for common satisfaction, that the captain should be written to; but it was not done, and Mr. M'Dougall, furbishing up his musket, told one of the pri-

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soners that he would revenge his reputation upon me. I knew that if he was tolerated for robbing me, he would be more than *indemnified* for murdering me: I therefore proposed peace and the *statu quo*, which was accepted. But such was the doctor, and such the guardian; the only two beings of my species with whom I was permitted to converse, and that only, when the one came his daily rounds as a spy, to see that I received no indulgence; and the other opened my door to give me what was necessary to my existence.

Once, indeed, there came three gentlemen deputed from the grand jury, to visit me with the other prisoners under notice of trial. They asked me, if I had any thing to represent to the court then sitting, or to the jury? I told them, that my health was bad; that I requested to be tried, and was ready at a moment's warning. For this intrusion, I myself heard the doctor threaten these grand jurors, and reprove the keeper: For he said, that Mr. Cooke alone had the power to dispose of us.—I never heard that these grand jurors were whipped:—if they were not, I hold them fortunate.

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LETTER III.

Lord Cornwallis—Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

AT length, to pass over a world of odious details, came the Marquis Cornwallis, bringing words of peace. Civil and military licentiousness were now at their height. You must have heard, that when the gallant and respected Abercrombie, since dead in the field of honor, was sent to command the army in Ireland, he found it impossible to make head against so much crime and anarchy. The combined efforts of Clare and Carhampton, and the weakness of what they called *a strong government*, had driven the whole people to rebellion, and made enemies of almost every honest man. The old and respectable magistrates, men of property and reputation in the country, were struck out of the commission of the peace, and foreign mercenaries put into it. The population of whole districts were swept without remorse on board tenders and prison ships; and fathers of families torn from their poor and peaceful cottages, to be sent on board the British fleet, where the tale of their bitter and just complaint was necessarily to

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form the leaven of that fearful event so aptly called *Carhampton's mutiny*; and which was like to have cost the king of England more than the violence of a million of such men, with their *strong governments*, could ever do him good. *Weak* men, they had not minds to conceive that the only *strong government*, is that which is *strong* in the *confidence and security of the people governed*. They called these crimes, dictated by their own petty passions, by the name of "*vigour beyond the law*."—So Robbespiere called his. In short, he and his associates, seemed in every thing, except sincerity, to be their model. The difference was, that his cruelties fell chiefly on the rich and great—theirs afflicted the humble and the poor. The eloquence of Europe has been exhausted in reprobating his crimes. The mention of theirs, is still treason and death. Alas! the advocates of the poor, are few, and their reward is ruin. To celebrate successful villainy, is the sure road to gain and to preferment. Had I been capable of stooping to such baseness, instead of opposing myself to the unparalleled oppression of my countrymen, those who have persecuted me, know, in their own hearts, how open the road of fortune was to me. But nature, and a virtuous education, had made me differently, and if my conduct has been criminal, I own I am incorrigible; for, with all the time and reason I have had for sober reflection, I cannot see in what essential circumstance I could better discharge the duties I owe to God, to my fellow creatures, and to myself. Prudence might possibly, were the same events to recur,

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dictate some safer course; but virtue could offer nothing more pure. Nor have I been the dupe of any deceitful hope or passion. I saw, but too clearly from the first, how, in such a state of things, in attempting to do good, one must expose one's self to mischief; and it is to that settled principle I owe the courage which has been my safety and consolation through so many trials. If it were otherwise, and that I could suppose my conduct criminal, I know of but one way of future remedy for all such evils; that is, that we should hereafter educate our offspring in the contempt of what is generous and honest. You have children, my friend, and so have I. Shall we calculate, that the times to come, will always resemble those we have seen? Shall we, judging by such examples, train up their tender minds in calculating profligacy? Shall we stifle, in its birth, every generous feeling of compassion and humanity? Shall we teach them to mock at the love of their country? Shall we teach them the cant and outward form of a pure religion of equality and justice, but at the same time inure them to plunder and to murder in the name of that *religion?* Shall we give them early lessons, that restraints are only for the vulgar, and that he who does not prefer his avarice and ambition to every other consideration, is a fool; and if he is inflexible against seduction, that he should be hunted as a traitor?—Were these considerations rigorously pursued, how far would they not lead? further, I fear, than is for your happiness or mine. Let us rather encourage the hope, that crime will not always

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triumph, and justice may yet return; that our offspring may be honest, and yet be happy. And let me for the present resume the thread of this extraordinary narrative.

I have mentioned, that Sir Ralph Abercrombie had been obliged to abdicate the command of the army in Ireland. I am not obliged to conjecture what his reasons were. He frankly and consistently with his manly character, published them in one short sentence, where he said that this famous army of Carhampton "*had become contemptible to its enemies, and formidable only to its friends.*" And true his words did prove, when the half naked peasants of a few counties of Ireland, without arms or ammunition, or any other *leaders* than those, there was not wisdom to deprive them of, *their misery and their despair* could wage war and gain victories over the most costly army of Europe.

Lord Cornwallis, something wiser than his predecessors, or at least unactuated by party spite, saw how nearly all was lost, and formed a better plan. He shut up the houses of torture. He forbade *pitched caps to be burned on mens heads.* He put an end, in a great measure, to the *ravishing of women,* and the *killing or whipping of Irishmen for sport.* He interdicted *half hanging to extort confessions.* He put a stop to much of the petty-fogging and chicaning part of the administration; and he offered pardon and protection to such as would lay down their arms and return to their homes. But unhappily, whether it was that the faction were too strong for him, and

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wished to blacken him as faithless and disloyal, and to gratify their jealousy by thwarting his measures, certain it is that many had no sooner laid down their arms, than they were murdered defenceless, and in one instance particularly, the massacre of Glencoe was acted over on the Curragh of Kildare.—*(See Appendix No. II.)*

It was but justice, however, to this nobleman, to relate one instance in which he asserted his dignity with true energy. Two yeomen, so they called themselves, had gone to the house of a poor widow; whilst one guarded the door, the other went in, dragged a young boy from his sick bed, and in contempt even of a protection which he had received from the government, shot the son in the arms of his mother. The culprit, on his trial, avowed the fact; and audaciously called upon several officers to justify him under military orders, and to depose upon their oaths that what he did was his duty. And in their sense so it certainly was, and he was readily acquitted. But Lord Cornwallis saw it differently, and ordered his disapprobation of the sentence to be read in open court, to Lord Enniskellen the president, and the other officers composing the court martial; disqualifying them forever from setting on any other court martial, and the yeomen from ever serving the king. And this, as it was strongly stated, in his order published officially in the news-papers, "*for having acquitted, without any pretext, a man guilty upon the clearest and uncontradicted evidence of a wilful and deliberate murder.*" Perhaps you will wonder that I

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should state this fact as any thing extraordinary: you will be surprised, possibly, to hear, that any country, where the British constitution was professed, should be in such a state of wretchedness, that an act of justice, no stronger than the punishment of murder and misprison by a reprimand, should excite furious animosity on one side, and transports of admiration on the other. But so long had the reign of terror lasted, that the very mention of bringing any of this faction to justice, was looked upon by the rest, as an insolent encroachment upon their murderous prerogatives. Nor would this story have been ever known either to Lord Cornwallis or the public, more than to thousands of others buried with the victims in the grave, had it not been for the accidental protection afforded to this poor widow, by a lady of fortune and fashion—Mrs. Latouche.

LETTER IV.

Negociation—Byrne—Bond.

AFTER several months of cruel and secret imprisonment, a Mr. Crawford, an attorney, *was first permitted* to break the spell of solitude, and enter my prison door. This gentleman had been employed in the defence of Mr. Bond, Mr. Byrne, and

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others, for whose fate I was much interested, and on this title introduced himself to my confidence. He descanted with ability upon the excellent and benevolent views of the Marquis Cornwallis, so unlike his predecessors. He drew a strong picture of the unhappy state of the country, and proposed to me, as to one free from even the pretence of accusation; but one, he was pleased to say, whose character might inspire confidence, to become the instrument of a pacification, and to promote a reconciliation between the government and the state prisoners; which could not fail, he said, to end in the general good of the people, and save the lives of many thousands.

I, though neither chief nor leader of a party, nor in any way connected with responsibility, was yet too warm a friend to the peace and union of my country, and to general humanity, to be inaccessible to such a proposition. But I little thought my compliance was to lead to all the injuries and atrocities I have since been loaded with. I confined myself, however, to advising this gentleman rather to apply to some person more marking in politics than me, who might have more lead among the people, and more knowledge of their feelings or intentions. Mr. Crawford upon this obtained leave for Mr. Arthur O'Connor, then in secret in another part of the prison, to come to speak with me, which he did at my request; but at this time refused taking any step. Nor did I ever meddle further in the business, than to recommend conciliation between the parties, and to entreat my kinsman, Mr. Dobbs, a member of the

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then parliament, to accept of the office of mediator, merely because I knew him to be of a mild and benevolent disposition, and this was the actual commencement of that treaty so remarkable in itself and so strangely violated.

It is foreign to my purpose to say by what steps the negociation proceeded; further than as a well-wisher to peace and humanity, it was considered by nobody to be any concern of mine. But I was for some time induced by *appearances* to suppose, that good faith and good understanding prevailed between the ministers and the people: and the day I was told was fixed for my enlargement, as one against whom no charge had ever been made.—Upwards of seventy prisoners, against whom no evidence appeared, had signed an act of self devotion, and peace was likely to be the result. There was so much courtesy, that I was more than once permitted to go out of the prison, where I had before been locked up in rigorous solitude, and to return on my word. And Mr. O'Connor, now in the Fort St. George in Scotland, a close prisoner, was once on his return from Kilmainham, where he had gone upon parole to see his fellow prisoners and colleagues in that negociation, challenged by the centinels, and refused admission. On one side, it appears by this, there was as much good faith as there has been cruel perfidy on the other.

One day, as we were all together in the yard of the bridewell, it was announced, that the scaffold was erected for the execution of William Byrne; the preservation of whose life had been a principal mo-

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tive for the signature of many of the prisoners to the agreement abovementioned. We were all thunderstruck by such a piece of news: but I was the more affected when I learned, that Lord Cornwallis had been desirous of remitting the execution, but that the faction had overborne him in the council; and that the argument was, that the agreement was ineffective, inasmuch as Mr. O'Connor nor I had not signed it. In that moment I sent to Mr. Dobbs, to intreat that he would hurry to the Castle, and offer my signature, on condition that this execution should be suspended; but unhappily it was too late. The terrorists had surrounded the scaffold, and that brave youth was hurried, undaunted, to his death! This deed filled me with horror. I had never known any thing of William Byrne, until I had found means of conversing with him in our common prison. Through favor of Mr. Bush, once my friend, and then employed as his counsel, he obtained leave to consult with me on the subject of his trial; and certainly whatever can be conceived of noble courage, and pure and perfect heroism, he possessed. His life was offered him, on condition that he would exculpate himself, at the expense of the reputation of the deceased Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and the scorn with which he treated this offer, was truly noble. Go, says he, to the herald of that odious proposition, and tell the tempter that sent you, that I have known no man superior to him you would calumniate, nor none more base, than him who makes this offer. It is not necessary to be a partisan of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,

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nor acquainted with the sufferings and oppressions of the unfortunate Irish people, to feel the dignity of such a reply. It would be to be dead to the feelings of generosity, sacred even amongst enemies, not to be touched with it. The more so, when it is known, that this young man, who was but one and twenty years of age, was married to the woman that he loved, and had, within a few days, received a new pledge of fondness, and a new tie to life, in the birth of a first child. He had been loyally enrolled in a corps of volunteers, until the persecutions and horrors committed upon those of his persuasion, for he was of a Catholic family, drove him from the ranks of the persecutors into the arms of rebellion. Had there been men less weak, and less wicked, in the government of Ireland; or a system of less inhumanity, he, with thousands now in exile or in the grave, would have been its boast and ornament, and the foremost in virtue and in courage, to defend it.

By the death of William Byrne, the work of blood seemed recommenced, and the life of Oliver Bond was next threatened. I had much friendship for this man, and great respect for his virtues. He had already suffered much from persecution, and borne it with great fortitude. He was generally esteemed for his good morals, beloved by his friends, and respected even by his enemies. I had often partaken of his hospitality, and seen him happy amidst his family. He was now under sentence of death, which he himself seemed to despise. His virtuous wife appeared to me in my prison; and though she did not

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venture to urge me, her silent looks were irresistible persuasion. It might depend upon my consent whether she were to-morrow a widow or a wife. Whether her poor babes were to be restored to the smiles of a fond father, or be fatherless. The deep regret I had for the fate of William Byrne, rushed full into my mind, and I determined to make that sacrifice which must ever please upon reflection. My bad health, indeed, at that moment, lessened the price I had to give; my life was entirely despaired of by my friends. Yet, this friend died a few days after, unaccountably, in his prison, whilst I, after a series of unexampled persecution, live to tell his story and my own.

LETTER V.

Case stated—Union.

WITH respect to the other prisoners, every one of them seemed to treat death and danger with contempt. The memorial drawn up by three of them in their own justification, and that of their cause, has already been in print, as well as the interrogatories and answers of such of them as were examined before the committee, touching the intended resistance and arming of the country. To these things I was a stranger, further than this, that

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I was an enemy to violation and torture; and determined, on all occasions that offered, to resist it, which I always openly declared. By the agreement I had signed, the ministers were entitled to examine me, if they thought proper. But for the same reasons that they did not try me, they did not examine me. They knew that it would tend not to their advantage, but to mine. As to the alliance with France, I knew it first by the ministerial publications, and they had so often asserted it when it was not true, that I, with many others, disbelieved it, even after it was so.—But I saw crimes with my own eyes, to which, to submit, would be degrading to the name of man, and for not submitting to which, I am now an exile.

You will expect, perhaps, some distinct accounts of these transactions: but, for this, I should rather refer you to the publications where it is to be found.

A principal one is the memoir of the three state prisoners, Emmet, M'Neven, and O'Connor.*

This statement appears full of strength and candor, and it was curious to observe at the time, that whatever merit the ministers made to the crown of their discoveries, they seemed to shrink entirely from the publication of them, whilst the prisoners insisted upon their avowals being published, as the undisguised and unstudied justification of their cause.

Much turned upon points of chronology; for, however great the causes and the feelings of general discontent were; whatever the long endured griefs of

* See the pieces of Irish history, lately published by Dr. William James M'Nevin, p. 207.

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Ireland had been; whatever some individuals might have meditated, none of the persons in question, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, nor others of whom so much has been said, were of the united system, nor was there any military organization formed until after the summer of 1796: previous to this, the persecution of the Catholics in Armagh, and the neighboring counties; the adoption and protection of the Orangemen; the passing of penal acts of such extreme severity, and the cruel execution of them; and particularly the *insurrection act*, which amounted, in itself, to as complete a revolution as if the king had been deposed, or had abdicated, had taken place. Until these times, if the British constitution had not been practised in Ireland, it had been at least professed, particularly since its nominal independence had been guaranteed by the king and parliament. I need not tell you, that the essence of that constitution is, that men should be tried by juries of their fellow-citizens, their peers; and by the law of the land; and in no arbitrary manner deprived of life, liberty or property. If it be not this, it is nothing but a shadow or a sound. But by this revolutionary act, proclamations were to stand for laws. And justices of the peace, often foreign mercenary soldiers, were to take place of juries, and had the power of proclaiming counties and districts *out of the king's peace*. Horrible and barbarous sentence! These justices were made and cashiered by the breath of Lord Clare, a man violent and vindicative And if ever in better times the list of these justices comes

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to be enquired into, it will be found of such a complexion as to be of itself an ample comment upon the spirit of the parliament, and those who had the dominion over it. Perhaps I shall, at some other time, when I have concluded this narrative, send you an abstract of this and the other laws and proclamations which fomented this rebellion. But it would too much impede the course of that which you alone have asked of me, my own particular history. At present I shall barely observe, that the ministers who made a merit of having hastened the rebellion by their cruelties, might, without much violence of conjecture, be presumed to have planned it. The suppressing, by the bayonet, the county meetings, assembled for the *constitutional purposes* of *petitioning* the king, is another strong proof that they had done what they feared to have made known; and the dungeoning the prisoners, to whose emigration they had agreed, is another as strong. To revolutionize their country, was a crime in them; but it would have been less so to avow their approbation of the projected union, than first to have invoked heaven to witness that they would consent to no change of their constitution: then to put nine-tenths of their countrymen under the ban of the most diabolical proscription. To have introduced torture into their native country, and finished by promoting what they had sworn never to endure.

Such was the faction that ruled the parliament of Ireland. Such was that degraded parliament itself. All the public records of history or of law; all the

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votes, proclamations, addresses; all the acts of parliament, and they are the most wonderful ever yet seen; all the reports of committees, secret or open, go to prove, that the evil still encreased as their ignorant and vicious remedies were applied. It could not therefore be otherwise than a labored point on their side; and it is easily explained, why they so much dreaded, and do dread to this day, that the truth should escape out of bondage.

It is doubtless for this reason that the state prisoners are still shut up in Fort St. George, contrary to an agreement made near four years ago,* that they should go abroad. Perhaps it was for no other reason that the petitions of the people were prevented from approaching the throne. And the peaceable petitioners assembled under every regulation of strict law, treasonably dispersed by the bayonet. And that printers were imprisoned or assassinated, and their houses wrecked or burned. Mr. O'Connor, in his letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated from his prison, states, that his evidence, written and verbal, contained a hundred pages, out of which one only was published, and ninety-nine suppressed. For my own part, my interest, my connections and my hopes, lay decidedly with the court party, rather than the people. It certainly was nothing but the conviction of the great oppression of my country, which is written in so plain a hand that every eye can read it, that could

* These letters were written *several* years since in France, when the prisoners were still in custody.

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have engaged me to take any part. But in the course of my profession of an advocate, I have been a witness of systematic outrage, such as I once thought had forever disappeared with the past ages of barbarity. I have, in this respect, as in every other, endeavored to discharge my duty with honor and fidelity; and I have been no otherwise than I had foreseen, the victim of that duty, and that native abhorrence which I have of crime. It may be said however, that if there were horrors on one side, there were crimes also on the other. I do not say the contrary. Oppression ever generates crimes; and if those who enjoy, in the social scheme, wealth, rank, and power, are not contented without trampling on the common rights of their fellow-citizens, they must ever live in the fear of bitter retaliation. Let me now ask any man, from whatever quarter of the world, who has, at any time, chanced to visit my country, and to witness its position: let me challenge him who has ever read its history to say, whether, in any civilised region of the world, there exists a system of greater misgovernment and cruelty; or a country so formed by the hand of nature for the choicest happiness, where there is such an accumulated weight of misery. If any crimes have been committed, and doubtless there must have been, it is to this cause that they are due. I may be supposed partial to my countrymen, and I am not ashamed of being so. But I do think, that there is no where a people on the earth, capable, with all their faults upon their heads, of more

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exalted virtue. And whose order, generosity of heart, industry, and courage, deserve a higher rank amongst the people of the earth, however long and systematic oppression may have labored in some respects too successfully to degrade and vilify them.

[redacted] myself the better qualified to speak in this [redacted] I have no need of justification for myself. [redacted] having yet dared to mention any crime I have committed, at least in such a manner as to deserve an answer. When any person does so, I have a victorious answer. For, unless it be a crime, as I have said, to resist rape and torture, will any one ever be able to fix the shadow of crime on me? The English ministry, and their dependants, may applaud and glorify themselves for having, by a great stroke of policy, duped all parties in my country, and through our civil calamities, obtained their ends; but it is too barefaced even for them to say, that it was criminal in us to try to keep our country independent and united.

But to return to this point of history and fact, which is the hinge of the whole, and most important to be explained. The committee, finding that no alliance was formed until after the insurrection act; that the project of arming and resistance was of a very recent date; and that the numbers and proselytes to the union had encreased in an equal ratio with the cruelties inflicted upon the people; and that these cruelties had driven so many men of talents and consequence into the ranks; and that few of the present leaders were, until after these cruelties, so well

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calculated to act upon the consciences of virtuous men, in any way concerned with the system. This committee found it necessary to their interest, to steer dexterously round this point, and accordingly they had recourse to the opinions of Mr. Tone. He had avowed frankly, before the tribunal met, to pass judgment of death upon him, *(See Appendix, No. III.)* that he had meditated much upon the subject, and saw no redemption for his country, but in its separation from that one which held it in bondage. Now this reference to Mr. Tone's opinion, challenged an obvious answer from those whose justification might seem to require it.

At the time that Mr. Jackson was sent from France, to get information of the condition and feelings of the people in England, as well as Ireland, he addressed himself, amongst others, to Mr. Tone. This gentleman was supposed to have drawn up that acute statement, read upon Jackson's trial, in which he made the true distinction between the feelings of the English and the Irish people; not founded upon any vague abstractions, or arbitrary conceits, but upon the solid ground of their different moral and physical existence. He shewed, that the mass of the Irish people were in that state that rendered all nations most fit for rebellion and for war. That the people of England, whatever grievances they had, were more respected, less oppressed, and less insulted. That it might be presumed, the Irish would gladly embrace deliverance from any hand, but that the English people were not yet at that point. I only from memory

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undertake to give you some lines of this paper; I remember it the rather from having been employed on the trial of Mr. Jackson, and having published the trial verbally from short-hand notes. I knew very little of Mr. Tone; and had only, until then, had occasion to admire him as a man of engaging and amiable qualities. It remained for the vicious administrations in Ireland to do justice to the political sagacity with which he calculated upon their misgovernment and the misery of the people: and to increase his partizans from perhaps half a dozen speculative politicians, which he might have had at first, to six hundred thousand fighting men, if we may believe the assertion of the minister, Lord Castlereagh.

But it is said we are now united with England, and such questions should be buried in oblivion. I deny the fact. One step towards that union is certainly gained: the consent of England! Whether Ireland may consent I do not know. I am far from taking upon me to say to the contrary. But before that can be known, the nation must be let out of prison, or recalled from banishment, and fairly treated with. If we reap nō other benefit than whips, racks, and house-burnings, free quarters, and martial law. If there be no tenderer mode of wooing us than this, adopted, I have no scruple to protest against it as a frightful treason, and a blood-stained union. We may be obliged to submit, as we have heretofore done. We may be governed by force, as we have been heretofore governed. But we shall not have consented to this match of force, and the

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people of Ireland may yet fly to the only consolation left them, union amongst themselves: and grown wiser by past errors, learn to pardon and forget; and instead of looking back to causes of endless quarrel, look forward with courage and with hope.

Certainly never union was formed under more unengaging auspices. First, divisions were sown amongst the ignorant upon the old pretext, religion, of which those that scorn all religion, ever avail themselves. In the county of Armagh, where this horror was first set on foot, it was carried to such a pitch, that Lord Gosfort, the governor of the county, proclaimed, in an address to the magistrates, that justice had slept in the county, and that more than seven hundred families had been turned out houseless and naked, to seek for an habitation, and wander, unprotected, exposed to the merciless rancour of their oppressors: and that, during the most inclement season of the year, for no other crime than that of professing the Roman Catholic faith, the religion of their forefathers.—*(See Appendix No. IV.)* As long as there was a shadow of protection by law, I labored to obtain justice for those of these sufferers, and they were many, who confided their cases to me, in the way of my profession. I once, joined with Mr. Emmet, now in Fort George, had the satisfaction of procuring an apparent sign of justice in the conviction of a magistrate, who, for his partiality and wanton cruelty, was sentenced to six months imprisonment in Newgate, which he underwent. But as the plot took consistency, this shew of justice was

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revoked. Juries were altogether discontinued, and lest any more criminals should be disquieted for their deeds, or any censure or scandal should follow injustice, bills of indemnity were passed, the magistrate in question was rewarded with a place, soldiers were set to do the work of jurors, terror and butchery were organised, and at length the people were driven into the project of arming for their defence, and that alliance was finally formed, of which it is not my concern to say any thing further. But which, had there been common justice in the country, never would have happened.

LETTER VI.

Treachery.

IT would be going too far to say, without proofs, that the governing faction wished for this alliance with the French, which, however lightly it may now be treated, was capable but for some accidents of a precarious nature, of wresting this country from the dominion of the British monarch. But either upon the ground of intention or misconduct, they certainly are responsible for it. However, the miscarriage of that scheme gave them such power, that it was in vain any longer to make head against

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them. The most barbarous crimes they committed, were sanctioned by the name of loyalty; and as they were masters of every organ of the public voice, and their opposers dumb, it is not wonderful that not only those of foreign countries are ignorant of their cruelties, but that the people of Great-Britain are likewise so. And what is more, the very actors in these scenes are yet to learn the arts by which they were duped into deeds, whereupon, hereafter, they will look back with remorse; unless, indeed, the catastrophe, namely, that union which they were ignorantly promoting, has, at length, though late, opened their eyes, and awaked their judgments.

I know, that as often as the cruelties are mentioned, the excesses committed by the people in rebellion, will be cited to justify them. I think it is a poor whitewash of mens reputation, that others have committed crimes: nor will any reasonable being expect, that where the example of dissoluteness and cruelty is set by those who hold the greatest advantages in society: when they, to whom the laws have guaranteed riches and power, are imprudent, as well as wicked enough to set those laws at defiance: it is too much to expect, with such an example before them, the virtue of angels, or the meekness of lambs, from the ignorant and oppressed.—It is true, the founder of the best religion has ordered his disciples, when smote on one cheek, to turn the other. But from the day that he said so, until this that I now write to you, I never heard of any people that conformed to that injunction. At

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all events, I am happily a stranger to all the crimes committed on one side and the other, and in this respect can speak with impartiality. And now, before I quit these points which it was necessary to explain, I shall state a profligate breach of honor which stands naked and unexcused by any pretext of reason, policy, or prudence, and for which no man living, I should suppose, will pretend to offer an excuse; a perfidy of which I clearly have a right to speak most boldly, having been myself the dupe and victim of it.

The agreement which I signed in common with the other prisoners, from the pure, and I think I may, without vanity say, the generous motives above stated, imported in express terms, that we the subscribers should *emigrate*, such was the word, to such country not at war with Great-Britain, as should be agreed upon, taking with us our families, and our property. The prisoners, to use Lord Castlereagh's words to Doctor M'Nevin, had honorably fulfilled their part of this agreement, and this lord assured them, the government would *religiously* fulfil its part. Lord Clare also used these emphatical words to Mr. O'Connor: "*Mr. O'Connor, says he, it comes to this, either the government must trust you, or you must trust it; and the government that could violate an engagement so solemnly entered into, could neither stand, nor deserve to stand!*" In this, certainly Lord Clare said truly: but never were more true words followed by more treacherous actions. This agreement was violated, and these gentlemen are still in prison.

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For my part, it was upon the honor of Lord Cornwallis that I relied, and not upon the assertions of this junto. They never, I must confess, deceived me, for I never trusted them. How far the sequel will remain a blot upon the fair name of Cornwallis, I leave to his own feelings to decide.

It only rested for me, after the voluntary sacrifice I had made, to act with fortitude, and without asking any favor, to leave my ill-fated country where atrocity led to honor, and virtue to the scaffold; and to fix upon some other, where I could retire in peace and safety. But what was my surprise, when I was informed, that I should be allowed to go to no country in Europe. Some time before, it was asserted, that the minister of the United States had declared, that the prisoners would not be admitted to take refuge in his country. Thomas Jefferson had not then pronounced those words, honoring himself and his country: shall there be no where an asylum on the earth for persecuted humanity; and shall we refuse to the children of oppression, that shelter which the natives of the woods accorded to our fathers?

It had been recommended to me to go to Portugal, on account of my ruined health; and that country being governed by England, seemed least liable of any to objection from the government; and my own intentions were, to abide faithfully by the agreement I had consented to: so I could not, even in imagination, figure to myself the possibility of the disgraceful proceedings which have since taken place: I

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therefore asked permission to go to Portugal, and this reasonable request was no sooner made, than refused. Happily I had a friend, whose heart was warm and honest, and whose courage and firmness in the cause of honor, was well known in his youth, and seemed but to increase with his years. This was Mr. Montgomery, the member for the county of which I was a native. He was an old friend and fellow soldier of Lord Cornwallis, and brother of Montgomery, the hero of Quebec. He took upon him to stem this torrent of persecution; and, after much difficulty, made his way to the viceroy, through the phalanx of lords and bishops that besieged him. He represented to him the dangerous state of my health; the sacred manner in which his honor was pledged to me; the cruel denial of justice or trial; the torture of my servant, and my secret imprisonment. All this he represented with so much effect, that I was immediately favored with the following letter:

To Counsellor Sampson, Bridewell.

LORD CASTLEREAGH presents his compliments to Mr. Sampson. He has the Lord Lieutenant's directions to acquaint him, that he may go to Portugal, as his health is said to require it, on condition of giving security to remain there during the war, unless ordered away by that government.

Castle, Tuesday.

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I think, my dear friend, I cannot now do better than finish this letter, and give you and myself an opportunity of reposing. For though you might suppose the malice of my enemies by this time pretty nearly exhausted, yet you will find on the contrary, that my persecution was but beginning, and you will have need of all your patience to listen to the rest.——Farewell.

LETTER VII.

Chicane—Lie by Act of Parliament—Lord Castlereagh.

ONE would have hoped, that all difficulty was now over. One might have supposed, that rancor itself had been now assuaged. But on the contrary, every artifice of delay, and every refinement of chicanery was again put in practice, as if to torment me in revenge for the justice I had obtained from Lord Cornwallis, and the part I had had, in rescuing so many victims from the fury of their pursuers. Weeks and months passed away, so great a difficulty was made of drawing up a simple form of recognisance, pursuant to Lord Cornwallis's order; a thing so easy, had good faith been intended, that the meanest clerk of an attorney was as capable of doing

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it, as the first judge of the land. My brother, and my brother-in-law, both fathers of families, in remote parts of the country, were all this time detained in the Capital, and the reason given for this vexation was, that this famous instrument was to be a precedent for the cases of all the other prisoners: and yet a principal part of those prisoners are now, at the distance of four years, in gaol; another instance of that complicated perfidy to which I have been subjected.

At length every trick of malicious petty-fogging exhausted; my family rendered miserable, and my health almost ruined, I received, from Mr. Marsden, a law secretary, the following note:

"Mr. Marsden presents his compliments to Mr. Sampson. He has been able to arrange finally with Lord Castlereagh, the terms which Mr. Sampson must comply with, previous to his sailing.

"Mr. Marsden encloses a form of a recognisance, which Mr. Sampson should execute. When that is done, there need be no other delay."

Dublin Castle, October 4, 1798.

With this note was sent a form of security, in which there was nothing remarkable, except the leaving out the words, in Lord Cornwallis's order, "*unless ordered away by that government.*"

If so many months had not been spent in planning this formality, namely, from the month of July, when I consented to sign the agreement, until the month of October, when I was told I must comply or stay in prison, I should have thought nothing of this cir-

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cumstance. Coupled with what has since happened, it seems to warrant the supposition that it was predetermined I should be sent away from Portugal. For I remember it was once given as a reason for breaking faith with the prisoners, that no country would receive them. Much influence, and much intrigue was used to make that barbarous assertion true.—And it will be found by my case, that frustrated in that view, no malevolent refinement was spared to pursue them wherever they should take refuge. But let the sequel explain itself.

I made no difficulty in subscribing it as it was ordered, and thereupon I received the following passport:

Dublin Castle, Oct. 6, 1798.

PERMIT William Sampson, Esq. to take his passage from the port of Dublin, to any port in the kingdom of Portugal, without hindrance or molestation.

By order of his excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

CASTLEREAGH.

To all port-officers, officers commanding His Majesty' ships, and others whom it may concern. } (SEAL.)

And upon the back was written: "Mr. Sampson is to keep this passport in his possession." This, however, it will be seen, I was not always allowed to do.

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And on the same day, an order was sent for my enlargement, addressed to the keeper, with the following letter to my brother, by the private secretary of Lord Castlereagh:

Dear Sampson,

I SEND you an order, which I trust to you, though I know not whether the business is done or not. But I know you will not use it until you ought, and then you see by it that your brother goes without either guard or messenger. When there is no need of painful steps, they will not be adopted by a government, which I assure you never wishes to be unnecessarily severe. I wish your brother happiness.

Yours,

ALEXR. KNOX.

Now, it will be for you to judge how very forbearing this government was from painful steps. A bill was brought forward in parliament, stating, or rather insinuating, in the preamble, that I with many others therein named, had confessed myself guilty of treason, and implored for mercy. With more to that purpose, stated in the most extravagant language, and finally making it felony for any one to correspond with me.

Now, so far from confessing treason, I was ready, had my persecutors dared to come to the trial, to have proved treason upon them, and thrown the accusation in their teeth. But they took good care of

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that, and never would give me the advantage of a trial, nor even an examination, nor any mode of explanation whatever: and, as to imploring their mercy, I would an hundred times sooner have implored for death. Here then was an assertion by act of parliament; of a gross and scandalous lie: but a lie that nobody dared to contradict, for it was a lie by act of parliament; and parliament was omnipotent. And among the many scourges that this parliament had lately inflicted upon its bleeding country, was this: That they took upon them to imprison their fellow-citizens arbitrarily, for whatever they chose, in either house, to call a breach of privilege. So here, without law, or truth, or any sanction of justice, they had made assertions of the vilest malevolence, upon which were deliberately to be founded enactions of the most heinous terrorism, and there was not left to the victims of this treachery, of whom I was one, any possible means of defence. Vile men, which of you can say now, at the distance of four years, what treason I confessed, or whose mercy I implored? It is true this parliament of famous memory, soon after did justice on itself, and relieved the groaning country from its crimes! It had long been corrupt and morbid: but, in its last convulsions, exceeded all imagination. Witness the frantic abominations that it vomited forth upon the people! If any future historian should collect those laws, and give them in their order, as a supplement to the former code of penal laws in Ireland, it would be a monument, at least of curiosity, perhaps of melancho-

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ly instruction. For, amongst these laws, there were some exciting directly to murder; others indemnifying it. There were laws to promote kidnapping, and laws to sanction it. Laws to raise rebellion, and laws to put it down. To-day a proclamation that all was peace and loyalty; to-morrow a report that all was war and treason. To-day it was a few miscreants; to-morrow a general massacre. Sometimes it was atheism, sometimes delusion, and sometimes popery. In fact, every cause was held out but the true ones—*oppression* and *misgovernment*. So that, as their crude nostrums were encreased, the evil augmented. Every organ of complaint was choaked, and the nation became one general prison, and military power executed the decrees of individual malice. And those who had so often pledged their "*lives and fortunes*" against all innovations, at length threw off the mask; and after astonishing each other by the measure of their own impudence, finished by an act of desperate suicide. And to crown this deed, Lord Castlereagh, who had pledged himself upon the Hustings, and sworn to his constituents of the county of Down, to persevere in supporting and reforming this parliament, and to promote such acts as were most for its independence, was the first to cry fie upon it, and to stab.—*(See Appendix No. V.)* Such was that man, who, by spurning at his own sacred engagements, and practising every art of political falsehood, first a demagogue, and then a tyrant, had raised himself, with slender talents, to the place of secretary of state, at a time when the suspension of the *habeas corpus*

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had given to that office the right of arbitrary imprisonment over all the kingdom. Such was the man upon whose mandate I was torn from my family, for being "*suspected*," as it was expressed, "*of treasonable practices*." Alas! I may be suspected, but in his own case there is surely no question of suspicion. May the moment when I prove but the hundredth part so much a traitor, be the moment of my destruction. Is it not rank and foul, that the best men in any country should be at the mercy of those who make a public jest of truth and honor? When the wise and the just are ground into the earth, and the puniest things that are, let them be but base and mischievous enough, are raised to power!

I was now about to leave my prison, and to leave behind me those fellow-sufferers with whom my acquaintance had began in bridewell, but in none of whom I could ever trace any disposition to crime of any kind. They, one and all, seemed to be animated by an ardent desire of sacrificing their lives in the deliverance of their country, from what they conceived, I am sure too justly, to be oppression and tyranny. And their actions seemed to proceed from a thorough conviction that they were right. At all events, if this was an error, the proceedings which I have mentioned, of house-burning, wrecking, ravishing, denial of justice, breaking of faith, half-hanging, and scourging; dungeoning, kidnapping, and picketing, and other torture, to extort confessions; free quarters, religious proscriptions, martial law, and all

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the rest of the execrable measures; of the horrors of which, no one who has not seen it, can have any idea. These proceedings surely were not calculated to cure them of their *errors*.

LETTER VIII.

Lovely Peggy—Lovely Mary—Shipwreck.

THERE was now a small vessel ready to sail for Lisbon, called the Lovely Peggy, captain Knight; and it was stipulated that I should take my passage on board of her. On the same evening that I received the order to the gaoler to set me free, I lost not a moment in going to this captain, to make the necessary arrangements. And my faithful but unfortunate man, John Russell, followed after me, fearing perhaps some insult; for which act of zeal he was once more to pay dear, as you will see.

It was on the night of the rejoicings for the victory of Lord Nelson; and many of the yeomanry were in disorder through the streets. There was a groop squibbing off cartridges on the flaggs in Abbey-street, through which I was to pass; and one of them taking offence, that we wore our hair short, called out, "*croppies*," which was their word of attack; and just as we passed, fired a blunt cartridge into John's

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shoulder. I paid no attention to the shot, not knowing what had happened; and I had now a fresh proof of the magnanimity of my unfortunate companion; for he never disclosed what had happened until we were at a considerable distance, fearing, and justly, that my patience might not have been proof against such atrocity: but when at length he thought it time to discover the wound he had received, I went with him into a shop to examine it, and found that his clothes had been pierced through, and the point of the cartridge forced into the very bone. The contusion was attended with violent swelling, and the pain doubtless aggravated extremely, by the quantity of unburned gunpowder which was buried in his flesh. Such was the event of the first ten minutes of my liberty, after a seclusion of so many months. At least, it was well calculated to cure me of any regret I might have at leaving my native country, which I had loved but too well, and where I could boast certainly, that the esteem of my fellow citizens was a great part of my crime. Having thus once more escaped assassination, a fate I have not been unfrequently threatened with, we returned to bridewell, where, with my wife, I spent the last evening in the society of my fellow-sufferers.

The following day, I had occasion to buy a number of things in the shops, and also to go to the custom-house for a paper called a Bill of Health; but was no sooner returned to my lodgings, than my brother came to tell me, that the castle was crouded with persons flocking there to complain of my being

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suffered to appear in the streets. A strange instance, at once, of the meanness and impudence of that faction, and of the extent to which injustice had heretofore degraded the government of this hapless country. Mr. Knox accused my brother of an abuse of confidence, in trusting me with the order for my enlargement, without restraining me from such an open act of defiance as that of appearing in the streets. I confess, that much as I had seen, and much as I had heard, and much as I had felt, I was not without astonishment at such pertenacious extravagance. But so it is, that when men have been for a length of time actuated by party spirit, still more by terror, which entirely takes away the understanding, they no longer perceive what is right or what is wrong; what is decent or what is unbecoming. And in this abandonment of their judgment, and even of their senses, they rally to the first absurdity that wears the colour of their prejudices; and when it comes to that, it is as great madness on the other side to expect any thing from reason. The only remedy then to be hoped is, from time that tries all opinions. My brother told me, that it was desired by his friend, that I should write to excuse myself for having been seen in the streets; and, as he had every title to my compliance that an affectionate brother and a sincere friend could have, I acquiesced without hesitation in the following manner, as nearly as I can remember: I mentioned, that it was in consequence of an order to come out of prison, that I appeared in the streets; there being no other way of coming out of

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prison than through the streets; and that it was the more necessary, as having engaged to go immediately abroad, I was obliged to provide myself instantly with what was necessary for my departure. That I was sure the government was powerful enough to guarantee its own order; but if it were otherwise, and that it would condescend to accept of my support, which I had now the honor of offering for the first time, I would defend the agreement it had made with me, and the order given for my liberation, with both my hands, against whoever should dare to stop me; and that, without the government having the trouble of interfering in the least. I do not know whether this note was pleasing or otherwise, but I heard no more of the matter; and, by my brother's desire, I seldom went out afterwards but in a carriage, and that towards dinner hour, although I was at liberty for near two months, during which time I made, as you will see, four unsuccessful attempts, to leave my enemies behind me.

It is incredible how much I suffered during the greatest part of the months of Oct. and Nov. Four different times I went to sea, and was as often driven back by furious gales of wind into the same harbor. The vessel was very small, and deeply laden. In the cabin I could not be upright, and on the deck it was always wet. This, with the sea-sickness, and my habitual ill-health, brought me back, each time, to my family, more like a spectre than a living man. At length I was utterly unable to proceed: and it was, but not without much harshness, agreed that I

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should wait a few days for another vessel going out in ballast to Oporto. This was a brig called the Lovely Mary. The Lovely Peggy went the fifth time without me, and was captured by the Spaniards.

During all this season the weather was so tempestuous, that our coasts were covered with wrecks.

There was an interval of some days between the quitting of the Peggy, and embarking in the Mary, that I spent in peace in the bosom of my family.—But the genius of persecution could not tolerate this: and the town-major, Mr. Sirr, was sent by Lord Castlereagh to inform me, that I must go back to bridewell. The vessel was at this time ready and only waiting for a wind. At the moment that this officer entered, armed with a case of pistols and a dagger stuck in his girdle, I was in the act of making up my trunks to embark. My wife was lending her assistance, and my children were playing on the floor.—This Major Sirr* is a gentleman by no means celebrated for delicacy or gentleness in the city from which he derives his office. But I will do him the justice to say, that on this occasion he seemed to have some feelings of compunction for the mission he was charged with. He consented, and even proposed to wait until I should write to the Castle, and state that I was already preparing to go on board the ship. It was necessary to send twice, the person to whom

* For a better account of him, see Mr. Curran's speech on the trial of Hevey: he is now High Sheriff of the city of Dublin!!!

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my first letter was addressed being absent: and all that time he remained standing in a window, as, for some reason or other, he refused to sit down. An answer came directed to him from Lord Castlereagh, and he only asked me to pledge my word that I would go on board that evening, and took his leave.

I accordingly went to live on board this vessel, but the wind continued unfavorable, and the weather so tempestuous, that several ships were driven ashore, even in the harbour. During this time I had no other means of conversing with my wife, than by stealing up at night, and returning before day-light on board: and this not without risque, as one night a man was assassinated by the military on the road where I had to pass. Such was the proceeding of that government which was "so unwilling to resort to painful steps!"

At length, on the 24th October, as well as I can recollect, the captain was ordered, against his will, to sea, and on the 27th we were stranded on the coast of North Wales, on the extreme point of Carnarvonshire, near the small port of Pullhelly.

Having got so far, give me leave again to pause, that you may have some time to repose, and I be the better able to resume my story.

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LETTER IX.

Ancient Britons—Duke of Portland.

BY a curious whim of fortune, the soil on which I was now to look for hospitality, was the identical country of those ancient Britons who had been made the blind instruments of so many crimes against the Irish, and which they finally expiated with their lives. They had been taken from their mountains and their ploughs, and enflamed by every artifice against their unfortunate *fellow-subjects* in Ireland, with whom they could possibly have no quarrel. For it is worthy of note, that besides the faction in our own country, the principal part of those employed in making war upon the Irish, were the mountaineers of Scotland and Wales, and also Hessians; who, not knowing the English language, nor the ancient language still spoken by many of the Irish, were inaccessible to all remonstrance and less liable to be softened by complaint, or enlightened by expostulation, or in any way made sensible of the cruelties they were committing. Perhaps, also, their

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lives were held in less estimation than those of the English, and they were preferred in that service.

So gross were the arts used to inflame these poor people, that one of the stories circulated among them was, if I have not been much deceived, "*that the Irish were coming to eat them with a horn of salt.*" This, I confess, appears an absurdity almost indredible. But the proofs I had to my own senses of the credulity of the people of this district, rendered me less difficult upon that head. I will give you an instance of this. Of late years they have formed very numerous associations in nature of a religious sect, of which the principal and characteristic act of devotion is *jumping*; and therefrom they are denominated *jumpers*. To this end they have built a vast number of chappels by voluntary subscription, where they preach by self-inspiration. The preachers are of all sexes and all ages, and start forth spontaneously from among the congregation: so that I have seen a great number running about at a time preaching, and sobbing, and shedding tears, and wringing each others hands; whilst the lookers on seemed to catch in a fainter degree the same inspiration. As they preached in their vernacular tongue, I could not judge of their sermons otherwise than by their effects. I have seen many actually in convulsions; and old men on their knees making wry faces, and knawing the heads of their sticks, and biting, in a kind of extacy, like a cat, tickled on the crouper. The more young and vigorous jump up in the air, with their

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hands up clutching at the invisible Lamb of the Lord. But particularly, I was told, at certain solemnities, and stated times of the year, they assemble in the towns and villages, and in the fields, and on the high roads. This is probably towards the festival of Easter, and then the whole country is engaged in the simple act of jumping; each as the caprice strikes, or sometimes all together like *fry* in the sea. I understand, since I have been in France, that this sect is much more extended than I then had any idea; and that it prevails equally in South as in North Wales. It was from a little girl that was sent from an hospitable farmer's house, to conduct me to the road, that I first learned the meaning of their jumping. I had gone into the cottage to ask my way, and was, without further introduction, invited to accept of excellent country fare; and this little girl, who alone had learned English, served as my interpreter, and afterwards as my guide. I was charmed on this, as on every other occasion, with the hospitality of this people; for, it is but justice to say, that they, like my own countrymen, possess that noble virtue in a high degree. I wished to make some little compliment to the child, and as we walked along towards the great road, I asked her, if she ever came to Pullhelly, and if she would come and see me there? She answered, that she came twice a week to the preaching, and that she would call and enquire for me at Mr. Jones's. I asked her then if she was a *jumper?* and she said, she was. I finally ventured to ask her, what she jumped for, for that in my coun-

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try we had not yet learned that? And she replied, with great simplicity, that she jumped for the *Lamb*. Would to God, that so many of those poor people had been let to remain until this day jumping for the Lamb, instead of being brought over full of ignorant fury, of which they were hardly to be called guilty, to burn the wretched colleges of the poor Irish, to torture, violate, and murder, and in the end to pay the forfeit with their lives. Good God! will there never be a period of civilization, when humanity will emerge from darkness and barbarity? But it is time to quit this digression, and continue my story.

Having with difficulty got to land, for which we were much indebted to the courage and humanity of Mr. Robinson, a clergyman in sight of whose house we were first stranded, and who came with some of his people in a row-boat to our assistance, we went to an inn kept by an ancient sea chaptain, called Jones. Here there arrived on the following morning the passengers of a packet-boat, bound to Bristol, put in, damaged and dismasted by similar distress of weather. Between the passengers of both vessels, our society was numerous, and enlivened by some pretty and amiable persons of the fair sex. Our fare was good, though not sumptuous. We had a clean fireside, and that cordial pleasure that arises from past toil. We had a harper to play to us at dinner, and we danced to his music in the evening. The next day we made our parties to wander on the strand and climb upon the rocks; and in this manner we passed several days which to me seemed short.—

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But, as the rest of his casual society went off in a few days, each to pursue his own particular destination, I was left to consider for myself. I had, indeed, perceived that calumny and terror had been before-hand with me. Certain it is, that my name seemed to have reached the shore before me, and I could see that I was eyed as an object of curiosity, if not of horror. Many, I dare say, piqued themselves upon discovering, in my features, the indications of my bloody disposition; or, in my structure, the signs of that atrocious force by which I had been able to destroy, with my own hand, all the ancient British cavalry. And, I dare say, my name, so well suited to such a terrific illusion, was taken for something into the account. And all this was sustained by the ribaldry copied from the Irish faction prints: for I never could take up a news-paper, without meeting some paragraph touching myself, in which there was only this one consistency, that of near a thousand, which I have read, from first to last, I can safely say there was not one that contained a syllable of truth. One only I shall take the trouble of citing, as explanatory of what is to follow. Its author, calculating upon what was doubtless preconcerted, but not foreseeing the frequent putting back of the Lovely Peggy, nor the stranding of the Lovely Mary, took upon him, in the true spirit of the party, boldly to publish that I *had been refused admission into Portugal*, and this at least *three months before I went there!*

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In my present extraordinary position, it was necessary to come to some explanation. I therefore wrote to the Duke of Portland, the secretary of state; and also to Lord Cornwallis. To the former I recapitulated all that had passed from the time I had written to him from Carlisle gaol, to request to be sent to trial. I told him of the constant denial of that justice; of the torture of my servant, and of the engagement I had so disinterestedly entered into with the government, and the unfair manner in which advantage had been taken of it. How it had been stated that I had confessed treason, whereas I never had been allowed to speak: that, in short, I was ready, if he chose, to go to London, and convince him, by irrefragable proofs, that if there was treason, which I abhorred, it lay upon my accusers, and not with me. Had this offer been accepted, I should have had hopes, though late, of obtaining justice for myself, and perhaps of effecting some more general good. I think it was to Lord Cornwallis that I mentioned a wish to remain where I now was: for I had already more than one good reason to forebode that I should not have fair play in Portugal.

For more surety, I addressed my letter to Lord Cornwallis, to his private secretary, Captain Taylor: and I had, by return of post, the following answer:

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Dublin Castle, Dec. 5, 1798.

Sir,

I AM directed, by Lord Cornwallis, to acquaint you, that your letter, of the 2d instant, has been transmitted to the Duke of Portland, and that a compliance with your request, must rest entirely with the English government.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

H. TAYLOR.

And from the Duke of Portland I had the answer which follows:

White-Hall, Dec. 13, 1798.

Sir,

IT was not in my power to answer your letter of the 28th of November, before I had communicated with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on the subject of the request it contained. I have now to acquaint you, that there is no objection either to your remaining at Pullhelly, until the vessel, in which you arrived there, shall be in a condition to prosecute her voyage, or to repair to Falmouth, in order to proceed by the first packet, to Lisbon. In case you should prefer the latter, I enclose a passport, which may prevent your meeting with any difficulty on the road.

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I must beg of you to inform me, by return of post, whether you intend to remain at Pullhelly; and if you do, of the probable period which it may be necessary for you to wait before the vessel can sail.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

PORTLAND.

The passport enclosed with the above, you will find in an appendix, which it is my intention to subjoin; and in which I shall insert such other documents illutrative of this narrative, as I shall be able to obtain possession of, before it is closed. *(See Appendix No. VI.)*

It was dated, White-Hall. It was unlimited as to time. It *literally* empowered me to go *from* White-Hall *to* Falmouth. The letter being silent as to my passing through London, seemed to leave it at my option, and I had once nearly formed that design. Meantime I had written to Lord Moira, in whose hands I had deposited many authentic documents, touching the barbarities committed on the Irish; and I now desired to have them, in order, if any opportunity was allowed, to profit by the true light I could throw upon those affairs, and boldly to reclaim justice for myself and others at my own peril.

You must have heard of Lord Moira's motion in the Irish house of Lords, founded upon these and numberless other documents, the truth of which was incontrovertible. Lord Moira certainly did state the

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facts of which he was possessed, much less energetically than might be expected from his eloquence and sensibility. It is possible, that aiming at conciliation, he feared the too strong truth; and his motion had little other effect than to bring upon himself a torrent of virulent abuse. Such was the reward of his moderation on the one hand, whilst on the other the people smarting with the sense of injury and insult, took little part in a discourse which painted their sufferings so short of what they felt them. Yet, trusting to the good intentions of the Earl of Moira, and seeing the difficult card he had to play; above all, comparing him with those who were against him, I could not but feel very great respect for his efforts, and an infinite desire to contribute to their success. Indeed if his motion had no other good effect, it had at least that of setting, in a striking point of view, the contrast between a man of high breeding, and the low petulance of the faction that opposed him, in the name of a constitution, which they had already betrayed, and were shortly to annihilate.

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To the Reader.

WHEN these letters were written, I had withheld from my friend the following correspondence with Lord Moira. This might have been an overstrained delicacy at that time; but subsequent events, and present circumstances require, that I should make it known for my reputation's sake. And indeed circumvented and ensnared as I am by the craft of my enemies, I have no other means of communicating my sentiments than this public one, even to many of those materially interested to know them.

It was on the 19th of February, 1798, that Lord Moira took his seat in the Irish parliament, and made his celebrated motion for conciliatory measures. I had before that been admitted into the society of the Countess Dowager of Moira and Huntingdon, a lady distinguished by advantages greater than her high birth, those of a cultivated and solid mind, stored with the richest treasures of erudition. I was also very well received by her daughters, Lady

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Granard, and Lady Charlotte Rawdon, persons of whose acquaintance the proudest man might be ambitious. My brother had been long acquainted with Lord Moira, and had a great respect and attachment for him. Among the persecuted Catholics of Armagh, were many tenants of his lordship, who had made choice of me for their advocate. And so violent was the *government party* against him, that *the peep of day boys* had committed outrages in his town of Ballynahinch, and one of the ladies pointed out to me a house of a principal inhabitant, perforated with musket shot, which they had fired into the windows in the night. Besides this, it was said and believed, that General Lake had declared that some town must be burned in the North, and the best to begin with was Lord Moira's. And so great were his lordship's apprehensions, that he transmitted to England his family library, one of the most precious to be found in the possession of any individual. On Lord Moira's arrival also, I had instituted a society, of which were men undoubtedly the most distinguished persons in Ireland; such as Grattan, the ponsonbys, Curran, Flecher, the brave old Montgomery, with some others of the patriotic members of parliament, and uncorrupted lawyers, and certain of the influential Catholics and merchants, whose credit and correspondence was necessary to the object in view; which was, to collect true and authenticated facts, to be opposed as a bulwark to falsehood and national calumny; and possibly by their great enormity to appal those immediately responsible; or if there was any

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wisdom or justice beyond them, to force conviction there. By this society I was named Historiographer, and my brother, Corresponding Secretary. We had proceeded for some time in despight of the reigning terror, with effect: and never were more tragical stories wrested from oblivion.

At this time it is impossible to say to what particular degree each man in the community was tainted with rebellion. Every good man was in some degree rebellious: some more, some less; each according to the warmth of his heart, the firmness of his mind, his compassion, his honesty, perhaps his ambition or his interest. But he who felt no tendency to rebel against such crimes, had, I think, but little cause to glorify himself. It is only for him who searches all hearts, to know the pangs which a consciencious man in such a state of things must feel; particularly one whose connections, intimacies, youthful habits, and ties of blood, lie on the one side; whilst the voice of reason and humanity, and the instinctive horror of oppression and cruelty calls him to the other. How many ties must then be rent assunder! The love of country, the love of his fellow-creature, the love and the fear of his God, prompt him to rebel against crimes forbidden by the laws of God and man. The tender affections of the heart, the scruples which a humane mind must ever have to surmount before it can engage in the dreadful conflict of a civil war.—

Such were the considerations which often occupied my private thoughts. I was convinced of the monstrous abuse and plunder of the Irish people, of

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the misery and degradation in which they were held by inhuman policy and a barbarous code, of the insolence of their plunderers, and the corruption and cruelty of their masters. The strong remonstrances in which not only the United Irishmen, but all the unhired, and many even of the hired, had made at various times: for there is scarcely a name of any uncorrupted individual, of the slightest degree of importance, that is not some where to be found, annexed to resolution, petition, or remonstrance, at one time or other, complaining of these evils. I therefore, however, convinced of the truths propagated by the United Irishmen, was long in acting upon that conviction. And although, for some time previous to this period, I had determined and declared, in case of civil war, that I should not turn against the people, unless the measures of government should become such, as that, without sacrificing my conscience, I could support it, and there was no longer any neutrality allowed: yet still I wished that it were possible to find some middle course by which the most good could be effected, and the most evil prevented. I had always seen that the hard-hearted tax-masters of my country had never relented but through fear. I therefore, whenever I wrote or spoke of public matters, endeavored to state their danger, and that with the firm tone of true conviction; whilst, on the other hand, I labored to soften the too just indignation of the popular party, and often lost the popularity which courageous and upright dealing had acquired to me, by hankering after that

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conciliation which bolder politicians affirmed to be impossible, and that reform which they saw more clearly, never would be conceded; and by a certain attachment to men, who have not returned that attachment as generously as they ought. Some, to use Mr. Tone's words, had long meditated upon the subject, and were convinced that separation was the only remedy. , I had very lately taken any part in politics, and had yielded unwillingly, and against my interest and my prejudices, to too much conviction. I persevered, with all my might, to bring about a co-operation between the popular leaders and the parliamentary opposition, in order that unanimity of talents and influence might, if possible, prevail; and succeeded so far as to persuade the whole to make one final effort for reform through the parliament. I had drawn several of those petitions, which were presented to the king with the same intention, from towns and counties, in defiance of the insurrection act, particularly that of Downe *(See Appendix No. VII.)* which was passed, without any alteration, by the freeholders of that county. When I acted as chairman at the Belfast town-meeting *(See Appendix No. VIII.)* I did not know that the French had been invited, nor for a long time afterwards: but, as that important event seemed a fair warning to the English, who felt that they owed their danger to the weakness and vice of their government in Ireland, and their safety to the elements alone; I still hoped that something might be done through their fears, though nothing could be effected through their

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justice. I know, that in this, I passed for a weak and unexperienced politician in the eyes of many: yet, had any conciliation, or any thing like redress of griefs been held out by *government* (for the parliament was but an instrument) it might have been possible to have obtained for Ireland solid advantages, and consequent advantage and security to England. I have high authority now to say that I was not mistaken, and that the sentiments expressed in contradiction of this opinion, were more from the certainty that their efforts would be to every good purpose unavailing, and would produce nothing but a division in the public mind.

Did I aspire to a high rank as a politician, I should not mention all these scruples which may rather class me amongst the lesser geniuses: but I write for truth, and not for vanity. I write to let my friends perceive that I never have deceived them, and to let my oppressors feel the weight of my iniquity.

Lord Moira lived at his mother's residence in Dublin. I was presented to him; and if I had received attentions from the ladies, I experienced still more flattering ones from him. He once called me into his cabinet, and after apologising by anticipation, with all that suavity and nobleness of manner which he possesses, and after I had assured him that I knew him incapable of speaking any thing that ought to offend, he proposed to me to go over and live with him in England; that he saw a storm gathering round me; that he knew how I was threatened; that whatever loss it might be, he would endeavor to counter-

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balance it; and that, to whatever amount I chose, he would be my banker, and make my fortune his particular care. I did not immediately recover from the emotion this proceeding excited in me, but when I did, I answered, that had this offer been made a short time before, I might perhaps have accepted of it; that I felt the value of it as much as if I had.—That however agreeable such a retreat, under the auspices of his lordship might be, I could not consent to it at present, as several hundreds of my oppressed countrymen looked to me for their vindication. And having, in such a crisis, undertaken the defence of the wretched, I found it as impossible to abandon my duty to them, as it would be for his lordship to quit the field of battle in the moment of action.

About this time my brother persuaded the society to let Lord Moira have the use of some of the well-authenticated documents we had collected; and he induced me to join him heartily and actively in seconding his views; and, before I quit this long digression, I must mention one most extraordinary occurrence, which his lordship, notwithstanding the time and the changes that have intervened, cannot have forgotten:

A man from England, who passed by various names, in his correspondence with the Castle—Bird, Smith, Johnson, &c. and who had been one of the hired denouncers in the employment of government, smote, as he alledged, by remorse and compunction, refused to follow up his work, and escaping to a place of safety, published his reasons; and in one piece

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gravely reproved the immorality of the government, adding a prophetic warning, that such crimes could not long prosper.—*(See Appendix No. IX.)* He was a man of very unusual talent, and I believe never so desperately engaged in deeds of blood as the rest of the body known by the name of the *battalion of testimony*.

It was a part of the tactics of the faction, before the laws were totally abolished, to deny the most positive facts. When that was impossible, they said, government did not give such orders; and that the courts of justice were open. The confession of a man of this kind, were all-important to the substantiation of truth; and having had some intimation that Mr. Bird wished to reveal every thing in discharge of his conscience, I went, accompanied by Mr. Grattan and my brother, from Lord Moira's, at a pretty late hour, and staid until this extraordinary man had written upon two and thirty pages of large paper, which he did without stopping, not only his own doings, but those of others of the battalion of testimony associated with him. Of these were Mr. Newell, a painter, who used to go about in a robe with a mask, and a wand to point out his victims, who were immediately seized and dragged to the dungeon or to execution. Mr. Newell also shortly after published his atrocities in the way of a story. Another, was Mr. Dutton, a servant, who had been turned away for stealing plate from his mistress, an Englishman also. He sometimes headed the ancient Britons in their most murderous excursions; and I believe had a

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commission as an officer among them, and other very signal marks of favor; and had then full power of life and death given him over the Irish. Another, was a Mr. Murdock, son of a *hearth-money* collector. The story Mr. Bird related of these men, was a tissue of unexampled profligacy, villainy, and obscenity. Lord Moira must still, I should suppose, be in possession of it. I took care that every page of it should be signed by Bird, and countersigned by Mr. Grattan, who was a privy counsellor.

I shall now close this digression, too long perhaps, but necessary to the perfect understanding of the following letters:

Donington, Dec. 26, 1798.

Sir,

YOUR letter of the 21st, addressed to me in London, has only this afternoon reached me here. I must undoubtedly feel it claimed from me by every consideration of justice, that you should have the perusal of any document in my possession, which you may think necessary towards the statement you meditate to the Duke of Portland. Those copies are in the hands of Mr. Sheridan, in town. I will immediately write to request that he will give you the inspection of those documents whensoever you shall apply to him. It is impossible for me to form, with sufficient accuracy, the opinion which you ask of me, whether it would not be expedient for you, under your present circumstances, to repeat the solicita-

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tion for an interview with the duke of Portland.—That must depend upon your power of adducing facts capable of rebutting the charges which have been advanced against you, or your means of giving to his grace an insight into circumstances whence he may draw advantage to the public. I must be incompetent to judge of those particulars.

You desire that I will not pass condemnation upon you unheard: and your further expressions on that point convince me that it is not merely a general appeal to candor, but an observation upon something which I have said respecting you. I should not only have deemed it repugnant to every principle of equity and honor to have pronounced you guilty without having heard your defence, but I had seen too many instances of the frenzy or the profligacy of party in Ireland, to have credited uninvestigated imputations, however confidently urged. The expression in my letter to your brother, to which I am sure you allude, must show you by what supposition I was misled: for when I said that I was satisfied he had not had any suspicion of the guilt which you had acknowledged, it is clear that I imagined you had confessed your participation in the conspiracy. Your entering into the engagement to expatriate yourself in common with Messrs. O'Connor, Emmet, &c. made every body in this country (and me among the rest) take it for granted that you had confessed, as they did, the being implicated in a correspondence with the French, and in a plot to subvert the constitution of your country; crimes of the most heinous nature. It

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was not until very lately that I was assured you had not made any such avowal, and that you would not sign the agreement for quitting Ireland until government had declared there was not any charge against you beyond that, on the ground of libel as manager of the PRESS. My surprise on the occasion was not greater than my pain at having used to your brother so unjustified an expression. The error which I have explained, will, I am certain, sufficiently apologise for me: therefore I will only add that I sincerely lament the wound which I see you have felt from that incorrect supposition of mine.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,

MOIRA.

William Sampson, Esq.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

My Lord,

I HAVE received the honor of your lordship's letter, dated Donington, December 26. It appears by a mark on the cover to have been missent, and has the Brimingham post-mark. I received by the same post, a letter from Mr. Wickham, written by the duke of Portland's desire, informing me, that it was expected I should not use his passport to go any but the most direct road from one place to the other; and particularly not to attempt to go through London. I have thought proper, as I do not mean to make any public appeal, at least until a more happy occasion; or if that should

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not present itself until my death, or some other casualty should give publicity to a statement I have left behind, to transmit you a copy of my answer.

Your candor, to which I am sure no man can appeal in vain, has acknowledged, that you owed me some explanation. And I am abundantly gratified with that which you have given. I have had no correspondence with any public character in this kingdom, but your lordship, except the secretary of state. For troubling you, I have both a public and a private motive: ignorance perhaps of the sphere in which you act, dictates the first. For finding that you had taken upon yourself a distinguished post in the active service of the king, I conceived that my writing to your lordship could not be taken as any meddling with opposition to government. But that if on the contrary, any thing appeared just or meritorious in the view I proposed of opening the eyes of the English ministers, as to the proceedings in Ireland, it might have claimed your support. My second motive was, to clear myself from an imputation which I abhor; that of insincerity and ingratitude. Had I, when your lordship was in Ireland, and expressed yourself so kindly towards me, been guilty of deceiving you, I should have deserved the worst epithet my enemies have bestowed upon me. As far as your necessary reserve, and the slightness of my acquaintance would permit, I did impart exactly what I knew, and what I felt. Facts however, were what you chiefly desired; and let me ask, whether any of those I did procure for your lordship have ever been contradicted? Certain

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resolutions, touching your lordshp's motion in the Irish house of lords, passed in a committee of United Irishmen, which were read at some of the state trials. Your lordship may remember the opinion I gave of the sentiments of that great majority of the Irish people. But further than conjecture, I was as ignorant as your lordship, having no place in its organization in any of its branches, either civil or military. Had I been instrumental in passing such resolutions, I must have been a hypocrite to have visited your lordship upon the footing I did ; and after having assisted you in the collection of the facts which made the ground of your motion, I was not certainly capable of throwing such a bar in the way of its success.

Your lordship has mentioned the names of Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, &c. These gentlemen are fitter to justify themselves than I am : one of them I have known most intimately. No man has ever spoken of his private character but with admiration. His public opinion I ever knew to be benevolent in the extreme. If he has erred it has not been in his heart. And he who acts purely from his best judgment, walks by the light which God has given him. Your lordship must feel however as well as I do, that there is something strongly calling for alteration, when treason gains the sanction of men's names, whose every step from infancy upwards, has been traced by virtue, generosity, and gentleness : and I think he would be the greatest benefactor of any government who would invent some better way of reform than that of making characters, formed to adorn their country

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and their species, the victims of dungeons and of jibbets. In saying this, I do not wish to take upon me the offences of others: I have given, it seems, sufficient offence myself. But no justification of mine shall ever be at the expence of those who have paid so dearly for their own.

Your lordship is again led into error in supposing that I was, or was even imputed to be, the manager of the "PRESS." That paper was set up when I was in the country; and was continued some time before I ever saw it. About that time I was exposed by my residence in the country, to hear the grievances and injuries of the oppressed. Your lordship, from the comparatively small specimen you have seen, may judge of what they were: and whether he was more a traitor who could perpetrate, abet, or even calmly look on such crimes, or he, who, in defiance of his private interest, and at the risque of his personal safety, had courage to express his honest indignation, and at any hazard to vindicate the laws of God and man against them. The use I made of the PRESS, was to publish those facts of which you were desirous also to be the publisher; the suppression and consequent impunity of which, you seemed to foresee as well as I did, would lead to a rebellion. Many writings however were imputed to me, which were disagreeable to me, and which I would have gladly repressed. I had, for the rest, much less concern with the PRESS than you conceive, and as proprietor or manager, none at all. Many things indeed I did write for it, the whole of which I should have little hesitation to avow.

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I have in vain sought for confrontation with my accusers. I have in vain sought to fix them to any one charge, and therefore it is in vain for me to attempt any justification of a character so truly unimpeached. My conduct at a town meeting of Belfast, respecting the arming of the yeomen, was a thing much dwelt upon. Here is a short statement of it. The magistrates had called a meeting, which, as it concerned every body, was attended by several thousand people. I knew the dispositions of those people. But I solemnly avow that I did not even suspect that there had been at that time any alliance formed with the French. It was a natural supposition that the discontents and anger of the public, would, if not softened, lead to it, and upon that view I acted. I was put upon a committee, of which were the sovereign of the town, and five other magistrates. The meeting was adjourned, and at the adjourned assembly, the sovereign, for reasons best known to himself, refused to take the chair. Resolutions had been handed to me by some of the firmest supporters of the government, a literal copy of what had been drawn up by Lord Oneill, but in a stile so moderated that it was scarcely hoped that they could have passed at the county meeting, for which they were intended. I prevailed so far however in this committee, as to have them passed. The meeting was like to become clamorous for want of order: and the soldiers were drawn up under arms, and prepared to fire upon the people. It seemed as if a massacre had been planned, for every usual place

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of public meeting was shut. I, out of humanity, did then expose myself in the open street, in a situation little according with my disposition, and read the resolutions; which, after my being voted into the chair, were approved of, and the people dispersed in the most orderly manner; and, after offering to arm as the ancient volunteers had done, declared, they would be satisfied with the assurance of a reform for the present: and that they would consider the government by king, lords, and commons, when wisely administered, as sufficient for their happiness. What then was my surprise, to read a few days afterwards in a news-paper, an expression of the chancellor, that the great commercial town of Belfast had come to resolutions so treasonable, that he wondered at the mildness of the government that would let the authors of them live! This, however exasperating, produced no retaliation on my part. Thus, if I have been at any time sharper against those I conceived to be acting wrong, that a perfectly prudent man might be, it will be generally found, that I have been more sinned against than sinning. Subsequent events have not done much discredit to my principles or my foresight. Had those who thought and felt as I did, been a little more attended to, and less abused or insulted, it might have been better. *(See the Resolutions, Appendix No. X.)*

With respect to parliamentary reform, and Catholic emancipation, these notions had been riveted in the public mind by those who are now the king's ministers, long before I took any part in politics. They

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may be called the leaders of the people in this offence—I cannot; but I thought it a sufficient reason for reclaiming those measures, that they were just in themselves; and, as I then thought, and do still think, would have contented the country. And I thought that every illegal and cruel attack upon those who committed no crime but that of lawfully pursuing such lawful measures, ought to be resisted.

Did I not determine to put my justification upon none but the broadest and most candid footing, I might excuse myself, without offending the administration, by saying, that they had information which I had not, and probable cause to infer participation on my part, when there was none. But it is not my way to bow under persecution—I shall put it upon no such ground. I was, on the contrary, always of opinion, that no political exigency or necessity could ever justify violation or torture; many proofs of which, long before any political offence is even imputed to me, are in your lordship's possession; many hundreds more in mine.

I shall conclude, by begging of your lordship, as you have been once innocently my accuser, to be now my defensor: not that I expect or desire of you to add the authority of your name to any thing here stated. I should rather that my case stood upon its own intrinsic truth, than the authority of the greatest name. I only wish, that if this letter be satisfactory to your lordship, you may communicate it to such as your former misapprehension may have confirmed in an

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unfavorable opinion of me, particularly the ladies of your lordship's family, whose good opinion I should be sorry to lose. I shall keep a copy of this, as it contains the outlines and principal part of my story: and lest, by any accident, this should not reach your lordship, I shall deposit the copy with a gentleman, from whom you may one day receive it, and some other curious intelligence.

I should add, that Mr. Emmet, in one part of his examination (and he was a director of the union) did say, that had any reasonable hope of a reform at any time presented itself, the connexion with the French would have been broken off. This, from a man of known veracity, upon his oath, proved very consoling to me, for the efforts I had made, and the sufferings I had undergone.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM SAMPSON.

Now, before I suffer the press to resume the Series of the Letters, written during my stay in France; and, as I have had occasion to bring Mr. Emmet's name before the public, there is one fact respecting him which I feel it as a duty to state.

He, with the other leaders of the United Irishmen, has been charged with encouraging the crime of assassination, and reference has been made to an anonymous publication, called the "UNION STAR,"

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which was circulated clandestinely, from time to time, and thrown into the areas, or pushed under the doors in the night. One or two numbers of it came to my hands. The reasoning they contained, upon the subject of retaliation, was uncommonly nervous and daring. They imputed, not to virtue, but to cowardice or weakness, that principle, which they maintained had no other operation than to arrest the arm of defence, and leave the helpless victim at the mercy of the infuriate assailant! They stated, that those who had proclaimed *their* nation out of the *king's* peace, and suspended the laws, ought not to hope for the protection of laws. They had chosen, they said, to resort to the state of nature, if ever such existed, where there were no laws, and it was at their own peril. Shall they, whose unmeasured extortions, deprive the hungry of food, and the naked of covering, whose magnificence is only equalled by the wretchedness of those who pay for it? Shall they, said the author, who support such a system of plunder, by a system of universal proscription, be held as immortal gods? Shall their persons be inviolate, and the groans of the tortured administer to their repose? Who is he, they said, who can recall the dead to life, and restore to the widow her lost husband, and to the orphan his parent? Where have they learned to sanctify robbery, and to haloo murder? Where have they learned that ten thousand innocent poor should die, that one guilty rich should live?

Such were the outlines of this publication, of which, I believe, the author never was discover-

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ed. Some thought it was a stratagem of the government, in order to throw odium upon the opposite cause. To me the arguments seemed too strong, and too terribly applicable, to warrant that supposition. I had, upon the subject of these papers, several conversations with Mr. Emmet. He was very zealous in his efforts to restrain them, and I believe successful. And what is more, there was found, amongst his papers, at his arrestation, one drawn up by him and me, and intended to have been subscribed by all whose names could be supposed most influential amongst the people, which the government, with its usual candor, took care entirely to suppress. The danger we had to avoid, was, that of being *marked* by the government as *chiefs*: for Ireland has afforded instances enough of men being put to death upon that proof of guilt, that they had been able to save their persecutors lives. So strange and intricate are the ways of guilt, when to save or to destroy, are equally criminal and fatal. Some of these instances are to be found in Mr. Plowden's history of Ireland—a work which, allowing for the circumstances of the times, the prejudices, of which no man can suddenly divest himself; considering that he was an Englishman, writing under the sanction of the British government; considering the terror and delusion which has not yet subsided, does him extreme honor.

Others of these facts are to be found in Mr. Hay's account of the proceedings in Wexford, and others in the history of the the rebellion, by the Rev. Mr. Gordon.—*(See Appendix No. XI.)*

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CONTINUATION OF THE LETTERS.

LETTER X.

Mr. Wickham—Colonel Edwards—Oporto.

I DO not know to what it was owing, unless to the *crime* of having corresponded with Lord Moira, that I received the following *sharp* letter, from Mr. Wickham :

TO W. SAMPSON, ESQ.

Sir,

I AM directed by the duke of Portland to inform you, that if you think proper to make use of the passport which has been granted, to enable you to proceed from Pullhelly to Falmouth, it is expected that you should take the nearest road from one place to the other ; and especially that you should not attempt to go through London.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WM. WICKHAM.

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About this time I found also that my persecutors were not yet asleep in Ireland; for I saw by a newspaper, that Lord Clare and some other judges had published an order, that my name, together with those of Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Emmet, were struck out of the list of barristers. I paid little attention to the fact. It is not at present worth disputing: but I believe it amounts to nearly the same thing, as if I had ordered their names to be struck out of the list of judges. The only object it could have was, to take advantage of the perverseness of the moment, and the general terror that prevailed, perhaps to surprise some of the judges, who might not know, as I am sure they did not, the iniquities committed against me; and, as far as possible, to put it out of the power of the government itself to make me atonement, should justice ever return. I need not say what was my feeling; for there is only one that such proceeding can excite.

However, in spite of calumny, in spite of prejudice, I lived from the 27th of November, until about the 20th of January, amongst the ancient Britons, in perfect good will and harmony with all of them.—Bitter prejudices when overcome, often turn to friendships: and it might have been so with them. I found these people hospitable and good; and I imputed the mischief they had done in my country to the dupery practised upon them; of which they had been themselves the victims. I therefore abstained from all cause of offence towards them, and lamented deeply the vicious policy of rulers, who, instead

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of seeking the common happiness, sow dissentions purposely to weaken the common force, in order to become the common tyrants.

I was once, when on a shooting party, introduced into the house of a Mrs. Jones, who received me with the most kind and amiable hospitality. She engaged me to dine, and ordered a pair of her son's boots to be given me to change. The boots indicated an owner of no diminutive stature, and I asked if I should have the pleasure of seeing the gentleman they belonged to? I was told, that he was absent for the moment, and that he was a captain in the ancient Britons. See, my friend, to what new dangers I was exposed: what if this lusty ancient Briton had come home, and caught me in his boots!

Meanwhile this persecution had extended so far, that some sailors, coming over to navigate the ship, in place of others who had deserted her, were stopped on their way; and this merely because they were coming to take away the rebel of whom so much had been published. And a gentleman came once out of breath from Caernarvon to assure himself, that I was at Pullhelly: for some travellers had been actually stopped upon suspicion that I was one of them, making my way through the country.

That, however, which put me most at my ease in this crisis, was the protection I received from Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards, of the Caernarvon militia, who was then at his country-seat, called Nanhorn, upon leave of absence. He, upon the appearance in his country of so arch a rebel, had written at the

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same time with me, to the duke of Portland, to know what he should do, for he was the principal magistrate resident in the country. He received, for answer, to observe, but not to molest me: he, thereupon, invited me frequently to his house, where I was received by him and his sister, Miss Edwards, an accomplished young lady, politely and hospitably, and spent many days at their house; and this intercourse was uninterrupted until their departure for Portsmouth a few days before my sailing: when, being confined by sickness, they both did me the honor of a farewell visit, and the Colonel charged himself with a letter to my sister at Portsmouth. I mention this circumstance particularly, as compared with what follows; it illustrates the diabolical spirit of my persecution: for, at the time I was buried in the dungeons of the inquisition, from whence probably it was hoped I never should emerge, redress or protection was refused me, because of my improper conduct in Wales. And such was the only account, it is evident, which ever would have been given of me, had my existence ended there.

At length, on the 12th of February, rising from a sick bed, I embarked for Oporto, where I arrived after a passage of three weeks.

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LETTER XI.

Taken prisoner—Released—Liberality—Mr. Nash—Abbé Morand.

AT Oporto, as might be supposed from what had gone before, my reception was prepared for me. After being kept several days on board the ship, a party of men, armed with swords, came to take me before the Corrigidor. I insisted on calling on my way upon the English consul, Mr. Whitehead. This gentleman, as was his duty, examined my passports, and certified them to be genuine. And, as it is well known, that not only on account of the treaties that subsist between the two countries, but of the fear in which this nation stands of England, no British subject ever can be arrested without the privity of the authorities who are there for his protection: that is, without a warrant from the *Judge Conservador*. So the interference of Mr. Whitehead for this time protected me. It is true, I was often told afterwards, by the Portuguese, that this gentleman had injured, instead of serving me. I rather think,

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however, that had others, whose duty it was still more to protect me, done their part as fairly, I should not have suffered what I did. I was, upon quitting Mr. Whitehead, taken to the Corrigidor's, where, after being detained some time in the vestibule of his palace, I was dismissed.—The next difficulty was to find a lodging; for in this country the conveniences of social life are so little known, that in general to have a lodging you must buy or hire a house and furnish it. There was indeed one hotel for the accommodation of strangers, called the Factory-House. But it was given me to understand, that it would not be proper for me to go there, *on account of my principles*. In short, all the little dirty arts of the lowest malice had been put in practice, to strew my way with thorns. In this exigence, Mr. Miler, the gentleman to whom the ship that brought me was consigned, made me an invitation to live with him, which I accepted.

Amongst the persons of great respectability, to whom I had brought letters, was Mr. Thomas Nash, an English merchant. Nothing could exceed the delicacy, and, at the same time, the cordiality with which he came forward with offers of friendship and good counsel. It was by his advice that I determined to remain in port, rather than go to Lisbon, or elsewhere. He proposed going early in the spring to his country-house, at St. Juan de Foz, and invited me to consider myself as one of his family. I thereupon wrote to my wife, to come with her children, and enjoy the tranquillity so dearly purchased. Mr.

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Nash charged himself with finding us a habitation near his own. The invitation was seducing, and rendered more so, by the goodness of his very amiable lady. Indeed I have seen few happier pictures of domestic life than their fire-side. The social bonds become, it would seem, more sacred in a foreign soil: and the ties of kindred and of tenderness draw more close as the objects of dissipation are more few. This respectable man found his pleasures in his honorable industry, and plenty in a prosperous commerce: living in as much elegance as gives grace to hospitality, and as much luxury as is compatible with virtue: and prolonging these blessings through a future generation, in the contemplation of a lovely offspring.

My course of life was, in the mean time, as innocent as could well be. My chief pleasure was sailing upon the river in a little boat; and my companion, an unfortunate French abbé, like me banished from his country; and like me, desirous of fatiguing his body for the repose of his mind, and losing his cares amidst the amusing and captivating scenery that adorned the banks of this fine river. This gentleman had received a good education, and was not at a loss for abundant topics of conversation, without touching the contentious ones of politics and religion. The abbé was besides acquainted with the management of the boat, young, and robust, and as such essential for the service: and upon the whole, though we had come there by such different roads, it was wonderful how well we agreed and understood each other: for he neither sought to make a proselite of me, nor I of

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him. We lived in the true spirit of christian toleration. My man, John Russel, also volunteered, more from love of me than of the element, and we three formed an epitome of my country, where the law, and the gospel predominate, and the rest of the community suffer. The abbé *Morand* is since, by the wiser policy of the present government of France, recalled into his country. His opinions were his only crimes: and let opinions be good or bad, it is not persecution that will change them. For a proof of this, we need not go beyond the history of my miserable country, and the pityful and hateful policy by which it has ever been insulted.

So rigorous an adherence to an agreement so disinterestedly formed, and so shamefully perverted, a life so harmless and obscure, might have sheltered me from further violence. The great work of war and extermination might have gone on; the same hundreds of thousands might have been "*killed off*"—The same hundreds of millions been added to the debt of England—All the crowned heads of Europe might have sat upon their thrones; and the king of Great-Britain, as whose enemy, his and my enemies, and the enemies of human kind, were willing to persecute me, might have moved from one of his palaces to another—He might have gone from Kew to St. James's, whilst I went in my cock-boat from Oporto to St. Johns, without interruption or offence on my side, or any ground of displeasure on his, had it not been determined by my enemies, that my persecution was not to end here.

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LETTER XII.

Again imprisoned—Palace—Prison—Corrigidor—King—Queen—Prince—Variety.

ON the 22d of March, my schemes of pleasure were cut short by a visit from the Vice-Corrigidor, with a party of armed men, who seized me and my servant, and made a vigorous search for papers, shaking out every article of my linen, in hopes of finding some concealed writing. The interpreter told me, without reserve, that I was arrested by order of the English minister, for something I was supposed to be writing. All the papers I had were in my travelling secretary, lying open before me. I numbered them and gave them up, and was conducted to the Corrigidor's house, which was now to be my prison.

This mansion exhibited no bad picture of a despotic country. One half was a prison, the other a palace, and the entrance in the centre was in common, and many of the houshold services were per-

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formed by convict slaves, whose chains clinked as they went. For me, however, a handsome audience hall (or, if I may profane the word, a court of justice) was fitted up, and bolts newly put upon the doors. My servant, who certainly was not writing any thing against the government, was nevertheless thrown amidst the malefactors in irons below; but afterwards, at my entreaty, allowed to come into the room with me: and from first to last I was in this palace treated with a degree of respect, magnificence, and gallanty, liker the old times of chivalry, or of faries, than what I had been used to in bridewell, under Mr. M'Dougall and Mr. Trevor; or even in the hands of Mr. Wilson at Carlisle. Even now the recollection of it fills me with admiration. I had a guard during the day, but not an armed one. This circumstance was rather favorable, as it gave me a means of conversing and learning the language; and my guard of the forenoon, being relieved by one of the afternoon, and every day a new change, I had a variety of company. Besides the Maitre d'Hotel, who was charged to do the honors of the house towards me, I had seven or eight servants to wait at breakfast and dinner, and was served with every thing that was best from the table of the Corrigidor. Whether I owed this to the munificence of the *Fidalgo*, or to the interference of my friends, or to the interposition of the British Consul, I cannot say, but it was a stile of imprisonment highly flattering: yet, for which, having an incurable love of liberty, rather than of compliments, I fear I haye not been sufficiently grateful.

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My guards were clerks of the police and the customs. But part of their duty was to wait in the antichamber of the *Fidalgo*. Although they conversed freely upon common subjects, they were most impenetrably secret upon whatever it concerned me to know. At first it was told me, without hesitation, that I was arrested by orders from England—they said from the king of England. But the manner in which I reproved this assertion, prevented the repetition of it. Though I had received no benefits, I told them, from the king of England, nor no favors from his ministers, for which I should feel myself called upon to defend them; nevertheless, such a charge as this was too gross to be endured; that it was but a few weeks since I came into Portugal, sanctioned by their passports, and by an agreement to which the king himself, and the parliament, and the ministers, were all pledged. And I repeated to them the words of Lord Clare—"That the government which could violate an engagement so solemnly entered into, could neither stand, nor deserve to stand." And I told them, that they would see, when the British ambassador, at Lisbon, received the letters of my friends, informing him of this proceeding, how nobly he would vindicate the dignity of the king, his master, and the honor of his nation.

This harrangue could have no merit but the honest warmth with which it was pronounced. I was at that time sitting up in my bed, and I could observe that the by-standers, who had gathered round me, were, at least, in some astonishment: for it was al-

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most the first time I had ventured to make a discourse in Portuguese: some effect it certainly produced, for next day I was told that it was the queen of Portugal who did not like me, which was still more afflicting to me: for I am sure I could not live, if the fair sex were to hold me in displeasure, much more if they were queens.

It is true, the son of this illustrious personage, the prince of Brazil, has since, on taking the reins of the government, been forced to declare, that he had, from tenderness to his loyal mother, suffered her to govern the Portuguese people for seven years, though in a state of insanity. *(demence)* This might be some consolation to me, for had this royal lady been in her right mind, she would not certainly have given herself the trouble of being angry at me. It is however a melancholy consolation that is derived out of the misfortunes of princes. Sometimes they said the king of Portugal was not willing that I should stay in his country: but as there was no king in Portugal, I could see clearly, that that was not true.

In the meantime, however, couriers went and returned from Lisbon; and I was told, that my fate depended upon their news. At length I was, for the first time in my life, brought to trial, of which I must give you a summary report.

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LETTER XIII.

Report of my Trial—Mr. Sealy.

THE same minister who came formerly to arrest me, came now with the same interpreter to judge me. He asked me my father's name, my mother's name, their calling, and my calling. I was obliged to declare, that I was *filho dúm padre*; literally the son of a father, but figuratively, the son of a priest. And I fear this heresy in my nativity might have done me no service. I was then asked, why I was so dangerous, that I could not get leave to live in my own country? To which I answered, that my conduct, since I had been in Portugal, had been the very reverse of dangerous: and the respect due to the king of England and the government of my country, should stand in place of an answer to such questions, because it would be supposing a bad compliment to the queen of Portugal, and such as the king of England, who was a gallant monarch, was incapable of paying her majesty to send a dan-

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gerous subject into her kingdom to live; and not only to live, but to take security from him, that he would live there and no where else. And then I told my judge about Lord Castlereagh and the law secretary, Mr. Marsden; how they had taken so many months to consider how to draw up that security; all which time I was obliged to remain in gaol: and that in the end all they had done was, to leave out some words of Lord Cornwallis, which seemed to imply a doubt, that I might be sent away by the Portuguese government; *so sure were they that I would not be molested;* but, on the contrary, that I should find protection in the passport they had given me.

I then asked my judge, in my turn, whether he had ever heard of any crime I had committed, either in my country or his? In this country, certainly not, said he. I then asked him, whether the passports of the viceroy of Ireland, and the king's secretary in England, were not the most certain proofs that I had nothing to answer for in England. And I also reminded him how highly injurious it would be to the king of England to try his subjects coming there with such passports, for what could in no shape concern any but him and them. He then asked me, whether the duke of Portland was qualified to give passports? or if it was not alderman James of Dublin? I could not help smiling at this strange question: but in truth, this little presumptuous faction in Ireland, from the habit of insulting their fellow-citizens with impunity, had, I dare say, by their organised partisans,

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some of whom are to be found in all countries, arrogated to themselves the entire sovereignty in every department, and in every region, without being able to foresee how short their reign was to be, or how near the day of their humiliation was at hand. I have often thought it curious to see how, in all cases, they applied the word *government*, to their purposes.—Every man in place, down to the *collector* of the hearth-money, called himself government—Every man, and there were too many, who shared the *public plunder*, was government—Every man in a *red coat*, was government—Every *turnkey*, was government—Every *hired informer*, was government—Every *Hessian soldier*, was government—Every *centry-box*, was government.—Judge then how imposing and awful a name must that be of an alderman of the loyal and magnanimous corporation of Dublin. But to finish—the judge produced a letter from a Mr. Sealy, of Lisbon, which I had some time before received, in answer to one of mine to him. In it was this phrase: "I cannot, on account of *my* political principles, comply with *your* request." I was called upon to explain these mysterious words, and my trial seemed now to be narrowed to this point, what were Mr. Sealy's principles and my request. I certainly know nothing of Mr. Sealy's political principles: but if I were to judge from the specimen he gave me of his breeding and his sense, I should not think favorably of them. I had been furnished by one of his friends with a credit upon his house, and also with a private recommendation to him. Mr. Nash having determined me

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to stay at Oporto, offered himself to be my banker, and advised me merely to send forward my letter of recommendation to Mr. Sealy, and to request of him to give me, on the credit of it, some introductions to his friends in Oporto; and took upon himself to enclose the letter, with many obliging expressions, touching me. His answer, which now became the subject of my interrogatories, and the head of accusation, shews only one thing, namely, how dangerous it is, in every case, to be exposed either to the vulgar or the vicious.

This imprisonment, though not painful in itself, filled me, on account of my wife, whom I daily expected, with very great disquietude. She, who had been reared in the lap of indulgence, and never known either hardship or privation, might, with her helpless infants, arrive in this country, and find me in a prison, and perhaps something even worse. She might be exposed to other chances: be taken prisoner into some other country, where either she might not be able to hear of me, or if she did, might only hear that which would afflict her still the more. I urged this to my judge, who said he would represent it, with the statement of my answers, which he had caused to be written down, to his superior, and so finished my trial. But this painful consideration, and the close confinement, again affected my health. The pain in my chest encreased—I lost all appetite, and certainly a few weeks more would have put an end to all my persecutions.

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LETTER XIV.

Doctor—Journey to Lisbon—Comedians, Friars, &c.

A DOCTOR was, however, upon great entreaty, allowed to give me a plaister for my breast. I was permitted, but only in the presence of the Interpreter, to receive a visit from Mr. Nash. It had been the day before proposed to me to set out for Lisbon, where it was said I should see the English and Portuguese ministers, and be set at liberty.—Mr. Nash exhorted me strongly to accept of the proposal, and told me he had conferred on the subject with the Corrigidor, who was exceedingly concerned and interested for me, and who had shewn him all my papers assorted in the most favorable order, which would be returned to me on my arrival at Lisbon: that there should be but one gentleman to conduct me and my man, and that I should pay my own expences, and be without restraint: that at Lisbon I should be set free, or that the very worst that could happen, would be to send me to England, where I should remain in peace with my family; or if that

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was disagreeable to me, to some neutral country which I should prefer—perhaps Hamburg. He even went so far as to say he would pledge his word of honor, and be answerable, with his heart's blood, that no mischief, whatever, should happen to me.—All this he said with an air of kindness and sincerity, which made a strong impression on me; and added, seizing both my hands affectionately, that if my wife should arrive after my departure, she should find in him a brother, and in Mrs. Nash a sister. And also that he would charge himself with forwarding any letters or commissions, or any effects I might leave behind me. The candid and kind manner in which he expressed himself, put it out of my power to reply. It might appear headstrong, and even ungenerous, not to acquiesce; and I instantly consented.—Though long persecution had taught me distrust, and I boded, secretly, some perfidy which I did not chuse to hint at; but the sequel will shew how true those bodings were.

The following morning, being the first of April, I was called up; and, on looking out of my window, perceived that I was to have three men armed to escort me: but of this I made no complaint. The weather was cold and unsettled; and not daring to expose myself to the rain, in the feeble state of my health, I travelled in a machine in use in that country, called a litter, suspended between two mules; at the side of which, walked a fellow with a stick, who did nothing but curse and beat these poor animals. My servant was mounted on a mule, as were

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all the others, except the Courier, the chief of the expedition, who rode upon a poney.

Were I writing a work of fancy, there would be ample matter in the history of our Caravan. We were joined, at the ferry, by two Dominican friars; the prior, and a noviciate of the convent of Villa-Real. In their conversation I found great resource; as, by means of the Latin language, I could express the names of many things which I did not know in the Portuguese. They seemed very kind-hearted; and when, in conversation, I mentioned the misfortunes of my country, of which mine were but a slight instance, and particularly the state of cruel proscription in which those of the Catholic faith were held in their native land, I could perceive the tears more than once to start in the eyes of the young man.

We had some persons of an opposite calling to that of the good fathers—a family of Italian comedians. From one of the ladies, with whom I had an opportunity of conversing, as we walked together one day along the road, I found that they had been invited by the Corrigidor to Oporto. That he, without knowing their language or their art, had taken upon him to manage their opera, and finished by putting them in prison for not giving full execution to his conceptions. From this prison they had been, at length, delivered, and were making the best of their way to the frontiers.

There were also some of a meaner description—such as fish-carriers, carrying eels as a present to some

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Fidalgo from the Corrigidor: also a mulatto woman following her husband (a soldier) to Lisbon, and a poor barefooted Gallego, going to seek for work in the same metropolis. This latter danced and sung before us the whole way; and was, though the most despised, doubtless the most happy of the party.—At our table, between couriers, scribes, friars and comedians, mule-drivers, litter-driver, and their valets, we sat down together to dinner, seldom less than fifteen persons; and our constant repast, twice in the day, was boiled fowls, buried in greasy yellow rice, of which I scarcely tasted. At night we, of the higher sort, lay down promiscuously on the floor, where mattrasses of straw were laid, the inns affording nothing better; for there was but one inn on all the way in which there was a bedstead.

In return for this, I was quite unrestrained upon the road. As often as I chose, I got out to walk: sometimes mounted the mule of my servant, but oftener the horse of the Courier, on which occasions I had a sword and a case of pistols before me. I got leave to walk about the towns with one of my guards, and in Coimbra I bought some books, and conversed with some of the students of the university in a coffee-house; and it was every where given out, that I was a grandee, going to the minister of state.

After seven days travelling, we arrived in the metropolis. The friars took leave of me at the last stage. The comedians had staid beind to give a concert at Coimbra. The fish carriers had long since disappeared. The Mulatress and the Gallego had

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abandoned me to my fortune, and there remained none but such mules, mule-drivers, mule-driver's valets, scribes, couriers, &c. as were in my immediate pay. The Courier rode on, as he said, to announce me to the minister; but, upon entering the suburbs, I saw him waiting for us at the end of a street, and then drawing up with the rest in regular order of procession.

I was conducted through a number of dirty streets, to the foot of a frightful prison, where my future house-mates were eyeing me through their bars. I asked the Courier, if that was his minister's hotel? He answered, no: for the minister, he said, was not able to receive me, nor to see me this evening, being very busy: but that I was going to lodge in a fine apartment, built for kings and queens. I asked him, if I was going to gaol? and he denied it, saying, that this was not a gaol, but a castle: that the minister would come to see me in the morning, and that in the mean time they would all go, and announce my arrival to the English ambassador.

I need not tell you, that I was not the dupe of this mummery. I was taken into a great hall, where was an old man, who deliberately putting on his spectacles, and opening a book, asked me my name, my country, and some other impertinent questions. I asked him if there was lodgings bespoke for me, by the minister, who was to come and visit me in the morning? He said, he knew nothing of the matter. I then asked him, if he knew who I was? He said,

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no: why then do you detain me in prison, without knowing who I am? He continued his work—— searching my trunks and my secretary; took away every thing that was of metal or glass; and the guides withdrawing to announce me, as they said, to the English ambassador, he offered to conduct me to my room. Before I went, I told him, I should wish to have a little explanation with him, but would have need for that of some person who could do the office of interpreter. He asked me in what language? and I said, either in English or French. A French captain of a privateer, a prisoner of war, was then called upon. After assuring myself that no other person then present spoke French, I profited by the moment, to request that he would watch where they were about to put me, and if possible to find means of speaking with me, as I had been a victim of the most frightful perfidy, and had reason to expect foul play. I was then taken through a long filthy passage to a dungeon: the smell of this approach, which was infectious, gave but a disagreeable presentiment of the dwelling to which it led: nor was the presage deceitful. A door of solid wood was first opened, and then a heavy iron grate, in which was an opening or flat hole made by the divergent direction given to the bars, through which a plate or trencher could be thrust, in every thing resembling the den of a wild beast. The floor was damp—there was no chimney nor window; but high up, next the springing of the arch, for it was vaulted, was a square hole; and that the sky as well as earth might be hid from the ten-

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ant of this gloomy cell, a wall was built up before the opening. Nor were the other senses more regaled: the roaring noise of prisoners; the clinking of chains, and the ringing of bars, was all that could be heard.

There was however allowed me a chair and a little table; and I had a small travelling mattrass, which had first served me on board of ship, afterwards at the inns on the road, and now more essentially here. This I obtained permission to have spread upon the damp floor. My servant was taken to the house of the minister of police, in spite of his entreaties to remain with me. There he met a negro servant who spoke English and told him, that he need fear nothing, for we were in a christian country. John asked him, if he knew where his master and he were to be sent; whether it was to England or to Hamburg? The other said, to a better country than either. He asked him, if it was to Spain? and he answered, perhaps so, or to a better country still. But as to me, I was not favored with any explanation.

The first thing I requested to have, was some tea, which was brought, with bread and some butter, upon a cabbage-leaf. I asked for a knife, which was refused: I then had recourse to my penknife. They desired to see it, laid hold of it and kept it. And one of them asked, if I had garters? for that I must give them up. My patience forsook me, and I asked them, whether it was with the intention to assassinate me, that they would deprive me of every means of self-defence; or, if they meant to put in practice some atrocity, such as they supposed might drive me

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to despair, that in such case, it was better to meet danger than to fly from it: and that they should therefore find, from the lesson I should give them, that I was of a country where fortune had sometimes failed, but courage never.

Happily this scene had no tragical catastrophe: for after the first surprise, Seignior Joseph Timudo, the deputy-gaoler, or book-keeper, the same who had first written down my name, with Joachim, the principal turnkey, both approached, with extended arms, and embraced me, adding these flattering words, "*gusto multo esto gente:*" I love those people greatly. I now had credit enough to borrow my own penknife, to eat my bread and butter, but was watched all the time by four or five of them, and surrendered it up when I had done.

Shortly after I was left alone, a voice spoke through the outer key-hole. It was the French captain to tell me to arm myself with courage, for it was said that it was I who had made the revolution in Holland. I had only time to answer that that was not true, and that I had never been in Holland, when he was obliged to run away.

Next morning my doors were opened by a new set of turnkeys (for they changed daily) who saluted me with many nauseous compliments; each asking me, in his turn, if I had passed the night well. My first care was to see whether I could not, by money, although I had but little, ransom myself from this dungeon. I was told the principal governor, Seignior Francisco, was then in the country, but expect-

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ed shortly. I asked when the minister was to come to see me; and they still said in a few days, but that he had too much business at present.

At length I was fortunate enough to obtain an audience of Seignior Francisco. I requested him to put me in some place where I should have good air to breathe; a view less melancholy; and the society of some person, if such there were, like myself, imprisoned without crime, or at least without any crime that was degrading. He promised me all this, and mentioned some one of my own country, who was imprisoned, he said, for something, as he understood, of a similar nature. I was then taken up stairs to a very small room, where was a Mr. M'Dermott, a master taylor and inn-keeper, whose beard was long and bushy, and whose crime was free-masonry.

Had I been a brother mason, I might have derived, perhaps, some mysterious consolation from this adventure. As it was, it was a relief to hear a human voice, instead of spending day after day, and night after night, in frightful solitude. Mr. M'Dermott, my new companion, had lived long in the island of Madeira, as well as in Lisbon. His conversation was not barren of anecdote, and amusement, and the window afforded a beautiful view of the river: but to enjoy that, it was necessary to climb up and crouch in it. The principal objection was that our two mattrasses covered almost the entire floor, so that there was no room for exercise; and this forced me to lie upon the bed, and augmented the complaint in my chest.

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But whatever consolation I found in the society of my present companion, one circumstance in his case gave me sensible uneasiness. Whilst he was in secret here, his wife and children were confined in another prison for the same crime. And he never could obtain so much from the keepers, as to know whether she was enlarged or not. One day, when any thing was sent to him by his friends, he thought to have discovered, in a handkerchief or a napkin, a proof that she was free: and the next day he was certain of the contrary. This barbarity towards the wife and children of a man, charged only with free-masonry, was a bad omen for mine, should she come into this poor country.

One night my companion was raised from his bed; hand-cuffed, and taken through the streets, to a judge's house, to trial. He told me, on his return, what passed. He was asked many questions touching the danger of free-masonry to church and king; to which he opposed the instances of kings and princes, that were grand master masons; and used other arguments, so well put and so well taken, that he obtained—not his enlargement, nor that of his wife and children—nor any permission to hear from or to see them—not any assurance against their transportation or his—but an indulgence, of which I profited as well as he—a permission to be shaved.

About this time my health, suffering greatly from close confinement, I demanded another audience of Seignior Francisco, and obtained, by like persuasion, to be changed into a very spacious room, command-

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ing a beautiful prospect of the harbor, the country, and a great part of the city. There were, at least, eight great windows, without glass, but secured with immense bars of iron, lengthways, on the outside, and a massive cross-grate within: and the wall was so thick, that one might have lived in the space between, as in a cage. Upon the whole, however, it was clean and healthy. I need not observe that there was no glazed windows, and this for two reasons: First, that such an article of luxury has yet been but sparingly introduced into this kingdom. And secondly, because, according to *customs of Portugal*, those committed to prison by the minister of the police, are for that reason alone put into *secret*; and being so, they are not to be trusted with any thing so dangerous as glass, lest they might find the means of evading the object of their imprisonment, and rescuing themselves from misery, by death.

But what rendered this place still more commodious was three little recesses which belonged to it, which might serve as bed-chambers. One of these was allotted to me, another to my servant, and the third had been for some time occupied by a young Danish nobleman, Mr. A————, who had been imprisoned here to screen him from the consequences of some military insubordination, in an emigrant regiment, into which his distresses had driven him for refuge. Seignior Francisco, before he agreed to remove me into this new apartment, had apprised me of the company I was to have. He told me, that this gentleman, who was also a grandee of his country,

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had been recommended to him by his ambassador. That the only thing that could be disagreeable to me in his society was, his too great relish for wine. He told me to be cautious of offering him any means of exceeding; and told me moreover, that the cause of his quitting his own country, where he had been of the corps of *chasseurs nobles*, was a quarrel and a duel, in which, I understood, he had killed his man; and the cause of his being in Portugal, the accidental capture of a ship in which he was a passenger. And upon the whole, that unless rendered dangerous by wine, his disposition was kind and amiable; and all this I found afterwards to be true.

When the gaoler first presented me to him, and asked his consent that we should live together, he was reading in his bed. There was in his countenance, a look of sullen indignation, which softened greatly towards me. We were recommended to each other as two grandees of different countries, but under a common misfortune; and I had the satisfaction to find him as well pleased as I was with the new arrangements.

But his dislike to the Portuguese was immoderate; and as often as the turnkeys came at night to ring the iron bars, and wish us good rest, or with similar offensive compliments, to examine if we were in our beds in the morning; still more, whenever he sat down to table, he was unable to contain himself; less so still when they went through the daily exercise of Godliness, in obliging the prisoners to sing prayers. On these occasions, one of the keepers stood

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over them with a stick, and wherever there was any lagging of devotion, he quickened it with a blow. This instrument you may suppose produced an effect more strong than pleasing; to express which, there is no term of music or other art that I know of. I never could distinctly hear the more delicate modulations in which I had doubtless a great loss. Nor could I distinguish the words, but I imagined they were Latin, and as such, entitled to respect. Taken altogether with the clinking of the chains, and the sound of the cudgel, it was very far short of what we may conceive of choiring angels. The thing might please God Almighty, inasmuch as it was done with that intention; but it certainly contributed nothing to the recreation of my afflicted companion, the noble Dane, whose gratification it was evident had not been at all consulted.

Another institution which displeased him, and me no less, was in a strong building touching this gaol, and I believe making part of it, and projecting from it at a right angle. This was a place of surety, for locking up married ladies, such as the wives of sea-captains, and others, who went on voyages; to be kept safely until the return of their husbands. We had more than once an opportunity of seeing some of them, when on certain holy-days, and Sundays, they were allowed to come for a few minutes to a balcony which looked into a waste piece of ground. And I could not but have a fellow-feeling for them: for if beauty was the crime for which they suffered,

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I can, with my hand upon my heart, and with all truth and certainty, bear witness in their favor, that they were as innocent of the charge, as I was of high treason.

My situation however was changed for the better, in so much that John, who was hitherto excluded, was now permitted to imprison himself with me. He was allowed also to go out to the market: but as he did not know a word of the language, I could profit little by that indulgence. I desired him to go rather to the Exchange, and enquire from any English gentleman he might happen to see there, whether there were any passengers arrived by the packets, and if possible, to have some news of his mistress. He did so, and was questioned in his turn. He had the satisfaction to hear some persons express themselves with courage and indignation at the treatment I had suffered; but he had also more occasions than one to prove how thick the black spell of terror was cast around me. For, in this country, as it had been in mine, to communicate with a *secret* prisoner, is to brave destruction. I shall relate to you a short anecdote, which may very well serve to illustrate this observation.

Whilst I was locked up with the free-mason, I heard two men talking without upon a terrace opposite the window: they did not see us, for there were two buttresses or blinds built up to prevent any communication with other parts of the prison: but, as I heard them abusing the minister, and calling him by the gross epithet of *filho da puta* (son of a wh—e) I

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thought that those who disrespected him so much, might have some feeling for such as he oppressed. I called to them, and requested they would speak to me. They came, and at first were affable enough. They asked me, if I was a Frenchman, supposing me probably to be only a prisoner of war? I answered, that I was not, but an unfortunate stranger, put into *secret* without any crime or charge whatever; and that I could not even have the satisfaction of getting any person to speak to: nor I either, says one of them, will not speak to you, and in an instant they both disappeared.

After being now for so long a time deprived of all means of writing, paper, pen and ink, were now set designedly before me; I did not attempt to profit by it, as I feared to commit any person in my misfortunes, and had made up my mind to wait patiently the *denouement*.

There was employed to sweep the room, and afterwards through negligence or intention, to keep the key, a Russian, convicted of robbery. He had been a sailor in the English navy, and spoke English fluently: he also spoke the Portuguese sufficiently, and the Danish and German, besides his own, and possibly some other languages. He made no denial of his crime, which was that of having taken a man's watch, and pushed him in the water. He contented himself, which was better, with giving it a favorable version, and a delicate turn. He was notwithstanding of an order superior to the rest. He was zealous and compassionate, even without interest. He often

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entreated me to be kind to the unfortunate gentleman beside me, and was officious in stealing a cup of tea to my first companion, M'Dermott. He at different times borrowed money from me, to lay out in candles and tobacco, in which articles he dealt: but always, unless when he *had an unfortunate run at play*, repaid me honorably. He gave me once a particular proof of his skill in his art: for, after telling me a touching story of a poor prisoner in secret, who wished to write to his wife, he borrowed a little silvered ink-bottle from my secretary, which had been shortly before restored to me; and, having lost that, he borrowed the sand bottle, its companion, as a model, to have it replaced, leaving me in some regret for my loss, but in grand admiration of his talents and resources.

He, besides, possessed a subtle *diplomatic* cast of mind; and seeing my reluctance to write, he was employed to bend me to the purpose in hand. Are you not, says he, a British subject; and have you not your minister to apply to? No British subject can be arrested here, but by the warrant of the *Judge Conservador*; and if he is, the English minister has but to speak one word, and he is set at liberty. I speak from what I know, says he; for I have seen many English prisoners here, and that has always been the case. You must have committed some terrible crime, and ran away from your country without any passport, and that makes you afraid to speak.

I listened, with astonishment, to a discourse so ingenious; and answered, bluntly, that I had com-

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mitted no crime, nor was charged with none; that I had not ran away from my country, but had come with the most authentic passports; that I was not afraid to speak to any minister, or to any man living; but that Mr. Walpole was, to my certain knowledge, as well informed of every thing respecting me, as any letter of mine could make him. God help you, then, says he, for you will be sent, like a convict, over the bar! He added, that though it was as bad as death to him, if it was discovered, that he let me write; nevertheless, he would incur the risque for my sake.

My reluctance to write to Mr. Walpole, arose from the utmost moral certainty, that I could tell him nothing new: besides, I had seen, in a newspaper, which the Danish gentleman had received from his ambassador, that the state-prisoners of Ireland, in violation of the pledged faith of government, and the honor of Lord Cornwallis, had been transported to a fortress in the Highlands of Scotland.

To the agreement made with them, as I have before said, *the faith of government*, and the *honor of Lord Cornwallis*, had been pledged, in such a manner, that the *Chancellor Clare*, who negociated for the Lord-Lieutenant, had made use of those memorable words. It comes to this—"*Either you must trust the government, or it must trust you: and the government that could violate an engagement, so solemnly entered into, could neither stand, nor deserve to stand.*" Such was the sacred character given to this engagement, to which I was also a party, by the

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minister who was the agent in it. Another of these ministers, *Lord Castlereagh*, as I have before stated, acknowledged to another of the prisoners (Doctor M'Nevin) "*that they (the prisoners) had honorably fulfilled their part*," *and assured them*, "*that the government would as religiously observe its part.*" And Mr. Cooke only desired to know of the prisoners, "*how much time would be necessary for them to dispose of their property previous to their going abroad.*" Yet, now I found that they were to be in defiance of every obligation, by which men, not lost irredeemably to honor, could be bound, to be once more emerged in dungeons; and now, at the time I write to you, four long years of the flower of their lives has been consumed in hard captivity!

Of what avail, then, to draw distinctions between their case and mine? To say that I did not invite the French—that I had labored to save the lives of my enemies—that I had endeavored to prevent both civil war or bloodshed—that I had sacrificed every thing to love and compassion for my country. If the certainty that I was pure, humane, and disinterested, could be any protection to me, it would have been so to others; for, amongst those immolated to the dæmon of destruction, were men of as perfect truth, and as exalted virtue, as ever yet the light of heaven had shone on. No! but the love of country was the general crime. Corruption was the thing to be destroyed or be maintained; and those who lived by it, who rioted in it, could never forgive those who would oppose it. *This was the great secret.* They

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knew it, and I knew it. But they knew that I had exposed it with some effect, and I was never to be forgiven. I might, indeed, and could, upon just occasion, forgive; but they could not.

> "Forgiveness to the injured does belong—
> "They never can forgive that do the wrong."

I scorned, therefore, to draw any distinction between my case and that of any other of the prisoners. They were rebels, undoubtedly, and so was I.—I had not invited the French—but my enemies had invited the Hessians. And I did not hesitate to say, that in the general prostration of law, constitution, humanity, and justice: whilst the heaven was red with the corruscations of cottages in flames, and the earth crimsoned with the blood of human victims: whilst the groans of those, agonizing in torture, ascended with the thick smoke that rolled as the incense of canibals to the idols of their bloody worship: When justice winked as she went by, and villainy exulted; and the tears of innocence deflowered, dropped heedless, and unavenged, upon the blood-stained earth: whilst the darkness alone sheltered the houseless fugitives from their pursuers, and the despairing mother lurking in the hiding-places of the wild tenants of the fields, stretched out her powerless hands to feel if her shivering offspring, without other covering than the mantle of the night, were yet alive and near her! I did not hesitate to say, in such a moment—*we must rebel!* We must not be disarmed! Whatever specious pretext may be urged for the com-

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mission of such crimes, they are not to be endured by honorable men: but if they be committed in furtherance of usurpation and of robbery, they are to be resisted as treasons of the blackest die. Horrid alternative! On the one hand stood rebellion, on the other, treason and murder! The fury of party left no middle course. I preferred rebellion to murder and treason, and it is for this that traitors have called me traitor, whilst I have cast the appellation in their teeth. I do call heaven to witness, that in whatever I have done against my enemies, further than a few sportive sallies of imagination, with which I have been charged, I have never listened to any other voice than that of conscience; and that neither interest nor resentment ever governed me—nor did I yield too easily to the warm feelings of my heart. I never acted but from conviction that I was scrupulously right. It required courage to face the dangers of those times; and,

"WHERE I COULD NOT BE JUST, I NEVER YET WAS VALIANT."

I would not willingly be a rebel; yet, if driven to the cruel extremity of deciding between treason and rebellion, I felt for which I was best fitted, and that I should rather die a rebel, than live a traitor. You may judge, however, with what confidence I could address a minister, whom I knew to be already in possession of my case; and who had, for so great a length of time, left it unnoticed, and me unprotect-

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ed. Yet, that no blame might be imputed to me hereafter, for my omitting to accept of this occasion, or any pretext remain to my enemies to misrepresent the facts, I consented, as you shall be informed in my next.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Walpole—A Trick—Minister of Police—Correspondence—Sweet-Meats.

I BEGAN my letter to Mr. Walpole, by referring him to the communications which I knew had been already made to him: reminding him, very respectfully, of the protection it was his duty to afford me, and how little it would tend to his good reputation hereafter, when better times should come, and enquiries be made, to have been consenting to so very refined and barbarous an execution, of a man to whom he could impute no crime. I told him, moreover, of the dangerous state of my health, and requested, that since he would not see me, a medical person might at least be allowed to visit me. I added, that upon the faith of a *solemn* agreement, I had written to my wife and children to come to me.

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And that all communication between us having been intercepted, I remained in a state of most cruel uncertainty, and therefore begged for permission to write; in order to prevent, if it were not yet too late, so great a calamity. I told him, that cut off from all pecuniary resources, I wished to discharge a servant, who had already, for being my servant, suffered torture and imprisonment; and that my papers, which were the guarantees of my personal safety, being seized, I begged they might be restored to me. For the rest, I was better pleased to remain where I now was, than to be exposed to any new insult or atrocity.

A messenger was called, who, instead of taking my letter to the British ambassador, took it to the Intendente of the police, which I discovered from him on his return to be paid, and complained of it to the gaolers. They all, with one consent, set up a hypocritical lamentation for the ruin brought upon them, by permitting me to write. I paid no more regard to this, than to any other of their vile farces, but offered Joachim a *cruzada nova*, to carry another letter to the British ambassador, and bring me an answer. I wrote without any opposition, and without any difficulty. Joachim undertook to carry my letter. This letter was only to inform Mr. Walpole, that a former one, addressed to him, had been carried to the Intendente of the police, and to request that he would have the goodness to send for it, and favor me with an answer.

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ANSWER.

Lisbon, April 17, 1799.

Sir,

AS I have no intercourse with the Intendente of the police, to authorise me to send for the letter you allude to, I must confine myself to acknowledging the receipt of that which has been just delivered to me,

And am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ROBT. WALPOLE.

The next day I sent my servant with a guide to Mr. Walpole's, who delivered him a letter as nearly as possible in the words of that which had been given to the Intendente of the police, and received this answer:

Lisbon, April 18, 1799.

Sir,

I HAVE received your letter of this morning; that to which you refer of yesterday, has not yet been delivered to me. I shall make application for the leave you request, which I have no doubt will be granted to you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ROBT. WALPOLE.

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I waited some days without further result; and again sent my man, who returned with the following letter:

Lisbon, April 21, 1799.

Sir,

I MUST assure you, that I immediately complied with my promise, of making the application you required of me by your letter of Friday evening, and I received an answer from the secretary of state, that orders were given by the Intendente to report upon the subject of your imprisonment. I was in hopes that some speedier method might have been adopted in regard to what more immediately in point of humanity concerns you personally. I shall immediately renew my application, which I hope will be attended to.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ROBT. WALPOLE.

On this, as on the former occasion, my servant had been sent to the house of Mr. Mathews (so I think his name was) the secretary of Mr. Walpole. He was kindly treated by this gentleman, as also by a lady at his house, who expressed much concern for me, and sent me as a present a pot of conserves of Brazil.

But they told my man, that I was to be sent on board an English ship of war to an English prison-ship at Gibraltar; and when he murmured against

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such injustice in the English government, from *whose ministers alone* such orders could proceed, he was cautioned by the lady to hold his tongue, and advised, if he should be interrogated, to say nothing, but merely that he was my servant, and ignorant of my affairs; otherwise she said it might be worse for him than for me.

LETTER XVI.

An Accoucheur—Difficulties—Intendente.

AT length came the doctor: I do not recollect his name, but I understood he was the accoucheur of the Intendant's lady. He so far differed from the bridewell doctor, that he treated me with respect and good manners. He excused his minister from all share in my persecution, assuring me, that his lordship was very sorry for me, and very much concerned for what I was made to suffer. He complimented me on my patience, which he called *animo grande*: he said justly, that it was not of medicines I had need for the restoration of my health, but of liberty and tranquillity, and that nothing was so dangerous for me as a prison. He promised to use all his interest with the Intendente in my favor, and asked me, what country I should like to go to? men-

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tioning several times France and Spain. I answered, that having been so long deprived of all political intelligence, I could not tell what countries were in alliance with England, what were in hos-hostility, or what were neutral. Or in the strange changes that succeeded each other, how long any country might remain in its present posture. But as to the two countries he had named, France and Spain, I could not consent to go to either of them, because I had made an agreement, to which it was my intention as to every other of my life, to be true; at least until it should be so flagrantly broken on the other part, as to leave me no choice. I then explained to him the labyrinth of vexations in which I was involved. To France or Spain I could not go, because those countries being at war with the king of England, it might be made a pretext for subjecting me to the penalties of high treason, and serve at least as a justification for the crimes already committed against me. That my going to a neutral country, or even to one in alliance with the king of England, might be turned to my disadvantage, as I was obliged, before I could get out of bridewell, to give security that I should go to Portugal, and remain there during the continuance of the war. And, if I went home, or to any part of the British dominions, I was a felon by act of parliament, and transportable to Botany-Bay: and though that parliament had shortly after this atrocious law annihilated itself, yet, "The evil that men do, lives after them."

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Amongst all the neutral countries, of which I thought two only seemed free from objection, Genoa and Hamburg. The former I might have preferred on account of its climate; the latter on account of its proximity to my own, and the greater facility of having communication with my family; with either I should have been contented. You know, however, to what unexampled misery the one was afterwards reduced by the war, and how in the other the rights of nations and of hospitality have been violated in a degree beyond what had ever before happened amongst the hords of the deserts. Thus it is, that mean and jealous tyranny hems in its victims on every side with snares and dangers.

I do not know whether what I said to this gentleman might have surprised his sensibility, or whether the symptoms he betrayed were counterfeited; but they were those of strong emotion; and he promised to repeat all I had said to the Intendente with equal force, and hoped to obtain for me the permission to remain in Portugal as I desired—Though he said it might be under some restrictions.

After some days, he returned and told me, that the minister had been very much affected by my story, and that, particularly, when he mentioned the chain of difficulties by which I was encompassed, that he had started as if with surprise and agitation, and desired him to repeat the different points, that he might write them down. He advised me, also, to write to the Intendente a letter in English, but to be cautious to use such terms of deference as our language

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afforded, and to call him My Lord: and, upon the whole, to use the stile, which, being translated into Portuguese, as it would be, should be found most agreeable to the usages of that country, and shew a due consideration of his quality.

I thanked him for his friendly intimation, and complied to the best of my power. My letter was sent: and I think it was on the following day I was called into the same hall where I first made my *entrée;* and there, in the presence of the gaoler, I received from the hands of an officer of the police, my papers, for which I gave him a receipt. They were all numbered in a certain order, as if they had served as references to some statement; and I think they had the air of having recently arrived from England!!! The only one of any curiosity that I could miss, was that famous letter with which Mr. Sealy took upon him to insult me, touching *his* political principles.—Why this gentleman's letter was taken from among the rest, I do not know. It could not surely be, that he was in the management of this affair, and wished to suppress a production which might one day turn to his shame.

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LETTER XVII.

Tried again—Acquitted—Attempt at suicide—My danger—Dungeons described—Jurisprudence—My fears—Antonio—Italian nobleman—Lady—Cruel perfidy—English threats—Gibraltar prison-ship—Another Gaol.

BEFORE I proceed further, I must mention one or two occurrences, which happened about this time. One night I was at supper with the Danish gentleman, when Joachim, the most odious of the turnkeys, came to me, and abruptly desired me to put on my coat and take off my bonnet, for that the judge was waiting for me to appear before him: I smiled at his official gravity, but did as he desired, and followed him to another part of the prison, which I believe might not have been entirely constructed for the use of kings and queens, and was taken up a narrow ladder through a trap-door, and into a cock-loft, where the court was sitting. This august tribunal consisted of two mean-looking persons, the judge and his clerk, who sat facing each other at a table—I was placed on a diagonal line with a good

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deal of method, as if to have my picture drawn; and near me was placed a genteel looking person, whom I at first took for some high emanation from the court; but found afterwards to be Mr. Regnier, the gaoler of another prison, who was brought there to serve as interpreter: from which, and more that I had occasion to observe, I concluded, that a gaoler in this country is a person of more dignity than a judge. Indeed I had, before going into that despotic country, been prepared by what I had witnessed, to receive such an impression.

I was now led through nearly the same absurdities as in Oporto, except, that this judge dwelt much upon the story and name of Oliver Bond, and seemed to doubt that a government could make such an agreement, as to accept of one man's banishment to save the life of another. I told him, that the fact was so, and that he might write it down, and I would sign it. But I told him, that it was not I who singly signed this act of self-devotion, to save the single life of Oliver Bond: for however willing I might have been, that man was too brave and too generous to have accepted such a sacrifice; but that I was one of many, who, after braving every accuser, had subscribed to a measure presented under a very different form from what perfidy had since given it, in the hopes of putting a stop to that system, of which the atrocity will hereafter rank in history with whatever has been perpetrated of most foul.

I owned, that such a sacrifice must appear difficult of belief to those who had never seen nor felt the in-

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fluence of public spirit, nor the love of their species, or their country; yet, that acts of generosity, infinitely beyond that, were common even amongst the poorest and most oppressed in my country. He there asked me, what had been the questions put to me in Oporto, when I was examined there? I told him, they were much the same as those he had asked me, and that my answers were of course the same; as I had but one answer, and that was the truth, for all persons and all occasions: that my persecution was a violation of justice, and a scandalous indecency, as useless as shameful to its authors: that it was founded upon disgraceful perfidy, and therefore I requested he would put a speedy end to it. He said he would submit what had been written down to his superiors; and I, after reading it over, and finding it to contain nothing of any importance, subscribed my name to it, and Joachim led me back with a less stern aspect to my companion.

As to this gentleman, his impatience encreased daily. One evening in particular, he received a note from his ambassador, which nettled him. He had been that day below among the French prisoners, and had drank more wine than was good for him, and he suddenly after supper snatched away a knife which I had concealed from the eyes of the gaolers, and retired into his own room shutting the door after him. John, mistrusting his intentions, watched him through the key-hole, and gave the alarm just in time, for us both with all our force to burst the door open, and prevent his putting an end to his existence. He

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had made a long but superficial cut in his neck; but the bluntness of the knife, and the surprise of the door bursting open, had prevented the final execution of his project: and I was told afterwards, that it was happy for me I had been fortunate enough to save his life, as mine might have been made to answer for it. And indeed there is little doubt that my enemies would have rejoiced in so fortunate a means of at once getting rid of my complaints, and of branding forever a name which hitherto all their malice could not sully.

The shame and humiliation which followed this frustrated attempt, rendered this young man still more miserable: and yet he was to be envied in comparison with some other inmates of this castle. There were dungeons where human beings had lived long enough to forget their own names, wearing out their days in darkness, nakedness, and hunger. Too happy if folly or madness came at last to rescue them from the consciousness of what they were.

The whole science of criminal jurisprudence in Portugal is this; to throw the suspected person into a secret dungeon, which is aptly called in their judicial phrase, *Inferno* (Hell.) Here the wretch remains until he is reported fit to be examined. If he confesses, he is put into irons, and either condemned as a slave, to work in chains, or sent to Goa or the American Plantations. If he does not confess, he remains in his dungeon. I mentioned to one of the gaolers my sense of this hardship, as an obstinate guilty person might deny the truth, whilst an innocent one, less

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courageous, might very readily, to relieve himself from such a state of misery, make a false confession: his answer was laconic, "*logo confessé*," they soon confess.

All these things I could have viewed as an observer, for my own mind was strongly made up to every exigence; but the thoughts of an innocent wife and children, who might be the victims of such barbarity, were too painful for repose. For besides the instance of the free-mason's wife, I had learned one which touched me much nearer. The last occupier of my present apartment had been an Italian nobleman of high rank and fortune, who had been sent out of England under the alien law, for political notions displeasing to the court. His lady, who was English, had been ordered to Lisbon for her health. Whilst he was imprisoned in the castle of St. George, she was dungeoned in secret in a separate prison, where she remained some time, spitting blood. During this her most private letters were seized upon and read, and she was at length released only to be sent on board an English man of war to Gibraltar, and from thence to the coast of Barbary. I have known that lady since, and she certainly never could have deserved that treatment, or been capable of giving offence to any government.

What then might be the treatment reserved for my wife, should she arrive? Such was the consideration which occupied my mind, leaving me otherwise insensible to all the little tricks and vexations I was exposed to. And what heightened these feelings, was

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the treachery of the turnkey, *Antonio*, who boasted of the sums he had received from this unfortunate gentleman, in the moments of his impatience, by different impostures and duperies; amongst others, that of promising to manage an interview between him and his lady by a subterraneous passage; through which, he pretended, a coach could pass; and of which, he said, he had the key; and that no doubt might remain of this infamy, he produced, and offered to sell to me, the very letters which he had been so largely bribed to deliver.

But to quit these details, which would swell my letter beyond moderate bounds, and return to my story:—I have already mentioned, that my papers were delivered to me by an officer. This same officer gave me notice to prepare for quitting this prison immediately. He told me that on that evening I was to be removed to another place, previous to my being embarked: but he would not tell me where I was to be removed, nor to what country embarked: but said that I was to have an interview in the evening with the British and Portuguese ministers, and every thing would be settled. Upon this he went away, and I locked up my papers in my travelling secretary. Scarcely had I done this, before I was desired to give up all my effects, in order that they might be sent before me to the place where I was going: so, that had I been so disposed, I could make no use of any of the recommendations they contained.

The first thing that occurred to me, was to make John avail himself of his permission to go to the

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market; and instead of doing so, to go to the English ambassador's, and enquire into the truth. He did so, and received for answer, that Mr. Walpole was so dangerously ill, that his lady dared not put the dispatches before him to be signed, and that the packet was detained for that reason.

Upon this I wrote to the Intendente—John carried the letter. He saw this minister, who told him that he would have the letter interpreted by his linguist, and that an answer should be sent to his master in the evening.

I next requested the doctor to come to me, who complied, but only answered me dryly, that these things were done very suddenly in Portugal. I was however, as dry with him, and the only one to whom I shewed any friendship on parting, was the Russian robber: for, with all his vices on his head, he had more of the features of humanity. Perhaps I may have judged too hardly of the doctor, if it should appear so in future: I shall be ready to make him all atonement in my power. One thing, in his favor, I must confess, was the jealousy the others seemed to entertain of him.

In the evening came two officers of police to take me and my servant away. We were called down to be delivered to them; and each of them, putting his hand into his pocket, produced a string of hard whip-cord, for the purpose of tying our hands. One of them took me aside, and told me, with many compliments, that though he had strict orders from the minister to tie my hands, yet seeing the kind of person I appeared to be,

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he would disobey, in hopes, however, that I would acknowledge his complaisance. I made no other answer than by bringing him forward, and calling upon him, at his peril, to tie my hands, if such were his orders, as it was my intention, at a proper time, to throw the responsibility of all these insults where it was due. This produced debate, and the project of tying me was over-ruled.

I should now, before I take leave of the castle of St. George, mention the humble trophy I raised, in honor of the virtue I most prize, and in revenge for the many perfidies I had experienced. My chief amusement had been scratching with charcoal some rude designs upon the walls of my recess, which John had embellished with festoons of oranges.—With a morsel of this charcoal, I hastily traced the following passage, which, if I remember well, is to be found in the tragedy of Douglas:

> . . . . . "Sincerity,
> Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
> Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
> And from the gulf of hell damnation cry
> To take dissimulation's winding way."

Such was the rebuke I addressed to my enemies, and the counsel I bequeathed to my successors. And now, my friend, before we enter into other dungeons, let us take a further pause.

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LETTER XVIII.

Nocturnal Migration—Other prison—More nauseous Dungeon—Hunting by candle-light.

I WAS no sooner seated in the carriage with my new conductor, than he began to overwhelm me with excuses and compliments, and became officious in his efforts to amuse me; and pointed out whatever was curious as we passed, the night being tolerably clear. I recollect his mentioning a column in memory of the execution of the grandees who conspired against their king—a royal palace—the street inhabited by the gold-smiths, and various other objects. He entreated me often to forgive him, and promised in return to see me lodged in the best apartment of the prison where we were going; intimating, that as it was only a part of the gaoler's house, it might not be difficult to escape.

On our road we called at another prison, where we took up two other persons, a gentleman and his servant; so that our cavalcade consisted of four carriages. My conductor told me, that this was a gen-

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tleman of my country; that he would give orders to have us put together. And I was in hopes to have at length obtained the company of some person in whose misfortunes I might sympathise: perhaps some victim like myself, banished to make room for the auspicious union of his country with Great-Britain. But when we arrived at the gaol of Belem, the order of procession was inverted, and the other prisoners went in first, so that for this time I saw no more of them; though from henceforth their sufferings and mine were in some sort to be identified.

I was detained some time in a small room of the gaoler, until a negress was brought through, who had reason to welcome me, as she was released from her secret dungeon in order to make room for me. I was then locked up with my servant in a little hole, foul and filthy beyond description. The space of it was scarcely more than the area of a coach. There was in it a commodity, of which the smell was infectious. The walls were bedaubed with ordure: and for light and air, there was only a square orifice, through which a cat could not creep, near two fathoms in length, sloping upwards towards the sky. And there was, for more security at the outer end, a bar of iron. This threw upon the opposite wall a spectrum of the size of a man's hand, where any object became visible, the rest was utter darkness. There was in it no article of furniture—my mattrass was allowed for me, and John lay down upon the floor.

It would be impossible to express what I suffered during this night, from the difficulty of breathing in

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this suffocating hole, and from the vermin with which it abounded. Luckily we had a flint and steel, and from time to time, when we could suffer no longer, we suddenly struck a light, and endeavored to take the bugs and fleas that infested us by surprise, and so destroy them.

In the morning the gaoler came to visit me, and lamented that the strict orders delivered to him from the minister by the officer who conducted me, obliged him to lodge me so incommodiously. I told him that there must be some gross treachery somewhere, as this officer had promised to lodge me in the best apartment in his house; and that I should be indulged in the company of another gentleman of my own country. He persisted that his orders were to put me in the very dungeon where the negress had been; and there was no appeal!

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LETTER XIX.

Not quite so bad—Music—Amours of various Colours—Delays of State—The Saints—Something like Tom Pipes.

I FOUND however through the gaoler the means of having the door left open in the day time, and soon after for a sum of money was removed into an adjoining room, nearly of the same size, but more clean, and where there was a bedstead. Opposite the door in the corridor there was a barred window, but I was put upon honor not to appear at it.

I had now however, for a companion, several hours every day, a son of the gaoler, an organist to one of the churches: he took pleasure in English airs, and particularly country-dances; and I wrote him down from memory some that he liked best. I had also a German flute, but could play but little on account of my breast, which was still painful.

There was, also, a young officer, whose father had put him here until he could be sent to Goa, because

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he would not marry to please him. The negress had been confined for a crime of a like tender nature, but differing in circumstance; for her lover was a young man of family, and it was feared so enslaved to her charms, that he would marry her. For this, his family had used its power to deprive the poor wench of her liberty, and the world of so *bright an ornament*.

The gaoler, at length, for obvious reasons, became more propitious: and, upon my paying his coach-hire, put on his diced coat, his black velvet breeches, and his sword; and either did, or said he did, make one or more visits to the Intendente on my behalf. But here, as before, the delays of state intervened. It was either a church-holiday, or a birth-day, or a wedding-anniversary, or a Sunday, or a rejoicing-day, or a hunting-day, or Good-Friday, or Easter-day. All the saints were inauspicious to me—St. Polycarpe, St. Hildegonde, St. Beuve, and all. In short, among so many idle days, no moment could be spared from pleasure or devotion for the relief of the unfortunate or oppressed.

I bore all with patience; until, at length, I was told, that I must write, not as before, in English, but in Portuguese, to the Intendente of the police himself. This was rather hard for me, who had but two or three months to learn the language, and that without the slightest instructions. I begged of my patron to assist me, as I was ignorant in what terms to address so great a personage as *his superior*.

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He complied, and the first words he dictated were *seuo afflitto creado*—your afflicted servant. I objected to this, as though it might be proper for his minister, it was not what was due to myself. He did not seem well to comprehend my objection; so I was forced to sacrifice my pride, and give him *carte blanche*, promising to copy whatever he would write. But I could not shut my eyes against the striking resemblance which my situation bore to that of Tom Pipes, when he applied to the village school-master for a letter to Emily, after wearing out the original in his shoe. This epistle, which was no uncurious production, being finished, my patron charged himself with the delivery of it: and I was not, certainly, the worse for his protection, for my restraints were much relaxed. I was allowed to go to the window, where I could converse freely with the family of the *governor* in the court below.

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LETTER XX.

Better—The Ladies—The Mirror—Prospect—Ladies Eyes—Bow and Arrows—Bad shot—Hopes still.

I HAD nothing for it now but patience, and I endeavored to profit by every means of amusement that offered. There were two girls who diverted themselves riding upon an ass through the yard, and each had a stick to beat it with. I begged for the sticks, which were given me through my bars. One of them was a vine, and became afterwards an instrument of great interest. To one of these sticks I fastened a shaving-mirror, and could, by holding it up before the window, command a view of the gaoler's room above me, and converse with the ladies of the mansion, who could see me in like manner. And again, by adding the length of the other stick, I could see over the wall, and have, by that means, looking up through two bars, a beautiful prospect of the harbor towards the sea, including the castle of Belem. At all times I have taken delight

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in such views, but I cannot say how much my mind was now enlivened by this gay and busy scene. I watched all the manœuvres, and observed all the colours of so many ships of different nations, going to sea, or returning from their voyages: but envied most those whom I saw amusing themselves in skiffs of pleasure. I had, besides, the satisfaction of discovering the position I was in near the water's edge.

One day, whilst busied in this exercise, I observed that I had turned the reflection of the sun upon the eyes of a young lady in an opposite window. There was between her and me the distance not only of the prison-yard, but of a broad street besides; so that the only way I had of apologizing, was by desisting. I dismounted the machine, made her a respectful bow, and laid it aside. And taking up the flute, endeavored the best I could to make amends; and was in my turn repaid by the condescension with which she staid to listen.

Though this young person was a very deserving object of admiration, I had for paying my court to her a motive more justifiable than that of gallantry, and warranted by the strictest fidelity. The persons in whose hands I was, were in the middle of their greatest kindnesses impenetrably secret: their office was to keep me deprived of liberty, and also of every means of attaining it. The least and most caressing of the children had been instructed in the school of mystery. I naturally longed for some acquaintance who was not under circumstances of necessary enmity to my wishes: and I could see no great objec-

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tion that the first person who presented itself should be young and handsome, and of that sex to which alone I could ever consent to humble myself. I therefore encouraged the hope, that by gaining the favor of the young lady, I might in some way profit by her friendship, though I could not say in what manner. In this view, I manufactured the vine into a bow, and the old box into arrows, and began by shooting at marks in the yard, letting the children win a few vintim pieces to keep them in my interest, and in this manner concealed my project. On one of the arrows, instead of feathers, I fixed a paper, on which was written a billet in the Portuguese language, couched nearly in these terms: "If youth and beauty be not deceitful, and that you can be sensible to the undeserved misfortunes of a stanger, give me some token of your permission, which I shall faithfully respect, and I shall communicate much more." This done, I shot the arrow at her window. It unluckily hit against the frame, and bounded back into the street, and shortly afterwards I saw her father enter with it in his hand, and assemble in a groupe, this young lady, another *malicious* little girl who always laughed at my complaints, and an elderly person, that I took to be a governante. I was in great anxiety lest I had been the cause of pain where it was so much my interest as well as my wish, to please. But when I saw the dear young lady pat the cheeks of her father, and that he suffered such tender play, my fears vanished, and I even went the length to hope, that he also had seen the thing in the true

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light, and become my friend. I therefore renewed my diligence, and finding by her gestures that she no longer approved of my first mode of communication, I broke some of my arrows in her view, in token of obedience, and invented in their place, a better stratagem, if such a name can be given to so loyal a manner of making known one's griefs. I hollowed out an orange rhind, and with a thread, unravelled from a stocking, contrived to throw it over the wall next the sea, when the tide was not full. In the same manner, if I had been happy enough to have been favored with an answer, I could have drawn it up. Nor was I without hope; for whether it was the illusion of an imagination in search of some agreeable deception, or a substantial, material fact, I thought I felt a little twitch at the end of the cord: I thought I felt it in my fingers:—I am sure I felt it in my heart. If you, a philosopher, skilled in the wonderful works of nature, and deeply read in her mysterious books, can tell me what principle it was that could communicate by so frail and flimsy a conductor as an old stocking-thread through the stone walls and iron bars of a flinty gaol, a fire more rapid than the *electric spark*; a movement more subtle than the *galvanic fluid*, you will relieve me from some curious doubts. What, you will say, was the effect? from that we may discover the cause. Why it was a kind of sudden vibration, of gratitude, hope, joy, and what not. Perhaps if duty and inclination had not long since taught me to love but one, then far away—but I fear it is getting into my pen—and

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the shortest follies are the best. However, having digressed so far in hopes of varying the tedious story of my griefs, I shall complete the picture of my whimsical situation. In the first place, the good papa, with a laudible vigilance, had placed himself in the garret, and a sharp look out he did keep. Again, there was a little round laughing young lady, married or single, I knew not which, but dressed in a military dress, who seemed to take pleasure in provoking and insulting me, with a pair of large black eyes. I was obliged in my own defence to shoot at her several times, to drive her from her post, which brought upon me the enmity of another *duenna*, who, after putting the young wicked one from the window, came to it herself. I made grimaces at her—she made faces at me. I threatened to shoot her—she threatened to have me punished.—When I took up my flute to play to the true object of my attention, this little soldier lady would take it to herself, and dance to my music. I had, besides, a trick for the father; for I could see where he hung up his hat, and knew by that when he was gone out. You will say this was carrying the thing too far. No! for our commerce was most innocent. The ladies were secure in the iron bars that restrained me, and still more in the the purity of my thoughts, and they knew that the fullest effect their charms could have, was but leading captivity captive. In short, I had enough upon my hands, but I was not discouraged, until all such fond hopes were at once cut off, as you shall see in the sequel.

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LETTER XXI.

The Neighbours—Infernal Dungeons.

BEFORE I pursue the course of my adventures, I think it may not be uninteresting to my friend, to know, among what persons I was now living. I was one day surprised in the corridor, by the voice of a man asking me abruptly in the French language, if the negress was gone out? "*Monsieur, la negresse est elle sortie?* I looked round in vain for the person or the place from whence this voice issued; but it was not until a following day, that I perceived fingers through a small hole in a step that led down from the gaoler's quarters to this wing which I inhabited. The light gave obliquely on the spot, and by reflection, so that it was scarcely visible—within was entire darkness; and when I approached my mouth to this orifice to speak, the smell was poisonous.

I asked the unhappy tenant of this cell, for what he had been immured there? and he answered, *pour un marriage de la Republique;* from which I at first concluded, he had lost his senses; but I found after-

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wards, that he had actually married a French woman under the revolutionary forms when in France: that she had separated from him: that upon his return he had consulted the emigrant priests, who affirmed the marriage to be null; and that another advantageous match offering, he had proposed, but not concluded the second marriage; for which crime, as he told me, he had been long in this dungeon. His anxiety about the negress was, that if she had got out by means of an examination, he would have concluded himself to have been passed over, and to have no more hope. He begged of me to purchase him some bread, as for myself, offering me at the same time, the price of it through the hole, from which I judged that hunger was a part of his punishment. I do not take upon myself to say what might have been the degree of this unfortunate being's crime, but his punishment was certainly severe. I saw him, when at night he had got a candle to pick the vermin off his body. His beard was long, and his aspect miserable. His dungeon was deep and narrow; and in a corner was a little door, through which he must have crept in, and which served now to thrust in his food. It was from the depth of this dungeon, and the effort he had to make in clinging by his fingers in order to raise his mouth to the orifice in the stair, that the utterance of that abrupt sentence—"*La negresse est elle sortie,*" had such an extraordinary effect.

But this was not the only miserable being of my species, of whose sufferings I was forced to partake.

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There was under the corridor another *inferno*, into which the descent was by a trap-door, over which I had often walked without perceiving it. This dungeon was damp and dark, and so foul, that when the trap-door was opened twice in the day to give provisions to the wretch that inhabited it, the whole surrounding space was infected with a pestilential smell for a length of time, and yet the entire operation of opening and shutting, did not last more than half a minute; nothing further taking place on the occasion, than the handing down one little earthen dish, and receiving another, which was given up by the prisoner. But lest any thing should interrupt the fearful seclusion of this mortal from the rest of his species, or that any means should be conveyed to him of quitting an existence so terrible, his meal was regularly and diligently searched each day before his trap-door was opened; and even his bread torn asunder for fear of some concealment.—It would be too tedious to detail the histories of my other fellow-prisoners. Those most immediately my neighbours, whose door gave into the corridor, were a Corsican smuggler, and a soldier imprisoned for stabbing with a knife.

The predecessor of the negress, had been an American captain, called William Atkinson, from Philadelphia. His name was written with a pencil on the wall. He had been a length of time in secret, on account of a barrel of gun-powder which he had been charged with purchasing unduly, as belonging to the stores. At length, when he had no more money,

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the gaoler enquired of the minister who sent him there? what was to be done with him? and the minister, not recollecting his name, so totally had he been forgotten, he was let out.

The gentleman who came on the same night with me, and with whom I had conversed only by stealth, through the flaw in his door, was a Mr. Rivet, of Nantes, formerly consul-general of the Portuguese in France. It was not until a day or two before our departure, that we were permitted to see each other. But I found afterwards great resources in the company of this new fellow-sufferer; who was, for what reason I know not, to be sent on board the same vessel, which was to transport me, against my will, to France.

LETTER XXII.

Kid-napped—Transported—Our Adieus—State-affairs—Protest.

AT length, after a series of abominations, which had now lasted six weeks, I was called upon suddenly one morning, by an *ecrivan*, a man of authority, to prepare for an immediate departure, and was scarcely allowed time to thrust my clothes into my trunks. In vain I demanded where I was going. I

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was desired to pay ten moidores for my passage: I forget whether any thing more, or how much, for my servant: but I recollect, that the government paper-money, which remained in my hands, and which I had been obliged to take at par, was dicounted at fifteen per cent. Small considerations, these, it is true, in any other circumstances, but serious, seeing the position I was in. As certainly, had I yielded to much extortion in the beginning, and my litte stock been sooner exhausted, I should have been destitute beyond measure, and perhaps have perished in that double-doored vault where I was first plunged, and from which it required money to redeem me.

I now remonstrated, that I had very little remaining; and that if I went to a strange country as a prisoner, where I might have neither credit nor connections, I must necessarily be exposed to great distress: and I begged, at least, to be informed where I was going, and to be allowed to make some arrangements. The officer replied in a peremptory and insulting strain, that if I had no money, none would be taken from me, but that my trunks and my person should be searched. This necessarily produced some warmth on my part. And transported and trembling with rage, and perhaps fear (for he often repeated that he was not afraid of me) he called upon his followers, who, I believe, were twenty in number, to tie me: however, this, as on the former occasion, was not put inexecution, and the whole scene ended in courtesy and complaisance.

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The Danish vice-consul attended below, with a captain of his nation, to see the passage-money paid. But neither of them would inform me where we were to go. Mr. Rivet and his servant were in like manner treated, and we were all four taken out by a gate which led to the place of embarkation. It was through this gate that I had often observed files of convicts to be taken, who had been previously secured, each by an iron ring about his neck, and, by this ring, to an iron bar, which held them all together, in a row. I was glad that we had no such shackles, as we should have thereby lost the opportunity of saluting our young ladies as we passed.—They were looking on, as I hope, with eyes of tender compassion from their window, where they were placed together with their father, and the elderly lady, their mother, or governante—all of whom returned our salute politely. And I thought that the fair person, to whose compassion I laid claim, seemed touched with the hardships of my case. I had found means, before I left the prison, to learn a little of her history. She was by birth a Spaniard.—Her father a gentleman of the court, being a *volante* or running footman to the prince of Brazil. She herself had passed some heavy hours in the melancholy spot from which I addressed my prayers to her. Her lover being ordered to the East, she determined to share his fortunes, and to that end put on the garb of a sailor, in which disguise she fell into the hands of the police, and refusing to discover herself, was shut

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up in the identical cell which was afterwards allotted me, and had learned a lesson of pity in an excellent school.

We were now put on board a royal gilded barge, with the speed of twenty oars. We had the consolation of another salute from our fair spectators as we passed their windows, which overlooked the water: but from that day to this, having heard or seen nothing further of them, I endeavor to flatter myself with the hope that they are both happily married and settled in the world. Whilst I may have yet many years and many leagues to wander; and other countries, in all human probability, yet to visit.

I waited with patience to see what was to be done with me, and was soon put on board a certain little Danish dogger, called the *Die-Hoffning*, which I understood to mean the *Hope*, a fair sounding name, but alas, a deceitful one, as you shall presently acknowledge. The pilot was on board, the sails were full, the anchor weighed. In the barge with us had been sent, by whose care or whose bounty I could not learn, a provision of wine, fowls, onions, and other articles, amply sufficient for a short voyage, but very inadequate to that long and cruel erration which we were destined to undergo.

The officer, of whom I have before spoken, and who conducted us on board, before his quitting us, and immediately before our sailing, put into the hands of Mr. Rivet and me separate passports for the port of Hamburg, where we were told that we were now to go; and to the captain he delivered, as had been sti-

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pulated, several certificates; one from the English consul, one from the Danish consul, and for more authority, endorsed by the ambassador of Denmark. There was another from Mr. Lafargue, the agent for French prisoners in Portugal, all evidently for the same purpose, of securing the captain against seizure by armed vessels of all nations. The only one of these certificates, which mentioned me solely, was that of Mr. Lafargue, whilst that of Mr. Crispin mentioned only Mr. Rivet, each covering with his protection the prisoner of the opposite nation. For this piece respecting me, which I insisted upon having from the captain on landing.—*(See Appendix No. XII.)* The Danish consul and ambassador certified for five persons put on board, for reasons of state, and who had no charge on board of ship—perhaps the unfortunate Mr. A—— might have been intended for the fifth.

I had forgot to mention, that the ecrivan had insisted on my signing a paper jointly with Mr. Rivet, that I should not return to Portugal, on pain of perpetual imprisonment. Mr. Rivet made no objection to sign this paper, which was drawn up so as to be jointly signed by him and me. He has, nevertheless, I understand since exercised the office of Portuguese consul at Nantes, and is now as a commercial agent from France in Lisbon. But my case was very different. I had no government to protect me: on the contrary, the minister, whose duty it was to do so, seemed to spare no means, however shameful, to destroy me. I had no law to appeal to. For in my person all laws had already been outraged. My ene-

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mies were in power, and certainly had not enough of magnanimity to forgive the exposure of their crimes; and after the perfidies I had experienced, I had little reason to confide in any body. I might be put back into Portugal, as I was so often into Dublin, and this paper be used as a pretext better than any yet found, for the eternal privation of my liberty. Besides, I had perceived an affectation of stiling that gentleman and me *os duos amigos*, (the two friends) at a time when we had never seen each other; which displeased me. I refused therefore to subscribe to such conditions: but at the request of the officer, and for his justification, gave my reasons in writing at the foot of his paper. 1st. That I had been obliged, in consequence of an agreement with the government of my country, to sign an obligation to come to Portugal and remain there during the war, and that therefore I could not now subscribe to terms directly contrary. 2dly. That this paper was made jointly with a gentleman of a different nation, whom I had not advantage of knowing, and whose case, from the circumstances, could have nothing in common with mine. 3dly. That not seeing what profit I could reap from it, or with what motive it was proposed to me, I should decline it, for that reason alone, as I could not presume it was intended to befriend me. Now, let us take leave of this inhospitable and degraded land; and, that you may have courage to accompany me through a long and painful suffering on the seas, I shall leave you for a while to your repose.

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LETTER XXIII.

Voyage----Discovery----French Privateer----English Frigate----Dangers---Difficulties----Distresses----Landing in Spain.

IT was now the beginning of May, 1799, when I put to sea in the *Die-Hoffning*, having still in my possession the passports of those ministers who professed to shed blood for *the delivery of Europe, and the restoration of religion and law.* No case need be stronger than mine to shew how much their actions agreed with their professions, and how much had their views succeeded, there would have remained of religion, liberty, and law. Before I crossed the bar, I entered into conversation with the pilot, who seemed not to understand some questions I put to him, touching the destination of the ship. This creating some suspicion, I was proceeding to press him for an explanation, when the captain interposed, and told me in a tone of confidence, to say nothing more; and that when we were once at sea, and the pilot gone, he would tell me something that would be agreeable to me. But the motion of the vessel on

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crossing the bar, produced an effect which curiosity could not counteract. I went to my bed over-powered with sickness, and remained in a state of stupor for three days, insensible to all occurrences; at the end of which time Mr. Rivet informed me, that he had discovered from the avowal of the captain, and a view of the ship's papers, that we were bound and regularly cleared out for Bordeaux.

Now, although a voyage to France had for me nothing terrible, in comparison with what I had suffered; yet inasmuch as it made a difficulty the more between me and my family, and that the consequence in many ways could not be calculated, I was much shocked at the discovery. Mr. Rivet did all he could to encourage and divert me from the unpleasant view my situation afforded, and in this, as in every other stage of my persecution, I endeavored to strengthen myself with fortitude and patience, and to make the best of my position.

But whatever might be my disposition to bear cheerfully the ills and wrongs I had to sustain, every thing, even the elements, seemed to conspire, to second the malice of my enemies, and to make my situation intolerable. For six tedious weeks was I tossed about in this little vessel, in the performance of a voyage which might well have been performed in as many days. We sometimes approached the coast, and sometimes stood across the ocean; as they termed it, *looking for a wind.* The course of the vessel, when traced upon a map, was a matter of real curiosity: and I had the *satisfaction of finding,*

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at the end of three weeks of sickness and pain, that we were further off by much from our destined port than when we started. We often requested the captain to put us somewhere on shore on the Portuguese or Spanish coast; and he as often positively refused. He seemed indeed to suffer as much as we, and on some occasions to have nearly lost his senses with vexation. He was in his own nature good; but he had been terror-struck and agitated in Lisbon, where he had been one day taken off the Change before the minister, and threatened with a gaol if he murmured against taking certain prisoners who should be sent on board of him. No explanation was given to him who those prisoners were: and thus this poor honest seaman found himself suddenly involved in some conspiracy of state; and charged with papers and certificates of which he understood not a word: and with prisoners for his passengers of whom he must have formed strange notions. His imagination had been pre-disposed to gloomy presages by various contrarieties. He had had a very tedious passage from Malaga to Lisbon. At Lisbon he was detained after he was clear to sail, and all his port-charges paid for *prisoners of state*. During this time his cable, which was ashore, was cut and stolen away with the anchor. Added to all, the tediousness of his passage that was to deprive him of the summer fishery in the North, and consequently of his greatest benefice—I may say of his bread—you may suppose how abundantly this poor industrious man, whose *dogger* was the world to him, must have been

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tormented. The mystery and incomprehensibility of what he was himself engaged in, grew every day into more dark suspicion; and his temper became at length very peevish. He did not speak French—and English very imperfectly. And as after the two or three first weeks I had found all expostulation with him in vain, I left him to Mr. Rivet.

This gentleman, who possessed a good deal of information, had learned English, but rather from books than practice. And though he understood it upon principle, he spoke it with difficulty: so that nothing could be more extraordinary to an English ear than the conferences he and the captain used to hold in the cabin by way of *explanation*, which I overheard as I sat upon the deck. Sometimes the captain used to express great concern for us, and to sympathise in our fate. At other times he insinuated that we were the cause of his misfortunes, and even of the foul wind. And he added, that once before he had had a similar passage, and that the wind never became favorable until a man died; a doctrine that became a little irksome, particularly when the provisions grew scarce, and the sailors seemed to have adopted it. He often looked me pityfully in the face, and exclaimed that I might *guillotine* him if I chose; but that he was not like some other captains who had taken away prisoners from Portugal, of whom nothing had been heard since. He often repeated this, I do not say with what view, but he seemed to take some credit to himself for the safety of our lives, as if we owed it to his forbearance or humanity.

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I as often assured him that I had neither the power nor the disposition to guillotine him. That on the contrary, I would do him any service in my power, provided he would put an end to all our misery, by setting us on shore. I allowed that the compulsion used to him in Portugal, and the fear he was in of a despotic authority, was excuse enough to me for his taking us abroad: but that his continuing to carry us such a length of time against our will backwards and forwards over the seas, whilst my health was such as he saw it, was little short of an act of piracy, which nothing could excuse. That he himself knew how nearly the provisions were exhausted, and that even the water would soon be finished. But he never would hear of this proposal with patience, and persisted that we should all go together to Bordeaux, where every thing would end happily; so that sometimes I flattered myself, that he had some secret of that nature, and that he intended us some agreeable surprise: for it was hard to believe that so many ostensible persons should join in a diplomatic project which had no other end in view, or could have no other issue or result, than the mean and stupid persecution of an individual, such as me.

Meantime the provisions were drawing to a close. We had no longer any thing to live upon but hard rye biscuits and bad water, with brandy and raw sugar, very little salt fish and salt meat; and that little but for a few days more. This diet, together with the vexation I experienced, was nearly fatal to

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me, as the pain in my chest became intolerably severe. I renewed my entreaties to the captain, to stand in for the land, where we might hope to make some part of the Spanish coast. The more I entreated, the more perverse he grew. He had before refused to put us on shore in Portugal, lest we should all be imprisoned for life. He now refused to approach the Spanish coast. For he said, that if the wind should be on shore, he would be blown upon the rocks: if it was off the shore, he could not make the land: if there was little or no wind, the current would run away with him. But he went sometimes so far as to offer me the command of the ship, provided I would secure him the payment of it. I told him I was not rich enough to buy his *dogger*, but that if he would stand in near the shore, and let me have one of his boats, I would pay him for it the price he should ask, and my servant and I should go on shore; by which means the provisions would last so much longer for the rest. This also he refused; and when every other reason was exhausted, he persisted, that he could not go into Spain, without performing quarantine. It was in vain we assured him, that the Spaniards exacted no such thing on the coasts of the ocean. It had happened to him once in a Spanish port in the Mediterranean, and he conceived, or pretended to think, that we were misleading him.

Such evils were not of a nature to decrease with time, and our captain became every day more disturbed. Before, he had been sober and abstemious; but latterly resorted frequently for consolation to the

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brandy bottle. He often started in his bed, and talked through his sleep; and at the same time became most fervently devout. Twice a-day he took his little ship's company down into the forecastle or steerage, to sing hymns for a fair wind. But it was all to no purpose. Once only we had a propitious moment. The wind blew fair; the yards were squared, and the steering sails were set. The steersman, who had hitherto been of an unalterable gravity, went down for his mandoline, and the captain danced to his music. I shall give no other praise to these performers than to say, that none ever gave me greater pleasure. Every body was happy, bustling, and gay. The breeze seemed sent from heaven for our relief, and there appeared a kind of exulting consciousness, that the hymns had not been sung in vain. There was no longer any need that a man should die to appease an angry Providence. I too put in my claim to merit; for though I had not joined in the hymns, I had generally steered the vessel, that all the hands might. One of the few remaining fowls was now ordered to be killed, and the rigor of our allowance was relaxed, and a smile of hope and cheerfulness sat upon every countenance. But how great is the uncertainty of sublunary events. In less than an hour all grew black again. The wind blew again as formerly. By little and little the sails were unwillingly trimmed. The steering sails were again lowered in sullen silence. The mandoline disappeared, and I need not say, the dancing ceased also. There was no more smile—no more joke, nor play. In short,

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for the length of that day, no man ventured to look another into the face, much less to speak to him.

It was while things were growing towards the worst, that we were boarded by a French privateer brig, called the *Venus*, from Nantes. The captain, on board of whom we were carried, finding us in rule, and having some knowledge of Mr. Rivet, who was from the same town, apologised very civilly for the trouble and delay he had given us, and made us a present of some articles of provision. And after he had left us, and was almost out of sight, he returned to offer us a passage on shore, as in a few days his cruise would be out, and he would then stand in for a Spanish port.

This was a tempting offer; but I, for obvious reasons, refused it; and rightly, for a few days after, we were boarded by the Flora frigate, who had captured this identical privateer. And had I been found on board of her, it might have supplied a pretext, which neither the torture of my servant, nor the seizure of my papers had yet afforded. And my enemies would not then have been forced to resort to that scandalous falsehood, that I had corrupted the people, in a fishing town in Wales.

At length, not having wherewithal to support life, another day, we with difficulty entered the port of St. Sebastian.

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LETTER XXIV.

Again threatened with Arrestation—Remonstrance—Municipality of Bayonne arrêté motivé—Arrival in France.

HERE I applied to *Don Louis Blondel de Drouhot*, the commandant, or captain-general, for a passport, to proceed by land to my destination; where I certainly did hope to learn, at least, the cause of such extraordinary treatment. And I was now very willing that the *dogger* should make the rest of her passage without me. Don Louis first threatened to arrest me, as a subject of the king of Great-Britain, then at war with his king. Nor could I avail myself in this instance of the passports of the duke of Portland and the marquis Cornwallis. If they had not served me in Portugal, still less could they do so here. Yet I did produce them; for I was determined, at all events, to deal with candor, and to oppose nothing to such complicated vexation, but simplicity and truth. I offered besides, the testimony of Mr. Rivet, that of the captain, and our servants, that we were sent away by force. I produced also the pass-

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port of the minister of Portugal, then in strict alliance with Spain; and also the certificates of the English consul, the Danish ambassador and consul, the French minister in Portugal, and other proofs, all shewing, beyond doubt, that I was sent for reasons of state from Lisbon to Bordeaux. And since this was apparently done by the concurrence of so many ministers, it was to be presumed, it was for some good purpose, though I protested I knew not what those reasons could be: but merely hoped, that the principles of civilization were not yet so lost in Europe, that an individual could be seized upon as if by pirates, and transported by them from place to place, by sea and by land, from dungeon to dungeon, without some account finally to be rendered of such proceedings. At Bordeaux alone I stated, I could expect to have that satisfaction, and there I looked for it confidently; as I was sure the diplomatic agents of so many kings would not deliberately join to prostrate those laws, and openly violate, without motive, those received notions of natural right and justice by which their right to govern, and their titles to their thrones, were alone secured. I moreover stated what I had already suffered on board of this ship; what the state of my health was: and I prevailed finally to obtain a passport to follow my destination as far as the frontiers of France, where I might explain myself, as I best could, with the authorities of that country.

With this passport I arrived at Bayonne, where I appeared before the municipality, and was desired

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to return, the quicker the better, to the place I came from, for that otherwise I should be put in prison. To this I replied with warmth, that I had heard it proclaimed, that France was to be the *terre hospitaliere*, where the persecuted were to find a refuge. But if I, who had no other crime than the love of my country, of human liberty and justice, and who had not come into this land from any motive of curiosity or caprice, but by misfortune and necessity, which gives a title to humanity in every country; if I was now to be driven back into other hands, where I might expect at least a renewal of the wrongs I had already suffered, it might be said, that hospitality and justice were banished from the earth. That I wanted nothing more than to go to Bordeaux, where alone I could hope for some clue to my situation, or the acquaintance of some person of my own country, by whose interest I might have the means of present existence; or, when it should appear prudent, of removing elsewhere. And above all, some news of my family, touching whom I have been so long, and so cruelly in pain.

The loyalty with which I uttered this, disposed the assembly in my favor. There were some also of the members who had known something of me, by reading the English papers, and if more were wanting, the prisoners of war, who had been confined at the same time with me in the castle of St. George, arrived at this instant; and Mr. Rivet exerted himself with zeal.

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Mr. Bastereche, the commissary of the executive power, who had at first spoken with so much sternness, now expressed his desire of serving me as far as his duty would permit; and in the first instance I was allowed to remain in Bayonne until he should write to the minister of the police, for his decision.

This was in the month of June, 1799, a critical moment in France. The spirit of party was mounted to an extravagant height, and a stranger had little chance for repose in such a conflict. Bayonne was a frontier town, and guarded with jealousy. The remainder of the sum of *one hundred pounds*, which I had received from Mr. Nash, before my arrest, was nearly expended; and I in vain cast my eyes round for a friend to apply to: for a stranger in such a moment could expect nothing but distrust.

No answer was to be expected from the minister of the police, and it happened at this moment that a total revolution took place in that department. I applied once more to Mr. Bastereche, and he advised me to present a petition to the municipality, stating all the circumstances of my case, and that they would deliberate upon it. I therefore drew up a very abridged statement of what I have now stated to you; and observed, at the same time, that if I was capable of imposing on those whose protection I claimed, I might avail myself of a multitude of publications in the governmental papers against me; and of public records and acts of parliament. But as all those were false and atrocious, I scorned to profit by them at the expence of truth, and would make no ti-

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tle but that of an oppressed individual; nor demand any other favor than the permission to remain in peace—the greatest good for me after my liberty.

Upon this petition the municipality deliberated, and concluded, by drawing up a decree, motived upon the utility of encouraging such strangers as were victims of the despotism of their enemies, and recommending me as a person well known in the annals of my country.—*(See Appendix No. XIII.)*

Had my views been ambitious, nothing could be more flattering; but my determination was, not to meddle with the concerns of government, nor to be surprised into any step for which I was not prepared. No motive has ever since appeared strong enough to tempt me from this reserve; and I am now as little connected with France, save in gratitude for the asylum it has afforded me, as on the day I first set my foot upon its soil.

I at first objected to this *arrêté motivé*, as giving me a character which it was not my desire to avail myself of. But it was replied to me, that the municipality, in its desire to serve me, had gone a great length, and that the motives stated were the only ones upon which the members could justify themselves to their government. That I was not forced to accept of it; but that if I did not think proper so to do, I must wait the answer of the minister, of which they could not take upon themselves to say any thing: whereas this *arrêté* was intended to shorten the delays, by sending me directly before the

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minister, who alone was competent to decide upon my case.

This instrument was to serve me, as you see, for a passport; and I was bound by it to take the road of Bordeaux, Angouléme, Poitiers, Tours, and Orléans, and to present myself before the municipality in each of those towns as I passed. Fearing to be reduced to want, I had no other part to take, and I made use of it accordingly to go as far as Bordeaux, where I, without much difficulty, obtained leave to remain, and thereupon struck out my signature.

LETTER XXV.

Bordeaux—Bureau Central—Reflections on Party-Spirit—New Embarrassments—Mr. Forster—Special Letter of Exchange—My Protest—Its Effect.

AS I held firmly to my design of steering clear of every interference or declaration that could affect my own independence, I could the less complain of the rigorous scrutiny to which I was exposed. I was summoned several times before the Bureau central, and interrogated strictly; as was my servant, and Mr. Rivet, and also the captain upon

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his arrival from St. Sebastian. You will find in the appendix a copy of those interrogatories which I afterwards made interest to obtain.—*(See Appendix No. XIV.)* You will perceive by them in how difficult a situation I was placed, and judge whether my persecutors, had they been in my place, would have acted so truly or so honorably.

It may, at some future day, be thought worthy of enquiry why I was thus piratically sent to Bordeaux: but had those events, which some so confidently expected at that crisis, taken place, my destruction might have easily been effected: for in such angry moments accusation may be heard, but not defence. Be it as it may—my way was here again strewed with thorns, and bigotry and ignorance envenomed against me. There is every where unfortunately, a class to be met with of human beings, leaning naturally to the side of power, however depraved or atrocious; and ever ready to enlist under the banners of oppression, and to join in cry of malice. With such I could naturally hold no friendship, nor look for any justice, much less for benevolence. With them the name of honor, and the love of their fellow-creatures, is a jest: and never having felt the impulse of any honorable feeling, they readily believe that there is no such thing. But I have had the mortification here as in other places during the course of my persecution, of meeting with persons naturally good, and such as I could have wished to esteem, worked up by deceit and calumny to a pitch of uncharitableness not very distinguishable from the most odious

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vice. And this is the most lamentable of all the effects of party-spirit. Thus I, who certainly could boast of as fair titles as ever man could, to the benevolence of my species, in every part of the world, found myself hunted by a kind of dumb persecution, for no other reason on earth than because I had already been the victim of my own generosity, and the perfidy of my enemies.

Instead of finding any elucidation of my new position, I was here more in the dark than ever: nor did I know to whom to apply for aid. For chusing to be of no party, I had claims on none. The merchants of my own country, who carried on their commerce by connivance, were afraid to serve me, for fear of mischief to themselves. I early applied to one of them most noted for liberality, and he refused to have any thing to do with my signature, but offered to lend me a small sum of money, which I refused upon such terms. It is fair to say that I had thought it just to apprise him of that diabolical act of parliament, which made it felony to correspond with me. This I conceived it but candid to do: and it had alarmed him probably for his friends who resided in Ireland, and were under the scourge of the laws made by that ever memorable parliament. I confessed to him also that my servant had been tortured with impunity; and it is not to be wondered at that he should fear, after such information, to do an act which otherwise, among civilised beings, was but a thing of course.

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I was one morning sitting up in my bed, ruminating on this disagreeable subject, when it came into my recollection that there was here a house of commerce, of which the principal was a Mr. Forster, whose son I had known in Oporto; and whom I knew to be the correspondent of several of my friends in the North of Ireland, as well as of Mr. Skeys, who, with the privity of the Irish government, had given me letters of recommendation and credit in Portugal. I rose and went to his house, and introduced myself under these titles. I briefly and frankly exposed my situation to him. I found him at first not divested of the common prejudices; but I cut short his animadversions by shewing him all my passports and some letters of his correspondents. I then asked him if he would give me the sum of money I should have need of upon my bill? to which he consented.

The usual manner of drawing upon my country, during the war, was under a fictitious date. With this form I did not chuse to comply: but for the safety of all concerned, I drew upon the same Mr. Skeys for the sum of *fifty pounds*, dating my draft Bordeaux: and under my signature I wrote, in nature of protest, that I had been sent there from Lisbon against my written and verbal protestation to the contrary: and that I was now in nature of a prisoner on parole, under the *surveillance* of the police. And indeed, so true was this fact, that for eighteen months that I inhabited Bordeaux and its neighborhood, I was constantly held by my passport to present myself eve-

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ty ten days before the municipality. I am at the same time far from complaining of that circumstance. I see nothing but justice in it, as my claim went no further than to the hospitality due, even in time of war, to a persecuted stranger.

Although the service I received from Mr. Forster, namely, the discounting my bill, does not seem very important: yet, considering the refinement of my persecution, and the unabating rancor of which you will see more towards the conclusion of this narrative, I have reason to be very grateful for it. But such was the effect of terror, such the abuse of power towards me, that had not this very respectable gentleman done me this good office, I have reason to think I should not at that juncture have found so much liberality elsewhere. Another act of kindness no less important was added to the obligation, that of forwarding to my family some account of my existence, and apprising the government in my name, which he undertook to do of what had past.

I wrote besides to Mr. Skeys, upon whom I had drawn, a letter of advice, in which I requested him to reimburse himself, by drawing upon my brother-in-law in Belfast; and I left the protest to work its own effect. I also wrote to Mr. Dobbs, to apprise him of the atrocities committed against me; and entreated him, not merely as my kinsman, but as one who had borne an active part in the melancholy negociation abovementioned, to go to the castle, and relate what had passed; and to say, that if any step was taken to molest me further, or to injure my se-

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curities, that I should then be obliged of necessity, to vindicate myself by showers of proofs which might not be agreeable. Mr. Dobbs went accordingly to Mr. Cooke, who told him, that if the representation I made was true, my bail had nothing to fear, and his advice to me was, to remain quietly where I was, without taking any further steps.

It was in the latter end of July, that Mr. Forster sailed for Guernsey, from whence he was to proceed to England. And I, finding the party spirit encreasing in the town of Bordeaux, and considering it my first duty to avoid entering in any manner into the affairs of a country where I was enjoying, by a special exception in my favor, protection and hospitality: and being also desirous of an economical retreat, I retired to the banks of the Dordogne, in the neighbourhood of St. André Cusac, where I spent the remainder of the summer. And so well had I calculated what was about to happen, that the very day after my quitting Bordeaux, a movement took place which cost some lives, but which had no other result. It was during my residence in this retired spot, that I had the misfortune to loose my faithful servant, *John Russell*, who died of a fever, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Gervais, bearing upon his body to the grave, the marks of the torture he had undergone.

The death of this faithful friend, for so I must now call him, was indeed a poignant affliction. With a heart big with anguish, and eyes wet with unfeigned tears, I examined his dead body, and contemplated

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the scars which the lash of his atrocious executioners had inflicted. His gallant and generous spirit was fled to the mansions of eternal rest! He was gone to appear before that Judge, in whose sight, servant and master, lord and peasant, stand in equal degree. If it be the will of that Righteous and Eternal Judge, to confront the guilty with the innocent, what must be the wretchedness, what the atonement of those vicious men? In the whole course of his services, I had never once opened my mouth to him upon any subject of political concern; and the unvaried, and voluntary respect he bore towards me, was a law which he had never once transgressed. He was as gentle as he was brave—and the most respectable inhabitants of the commune where he died, did not refuse to his memory the tribute of a tear. It was not for many days after, that mine ceased to flow: and when again on examining his effects, I perceived in one of his frocks, the hole through which the cartridge of the Orangeman in Abbey-street had pierced. That additional token of his magnanimity revived those emotions of grief and sorrow, which my own personal sufferings had never been able to extort.

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LETTER XXVI.

Mrs. Sampson—Correspondence—Mr. Merry.

AT length, in the month of December, for the first time, after a year's incertitude and silence, I received a letter from my wife, which brought me some consolation. She and her children were in good health. My bill had been paid, and this was an essential circumstance; as Mr. Forster had left no instructions to those who were charged in his absence with the business of his house, to advance me any further supply; and want again began to stare me in the face.

Mr. Dubourdieu, my brother-in-law had, upon hearing of my arrest in Portugal, written to the late marquis of Downshire, entreating him to apply to the duke of Portland for redress, which he did, and received a written answer, which he transmitted to my brother-in-law, that the duke of Portland, on account of the improper conduct and language of Mr. Sampson in Wales, could not interfere in his behalf!!!— My sister also wrote to Mr. Wickam, who promised

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to lay her letter before the duke of Portland, but could hold out no hopes of success, after the representations already made on the subject. And my wife likewise wrote to this latter gentleman, but received no answer; and enclosed a letter with a request to have it forwarded to me, which it never was.

My sister also applied to Lord Castlereagh, through one of the ladies of his family, but with no better effect: for he answered, that I was accused of attempting to corrupt the minds of some people in a fishing town in Wales, where I was wrecked.—If there be facts in nature, which are beyond all comment, or which stand in need of none, these are they. When it is considered that I was at this time to pass through the secret dungeons of the inquisition, from which the issue is not easy: when it is considered that I had, through reliance on the good faith of the government; of the king, lords and commons of Ireland; delivered myself up into their hands: that I had, for my entire protection and guarantee, the passports of those very ministers, who were in every sense bound to be my protectors, if any tie of honor, or any notion of those principles upon which society can alone be supported, and which are sacred even among barbarians remained; then let me ask upon what ground the English government now stands? or what it is that secures the liberty, the property, or the person of any individual? Why shall not what has been practised against me, be practised against others? Before I condescended to make any agreement, I was locked up in solitude for many months,

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in vain demanding a trial. My servant had been tortured in vain to extort an accusation against me. And when I, relying upon Lord Cornwallis, consented to terms from motives too pure to be discussed with such men, those terms had been most basely and most falsely violated. At first, *I was suspected of treasonable practices*, because I would have resisted murder and torture: for I defy any man to name any other treason I have committed. And again, I was accused with corrupting the people of a country, where my misfortunes and a cruel persecution had driven me, and where I never had any communication that could give the slightest sanction to such a charge. The day may come, when the measure of these crimes may be full and run over. My character has triumphed over every attack. Alas, what would my enemies appear, were they put to their defence! Perhaps that moment when oppressed and insulted humanity may recalcitrate, is not far off: until then the enemies of England may triumph in her abject state. It is every thing that her enemies can wish; and they need by no means despair to see the same manacles, the same bloody whips, and instruments of torture, the use of which has been indemnified in Ireland; used also, and indemnified in England.—Oh fallen Englishmen! when you could bear to hear of indemnified torture in Ireland, you were from that moment prepared for the yoke yourselves. The bulwarks of your liberty, generosity, and honesty, were gone. It was but a small step to make; and torture, it will be argued, is not an unfit regimen for those

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who can consent to the torture of their fellow-men. But let me return from this unprofitable digression, and hasten to conclude a story, too pregnant with disagreeable conclusions.

My wife, after a great length of time, wrote to the duke of Portland a letter, which it is right I should transcribe. It will be for him, whose heart is not lost to virtue, and whose best feelings are not drowned in the habitual profligacy of the times, to appreciate her sorrows, and my wrongs.

To his Grace the Duke of Portland, &c. &c. &c.

My Lord Duke,

THE situation of my husband and children urge me, though obscure and unknown, to encroach a moment on your Grace's patience; and misfortune and misery are the only apologies I have to offer for this intrusion. In October, 1798, Lord Cornwallis permitted Mr. Sampson to leave the Irish prison, where he was detained six months, without an accusation or trial, and sailed for Lisbon, his health being greatly impaired. This was intended for an indulgence; and no other of the prisoners having been treated in the same manner, we were considered to be very much favored. But he was soon after arrested at Oporto; the cause of which we have never yet been able to discover. And after being long and rigorously imprisoned, he was sent by force from Lis-

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bon, and landed at Bordeaux; where he was detained as being a British subject, *travelling with your Grace's passport.* But supposing he were permitted by the French to return, the nature of his sureties, on leaving Dublin, prevent his returning to Ireland, without permission from the English government. When he was imprisoned, and afterwards compelled to leave Portugal, and sent forceably to Bordeaux, Mr. Walpole was ambassador at Lisbon; and I should hope, that, by referring to him, your Grace might hear the truth; although he may not have known all that my husband suffered.

Could I hope, that moved by compassion towards me and my *little helpless children*, you would restore him to his liberty and family; or if this be at present too great a favor to expect, may I hope, that your Grace would permit the enclosed letter to be sent to Mr. Sampson, through the medium of your office, to the agent for British prisoners in France? and to allow me to receive his answers? Even this would confer an everlasting obligation on your Grace's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

GRACE SAMPSON.

Belfast, March 10, 1800.

To this letter the following answer was returned:

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Madam,

I AM directed by the duke of Portland to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant, enclosing one for Mr. Sampson, which his Grace has forwarded to the commissioners of the transport service here, in order that it may be forwarded to France. I am also to acquaint you, that his Grace has no objection to your corresponding with Mr. Sampson: but that it will be necessary for you to send all your letters unsealed to him for this office.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. KING.

Now here was a very gracious concession made to the tears and prayers of my unfortunate wife. That I should remain where I was sent by force, and where I must stay in fact: as without volunteering, in search of new dungeons, of want, and eternal separation, I could not stir. For time has proved, that had I gone to almost any country in Europe, except Turkey, or Portugal where I came from, I should have very soon found myself in a country at war with the king of England, whose arms were yet red with the blood shed for those thrones which they were now to bombard, and for the deliverance of that Europe with which his ministers are now at war.

I was also allowed to correspond with my wife by unsealed letters, sent to the secretary of state's office,

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to be read. Certainly this was more agreeable than to have my letters basely intercepted, in order that to my own sufferings, the tortured feelings of an innocent wife and mother, might be added. But let me ask in what part of my agreement with Lord Cornwallis will it be found, that I was to be thus cut off from a country to which I have been so true, that I have no other enemies than its enemies? Upon what ground was it that a man, who had committed no crime, should be treated like an outcast, and that the pains of felony should light upon a virtuous wife for holding correspondence with him? Let me not pursue this further; justice may one day return; until then, complaint is idle. Suffice it for the present to say, that Mrs. Sampson was so charmed with this mitigation of her torment, and the atrocities practised against me, that she returned an answer overflowing with gratitude, and I myself was well pleased that there was somewhere to be found a term to the extent of persecution. But the worst was yet to follow.

It was natural, now, that since I could not go to my family, for that had been positively forbidden, they should at least be permitted to come to me. That religion, for which the earth has been so amply drenched in human gore, has it for a precept—— "Whom God has put together, let no man put asunder." There wanted but this sacrilege to fill the measure of my wrongs. And on the 27th of July, Mrs. Sampson wrote to the duke of Portland in the these words:

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My Lord,

HAVING been indulged by your Grace in a manner that has excited a very lively sense of gratitude, with the permission of corresponding with Mr. Sampson, I am emboldened to make a second application, which I hope your Grace will pardon, in consideration that I have been separated two years and an half from my husband, except a few weeks that I was permitted to be with him in prison. What I have now to trouble your Grace for, is leave to pass with my children, and a female servant, to Bordeaux. And if this indulgence be attainable, I hope your Grace will furnish me with passports, which will enable me to sail in a neutral vessel: or if that should not occur, and I could make it convenient to go to Dover, should I be permitted a passage in a cartel ship to Calais. I shall not trespass longer on your Grace's time, than to entreat, that if there be any thing improper in this application, you will have the goodness to excuse it on account of my miserable situation, and allow me to remain

Your Grace's

Much obliged,

And very humble servant,

GRACE SAMPSON.

To the above, the following answer was received:

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Madam,

I AM directed, by the duke of Portland, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 27th, requesting permission to pass with your family over to Bordeaux.

I am to express to you his Grace's regret, that the regulations it has been found necessary to adopt in the present moment, will not admit of his Grace's compliance with your wishes in this case.

I am, Madam,
Your most obedient
Humble servant,
C. W. FLINT.

I leave it now to you, my friend, to imagine, if you can, any thing more refined in persecution than this: and I shall not insult you by making any further comment upon it.

In the summer of 1806, the rumors of peace gained ground, and I, with the advice of my friends, formed the project of coming to Paris, where I might be on the spot if any occasion should offer of claiming redress. This hope proved vain, and I passed the winter in unprofitable expectation, and part of it in sickness.

During the summer of the last year, whilst great armaments were fitting out, and Lord Nelson was bombarding the port of Boulogne, I was on a visit at the country-seat of a friend, and from thence went to the waters of Plombiere; from whence I had the intention of proceeding to Switzerland. Captain

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Cotes had had the goodness to charge himself with the care of forwarding my wife's letters to me wherever I should desire to have them addressed. But a change took place in England, which deprived me of that advantage, and I returned in the month of August to Paris. The duke of Portland had in the meantime been succeeded by Lord Pelham, and Mr. Cotes by Mr. Merry.

As soon as I heard of Mr. Merry's arrival, I wrote to request that he would do me the same kindness that Mr. Cotes had promised. But between the date of my letter, and that of his answer, there was the distance of a month: and it was not until after my return to Paris, that I received his answer. As it is but short, I shall transcribe it.

à Monsieur
Monsieur William Sampson, à Plombiere.

Paris, August 15, 1800.

Sir,

I HAVE to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th ult. in answer to which I beg leave to observe, that Captain Cotes did not mention any thing to me relative to your correspondence: and I am sorry to add, that it is not in my power to comply with your wishes on that subject, without I receive an order for that purpose from the British government.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient
Humble servant,
ANT. MERRY.

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I next waited upon Mr. Merry, who excused himself from forwarding my letters, but offered to take charge of any application I should wish to address to Lord Pelham, to whom I wrote a long letter, stating all that had been perpetrated against me: and protesting anew against the injustice of being sent into an enemy's country, where I assured him with truth, I had not at this day, nor never had, any other relation than the loyalty which every honest man owes to a government whatsoever, whilst under its protection, and whilst it tenders him an asylum rather than a prison: and I enclosed a letter to my wife, filled with little details which I intended to follow up by a journal of my projected tour through Switzerland,—But my letter was suppressed, and no answer returned to me, which determined me to make no other appeal through that channel.

In the above mentioned letter to my wife, I had, in hopes of amusing her, mentioned, amongst other little details, my having made the acquaintance of *Madame Bonaparte*,* and her daughter *Mademoiselle Hortence*.† You will, I am sure, upon reading these names, expect that I should say something of their persons. You will be curious to know what are the charms that can captivate that spirit which no other power can restrain; and it is right you should, as far as in my power, be satisfied.

As to Josephine, the freedom which reigns at such watering-places, gave me daily opportunity of observing her: and I was often of those rural excur-

* Now Empress Josephine. † Now Queen of Holland.

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sions in which she joined, and invited to the entertainments given in her honor. Were I then to pronounce, I should ascribe her ascendency to the gentleness and flexibility of her disposition; to a graceful person, an elegant deportment, with an habitual or constitutional desire of pleasing, polished by the usage of the best society. These are, indeed, truly feminine attributes, more winning, undoubtedly, than masculine endowments of the understanding, which sometimes excite to contention, and encroach upon the natural graces of the sex. *Mademoiselle Hortence* is also of an affable character, adding the agreeable manners of her mother, to the gaiety natural to her years; insomuch that I have had the honor sometimes of playing *hot-cockles* and *draw-gloves* with her. I had obtained her permission to write to her, on behalf of a friend; whose occasions not requiring it, I no further availed myself of it. This I almost regret, as I should have been undoubtedly proud of such a correspondent.* She possesses various accomplishments—rides well—dances well—and designs well. She was then employed in finishing a whole length portrait of the First Consul. She also spoke English: and, as I lodged just opposite her balcony, we often talked across the street, in my vernacular tongue.

Madame Bonaparte, the mother, is a fine person undoubtedly, for her years; a sensible Italian

* This is not said because this lady is now a Queen, but because she was then so amiable.

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physiognomy—fresh, alert, and vigorous. On the day of a fête champêtre, in the enchanting valley called the the Val-da-jol, the rendevous of the ladies was on a steep and rugged mountain. She took my arm to descend the abrupt declivity, which she achieved with the lightness of a nymph; proving herself the true mother of her intrepid son. I asked her if it would not be delightful to pass away life in peace amongst these craggy mountains and flowery fields? and she answered, as if from her heart, with an accent that marked a soul: *On n'y serait que trop hereux.* This, my dear friend, is all I can call to mind. If these little gossipings be of no importance in themselves, the persons of whom they are related, and their growing and extraordinary fortunes may give them some. If they afford you the slightest amusement, I am repaid.

I might have had the honor of being, on my return to Paris, presented at the circles of these ladies, and at the court; but after the arrival of the English ambassador, a rule was made, that no stranger should be presented, but by the ministers of their respective countries; and I, a poor Irish exile, had no country nor no minister. That however does not hinder me to live in peace with myself and all the world.

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LETTER XXVII.

Peace—Cornwallis—Colonel Littlehales—My Memorial——Amiens——General Musnier——Unrelenting Persecution—Mrs. Sampson—Her arrival in France with her Children.

AT length, in an unexpected moment, the sound of cannon proclaimed the joyful news of peace. Festive illuminations gave it new eclat, and drooping humanity, half doubting, half believing, ventured to raise up her head. Next came the news of the almost frantic transports into which this event had thrown the government, no less than the people of England; and how all contending parties *seemed* now to be united. This might be supposed an auspicious moment for me; one of whose principal crimes was, with the infinite majority of the people of Great-Britain and Ireland, to have opposed a war, the bare termination of which, although no one end for which it was ever pretended to exist, had been attained, produced so much extacy. If such a peace had produced so much joy, as to resemble the effects

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of a reprieve upon the point of an execution,* one would suppose, that persecution would at least cease against those who had never encouraged that war; one might have hoped, that past experience had dictated a milder and a wiser system.

But more—The minister of this good work, was Lord Cornwallis: the same nobleman whose honor was pledged to me so solemnly, that I was authorised by the chancellor, Lord Clare, to say, "that the govment that could prove false to such an agreement, could neither stand, nor deserve to stand." Relying upon Lord Cornwallis's honor, however, more than on the assertions of Lord Clare, I had given him a confidence blindly implicit, and to that honor so flagrantly violated, I had now an opportunity to appeal. He was now in the plenitude of power, and he knew whether four years separation from my family, and that detestable and atrocious law, that it should be felony to correspond with me, entered either into the letter or the spirit of my agreement with him; for so alone I shall consent to call it. Or whether so base and virulent a persecution was a just return for the loyalty I had put into the observation of my part of this hard bargain; and the moderation I had shewn: not to speak of the great sacrifice I had made to humanity and peace. I was warmly counselled also by my friends, and I had sincere ones in every class (for I have sought only the good, and shunned only

* Mr. Lauriston, the Aid-de-Camp who carried the news to England, was drawn in triumph, by the Eglishmen, through the streets of London.

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the vicious of any party) to apply directly to Lord Cornwallis for redress. Nobody doubted, that he who had power to make such an agreement, would have power to make it respected. Or that he being entrusted with the destiny of so many nations, was equal to give a passport to an individual, who certainly, under the circumstances, had a right to it. But in this my friends, French, Irish, and English, were alike deceived, as the sequel will shew.

A few days after the arrival of Lord Cornwallis, I demanded of him in writing, an audience of a few minutes, and after some days, I was at his desire received by his secretary, Colonel Littlehales. This gentleman professed to be already in possession of my story, at which I was well pleased. But that we might the better understand each other, I begged to know if he was induced from any thing he knew of me, to look upon me as a person who was guilty of any crime? He answered with a frankness that gave me still a better opinion of him, that I was accused of being concerned in that which had cost so much blood. I replied, that when I was in prison was the time to have examined into that; then, when I might be truly said to be in the hands of my enemies, in the midst of terror and carnage. When every law, save those of destruction, was suspended: when I had no other possible protection than the courage of honor and innocence, I had boldly and unremittingly, to the last hour, demanded a trial, which had been shamefully refused. For had it been granted, I would have made it too clearly appear against my accusers,

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that they were traitors in every sense of the word: and that if I was as they pretended, *a rebel*, I was a rebel only against the crimes of treason, disloyalty, subordination, murder, torture, kidnapping, arson, and house-breaking; crimes against which I was bound by my true allegiance to rebel. It was natural, I said, for those who had taken upon themselves to be my judges, accusers, and executioners, to propagate zealously, such calumny, because, as their crimes were my defence, so my innocence was their guilt. They might justify themselves in having by bloodshed, which I struggled to prevent, worked the union between England and Ireland. But it was too extravagant to call an Irishman a traitor, however he might be an enemy to such proceedings. And if this great measure is to be followed, as it was preceded, by proscriptions, treaons, and persecutions, it must remain a union certainly in name alone.—Lord Conwallis's principal glory, I added, in Ireland, had been the putting a stop to horrors, at which the human heart recoils, and which I have been disgacefully persecuted for opposing. I did not deny, that under such circumstances, educated as I was in notions of constitution, liberty, and true religion, I might have been bold, or call it mad enough, to have taken the field. But this I never had done; and that all the charges against me, such as being a French general, a traitor, and so forth, were alike contemptible, and undeserving of an answer. I told Col. Littlehales, moreover, that the best compliment I,

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could offer to Lord Cornwallis was, to assure him of my firm belief, that in my situation he would have done the same thing; and that upon no pretext whatever he would suffer my countrymen go to over to his country and torture his countrymen or ravish his country-women. If I did not think so, and that he would repel them at the peril of his existence, I should not think of him as I did, and no man should ever have seen me at his door. I also answered Colonel Littlehales, that of all the charges preferred against me, not one happened to be true. But if it was any satisfaction to him at any time, I was ready to say to what degree, and in what manner, I should have consented to repel force by force.

Such were the topics I used, but which I certainly urged with all the deference due to his situation, and to the person of the Marquis Cornwallis, whom I always wished to respect. However, he interrupted me by advising me in the name of Lord Cornwallis, as a friend, to present him a memorial, which he (Lord Cornwallis) would undertake to forward to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but that I should leave out every thing but what went to prove, that I came involuntarily into France, and that I had not since I had been there joined in any hostility against the government of England. And Colonel Littlehales added, that he himself would be in Ireland as soon as the memorial could be there. And he even advised me to apprise my wife of this, and to prevent her coming precipitately over, as I told him I had invited her to do after my fruitless application to Lord

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Pelham. He said, that he could not take upon himself to promise; yet, in his opinion, it was likely to be, since my desire was to return home, a useless trouble and expence. He told me, that in a few days the post-office would be open, and I might write freely in that way; but as I feared the interception of my letters, that channel having long ceased to be inviolate, he charged himself with the care of forwarding a letter to my wife, to the effect abovementioned. In this letter I advised her to wait a little longer, until an answer to this application should be given. But above all, to be prepared for either event. This letter never reached her.

I then drew up and delivered the following memorial:

To his Excellency the Marquis Cornwallis, his British Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in France.

The Memorial of William Sampson, native of London-Derry,

SHEWETH—

THAT your memorialist, upon the faith of an agreement entered into with your excellency's government, did go to Portugal for the recovery of his health, where he arrived in the month of February, 1799.

Upon the 22d of March, in the same year, he was arrested in the city of Oporto, sent prisoner to Lisbon, and from thence transported by force to Bordeaux.

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In this latter city he remained until the beginning of the last winter, when he was induced, by the rumor of peace, and the advice of his friends, to come to Paris, in hopes of finding some means of reclaiming justice, such as your excellency's arrival in this country at length seemed to offer.

Immediately after his arrival in France, he took pains to apprise the government of his country of an outrage so flagrant, which was accordingly effected by Mr. Dobbs, a member of the Irish parliament, to whom he begs leave to refer your excellency.

Your memoralist also refers your excellency to his Grace the Duke of Portland, who was very early informed of this transaction, and who in consequence gave orders, that letters should pass between your memoralist and his wife, through the hands of Mr. Cotes; to which gentleman he also refers.

Upon your excellency's arrival in Paris, he requested an audience, in order, if any doubt remained upon your mind, to remove it. That refused, he must necessarily, to avoid recrimination, pass over details which however mildly stated, could only tend to excite horror; and shortly beg of your excellency to consider,

That, notwithstanding the inhuman manner of his being cast upon an enemy's shore; surrounded by the snares of perfidy and malice: under every circumstance of aggravated provocation: with precarious means of subsistence, and deprived of all knowledge of the destination, or even existence of his family; he took counsel, not from his wrongs, but from his

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honor, so that it is absurd, if not impossible, to enter into any justification of a character so proudly unimpeached.

Your memoralist therefore requests, that all further persecution may cease. And though the world is not rich enough to make him any compensation for the injuries he has sustained, he may be allowed, as far as possible, to forget the past, and to return to his country, in order to join his family, after a separation of near four years, and take measures for his future establishment, &c.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

Paris, November 13, 1801.

Thus the matter stood when Lord Cornwallis left Paris for Amiens. The memorial contained such facts, such proofs, and such references, as left nothing to doubt. It would have been insulting Lord Cornwallis to have offered him proof, had it been possible, that I did not *arrest myself* in Portugal, and imprison myself in the house of the corrigidor of Oporto, and in the dungeons of Lisbon. But I had long ago referred to Mr. Walpole, who knew it all. With respect to what I had not done in France, it was scarcely to be expected that I should have proofs of that. Yet fortune seemed to favor justice in that respect. For the General (Musnier) now sent to command in the city of Amiens, was an officer of unquestioned honor, and a man of high consideration in every respect: and this gentleman had commanded at Bordeaux when I was there. Having had the

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good fortune to form a friendship and intimacy with him, he knew my whole manner of life in that town, until his departure for the army of reserve; a short time before, I myself quitted Bordeaux. I therefore wrote a letter to General Musnier, and begged of him to testify what he knew: and I wrote also by the same post to Colonel Littlehales, to apprise him of this fact.

From this latter gentleman, I received the answer subjoined:

Sir,

I RECEIVED the honor of your letter of the 8th instant, last night: and in answer to its contents, I have only to assure you, that I sealed and forwarded the letters, which you transmitted through me, to Mrs. Sampson, the day it reached me.

In regard to your memorial to Lord Cornwallis, I likewise submitted it to his Lordship, and by his desire transmitted it to one of the under-secretaries of state for the home department, to be laid before Lord Pelham.

I shall enquire, on my arrival in London, which will probably be very soon, whether or not your memorial has been duly received: but it is not in my power further to interfere in your case.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient
Humble servant,
E. B. LITTLEHALES.

W. Sampson, Esq.

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And from General Musnier, I had the following letter written in English:

à Monsieur William Sampson,
Hotel Bourbon, Rue Jacob,
à Paris.

I DELIVERED, dear Sir, your letter to Col. Littlehales; and I have the satisfaction to tell you, he received it in a very obliging manner; and assured me that the Marquis Cornwallis had written to the Irish government in your favor. He promised me also to inform you of the answer, and to continue his endeavors for the success of your desires. Be assured nothing on my side shall be wanting to prevent their forgetting to forward this affair.

I am ever yours,
MUSNIER.

Amiens, 22d Frimaire, 10th year.

Thus things remained until the latter end of January, when I heard from my wife that Mr. Dobbs had been told by Mr. Marsden, that I could not be permitted to return home, but that there was no objection to my family being permitted to come to me.

This Mr. Marsden is the same gentleman of the law, who so candidly *arranged* with Lord Castlereagh the recognisance I was obliged to sign, before I could quit bridewell. After what had passed in Paris, I did not expect to be turned round again to Mr. Marsden to ask for an answer. It was to Lord Cornwallis, and not to Mr. Marsden, I had addressed myself. As to Mr. Marsden, I think of him just

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as I did before: as to him and his associates, they could never deceive me, for I never trusted them: nor could any thing they could say, either wound or injure me—for,

"*Insults are innocent, where men are worthless.*"

But Lord Cornwallis's *honor* was at stake: it became him to have redressed me, and he has not done it.

Here then was at length something that appeared to be decided—at least there seemed to be a relinquishment of that monstrous idea of separating me from my family. My friends and I were now assured, that passports would no longer be refused to my family to come and join me: but the venom was not yet assuaged. My persecution had not reached its term: for my wife, about this time, having written to the duke of Portland, in her impatience, to know her destiny. He answered her, and promised to lay her letter before Lord Pelham: and after some time she received the following letter from Mr. King:

Madam,

I AM directed, by Lord Pelham, to acquaint you, in answer to your letter to the duke of Portland, of the 5th instant, requesting permission for your husband to return to Ireland, that his lordship is very sorry it is not in his power to comply with your request.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. KING.

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Indeed the letter, by which my kinsman, Mr. Dobbs, announced Mr. Marsden's answer to my wife, was of very bad augur for any view either of humanity or justice towards me; towards my unoffending wife and children, or my wretched country. In it are these expressions, "I received a letter from your husband a short time ago," and then it concludes, "I would have written to him, but I do not feel that, under the existing circumstances, *I ought do so.*" Now, this Mr. Dobbs is my near kinsman. He is a man whom I myself recommended, and prevailed upon to be the agent of negociation between the state-prisoners and the government, at a time when it entered little into my thoughts or his, or those of any other person, that I was to be the dupe of the generous part I acted. As to my kinsman, he could not be accused of any but the most natural and inoffensive motive for corresponding with me, and the circumstances he stood in as an agent in the bargain I made, called upon him imperiously to communicate with me. Judge, then, by these expressions in his letter, of the terror that still broods over this newly *united* kingdom, so degrading to those who live under its iron sway, and a thousand times more dreadful to an honest mind, than death.

END OF THE LETTERS WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

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THE SUBJECT CONTINUED,
IN A SERIES OF
LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.

LETTER XXVIII.

Of the Terror in France.

NEW-YORK, 1807.

YOUR flattering expressions, my dearest friend, and the interest you take in my fate, are reward enough for any trouble it can cost me, to give my opinion upon the topics you point out; and to relate the sequel of my story. As in every work some method must be observed, I shall take the first that presents itself; and in adopting the order of your questions, make each the subject of a separate letter.

To speak of the terror in France, is, I must say, to begin with the most painful part of my task. To defend or justify the enormities committed on that great theatre, could least of all be expected from one of my principles or feelings. He who has been devoted to the cause of liberty, and a martyr to the desire of promoting human happiness, must turn

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with most natural abhorrence from the vices by which the idol of his heart has been profaned. But since the world has been made to resound with these crimes; since they have been celebrated through the universe by eloquence, so much beyond my pretentions, until every echo has been wearied with the repetition of them, it would be an idle affectation to go over a ground so beaten. I could however wish, that those who have been so zealous in proclaiming the sufferings of the victims to the French terror, had been themselves more innocent of them. That their machinations, intrigues, and interference, had not tended to promote them. And I could further wish, that if they were innocent of that terror, they had been also guiltless of one more cruel and more horrible: for too truly may the French terrorist reply to the English terrorist, "*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur;*" by altering the names of things, we do not change their nature: and what is tyranny in France, cannot be enobled in Ireland by the appellation of "*loyalty,*" of "*royalty,*" or of "*vigour beyond the law!*"

You express your wonder, that in a civilised country, either monsters should be found to plan such deeds, or instruments to execute them. But it is surely less wonderful that they should happen during the first convulsive throws of a nation bursting the bonds of ancient thraldom; a people long used to abject submission, suddenly, and violently becoming masters; and where hostile interference of foreigners, malevolent intrigues, and ferocious threats, had

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carried rage and despair into the hearts of the multitude, than that they should happen under a regular and settled government.

The *state* and *parliamentary* proceedings of England, and also to the proclamations of the duke of Brunswick, at the head of a foreign army, before any terror *had been practised*, threatened the people of France with fire and sword. The fate of such measures under general Burgoyne, and the others in America, was a sufficiently recent example to have served as a warning against that mode of dragooning, if perverse men were capable of taking a lesson from experience, or measuring with a judicious eye, the present and the past.

Then if we must wonder at mad cruelty, let it rather be, that such deeds could be perpetrated under a government vast and powerful; which had neither interest nor temptation to be any thing but just! Of the terror in Ireland, my former correspondence may have given you some faint idea: some histories since published in more detail, may have fallen into your hands: and indeed the horror of those enormities, in spite of all the pains taken to suppress it, seems at length to have made its way to the hearts and understandings of the intelligent and virtuous in most parts of the civilised world. And perhaps it is now in England alone that they are least known or felt. I must observe, nevertheless, that every historian who has treated of them, seems more or less tinctured with the spirit of the times, and to crouch under the sentiment we deplore: so that whilst it is above all things

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meritorious to blazen the crimes of the French revolutionists, it is held treasonable and desperate to speak of those of Ireland, as if the ancient proverb, "we are born to suffer," was intended for the edification of Irishmen alone!

For this reason I think it due to justice and to truth, to draw some lines of impartial comparison between these two parties.

First. In France the jacobin chiefs were not, as I ever could learn, avariciously interested; few of them enriched themselves; and it was not until after the fall or decline of their system, that great fortunes were made in France out of the public spoil. Now in Ireland, murderers, denouncers, and traitors, were loaded with rewards. And he of the Irish who committed the most cruelties against his countrymen, was distinguished with most favor.

Secondly. In France, though death was wantonly inflicted in a way to make human nature shudder, yet the crime of corporal torture was not resorted to even where guilt was proved: in Ireland, torture of the innocent, merely to extort accusation, was the avowed system, and indemnified as "loyalty and vigor beyond the law!"

Thirdly. In France, the Catholic clergy were banished: in Ireland, they were hanged. Many of the French have since returned, and live happy in their country: those hanged in Ireland, can never more return.

Fourthly. In France, it was a question which of two principles of government should prevail: in Ire-

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land, it was whether there should be a national or a foreign government. I cannot give much credit to the English ministers for their zeal in this controversy. For, as Mr. Sheridan once pointedly observed, England had incurred a ruinous debt of *six hundred millions of pounds sterling*—one half of which was to pull down the Bourbons, and the other to set them up. No more consistent was it to send King George's troops to protect the person of the Pope in Rome, and then to tell him that his coronation-oath prevented him from giving relief to his Catholic subjects at home.

Fifthly. There was no instance in France of men being put to death for saving the lives of their persecutors. In Ireland it was done.

Sixthly. I never could hear that that most brutal of all ferocity, *the forcible violation of female chastity*, had made part of the system of terror in France, that it did in Ireland, is too deplorably true.

There is a story related, and strongly attested to me, which it would be unjust to suppress:—Two young ladies, of the Orange or Government-faction, whose father, Mr. H—— G——, had rendered himself, by violent cruelty, peculiarly obnoxious—and who (shame of their sex) had performed with their own hands, many acts of torture and indignity, fell into the power of the *rebels*. Their consciences suggested that they ought to share the fate which the Irish women had suffered on similar occasions. They addressed themselves to certain young officers of the rebel-detachment, requesting their protection from the mob: but offering, as to them, to surrender their

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persons at discretion. The rebel-officers replied, with dignity and generosity, that they had taken arms against the enemies of their country—to punish their crimes, but not to imitate them.

I might push this parallel much further—but it would be useless, and it is certainly disgusting: still, however, your question recurs—how instruments can be found in any country to execute such deeds as make us sometimes detest our very species, and almost wish to be of any other.

Grave and true as this reflection is, let us not, my dearest friend, push it too far. And above all, in christian and charitable hope, let us presume, that all who have had part in these crimes, are not in equal guilt. Might it not be possible that even some are innocent?

Without recurring to the tyrannies of remote or ancient nations, and all their histories are pregnant with such instances, let us take that of England alone in her civil wars. Multitudes have fallen, innocently, for what did not concern them. Witness the wars of the *white* and the *red rose*. Yet, in those wars, all the noble blood was attainted with treason and rebellion: whilst the vulgar rotted without name. All England was in action on one side or other; but it would be too violent to say, there was no man of either party innocent.

At an after period, when in the name of the Ever-Living God of Peace and Love, the pile was lighted to burn Heretics and Schismatics, and those who would neither swear nor subscribe to new doctrines,

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and articles of credence, understood by nobody, were cast into the flames: and those that did subscribe and swear to them, were, in their turn, as the balance of dominion shifted, cast into the flames.—When the child yet unborn, was ripped from the mother's womb, and cast into the flames; and when the whole nation was fanaticised on the one side or the other—was no man innocent?

In all the wars of conquest and of plunder, in which England has had her ample share—was no man innnocent?

In all the cruelties committed in America, in Africa, and in India, by the English—was no man innocent?

In all the barbarous crimes committed by *our ancestors*, the English, against *our ancestors*, the Irish, as bloody as those which have happened in our own days—was no man innocent?

When you will have answered all these questions, you will have found the solution of your own.

Let us endeavor to cherish the most consolatory sentiment. Example, education, habit, ignorance; the influence of power, the smooth seductions of corruption and of luxury; the warmth of passion, the baneful effects of calumny and imposture; mistaken zeal, which degenerates into bigotry; the weakness of the coward, and the pressure of the tyrant; the temptations of wealth, and the goadings of necessity, are so many fatal snares ever lying in wait for the integrity of miserable man. None have ever suddenly become consummate in iniquity, the gradations

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are often insensible. Few causes so bad but may put on some shew of fairness: and the human mind, seldom free from bias of some kind, finds too easy an excuse in sophistry and self-delusion, for its first deviations: but the path of rectitude, once forsaken, is not easily regained.

Such is the human heart; its issues are strange and inscrutable; and the paths of error many and intricate. I have often witnessed, with deep regret, these early conflicts between virtue and error, in the breast of those I loved. I have seen them struggle; I have seen them suffer; I have seen them falter, and I have seen them fall. I have seen them turn away from me, whilst my heart was yet warm towards them; and have lamented it in vain: and I have seen, that when the soul first proves recreant to truth, and first swerves from the acknowledged principles of immutable and eternal justice, it is from that moment difficult to say how far its aberrations may extend. In the beginning it will search for pretexts and excuses; by degrees it will be more easily satisfied; until at length conscience becomes callous, and crime familiar.

Enough, my best friend, of this dismal subject. I have pursued it so far, in compliance with your request. It is for my own peace now, that I beg your permission to relinquish it, and proceed to your next enquiry, if not more easy of solution, at least more agreeable.

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LETTER XXIX.

Of the Character of the French Nation.

ON this head, I should greatly fear to add to the number of tourists and travellers, who have said much, and said little; whose only merit has been to put together stale conceits, and garbled anecdotes. But you say that every nation has a character, and I readily admit it. In general, the lines of national character are as distinct as the features of the face. But truly to designate them, belongs only to a few favored geniuses, and would require the pencil of Hogarth, or the pen of Sterne. Every one knows that the French are gay, gallant, and courteous. I need not repeat, that they dance well, and that they fight well. They are said to be incincere, vain, and inconstant—all which perhaps is true, and may lessen the dignity and importance of their character. I am neither partial to them, nor bigotted against them. I may be partial to my own country, perhaps the more because it is unfortunate. I may be partial to the country of my adoption, because I find in it that liberty which in my own is lost; but I am partial to

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no other: yet it would be unjust to deny, that in that one, into which the wickedness of my enemies drove me to take refuge, and where I was compelled to remain near seven years, with little else to do than to observe, I have found friends as generous and sincere, as any I have known elsewhere. Sincere indeed, because my fortunes were too low to buy me friends. Nor had I ever any reason to feel or to suppose I had an enemy. I did not like all I saw in France—I detested much of it. I grieved to find that a great event which had bid fair, as I once thought, and as good men hoped to extend the sphere of human happiness, and the empire of reason, knowledge, and philosophy, should, after deluges of human blood, serve to no other end, than to plunge mankind still deeper in the gulph of corruption and tyranny! But I held it as my duty to respect the power that protected me; and though my opinions were not much disguised, I never was molested for them.

That the French are insincere, is perhaps true; because they are naturally given to exaggeration: but with all that insincerity, I know of no people who will from mere kindness and politeness, confer so many favors, and that with so good a grace: it is therefore more agreeable to live among them, undoubtedly, insincere as they may be, than with a people disagreebly sincere and not more benevolent. As far as manners are in question, theirs are the most hospitable on the earth.

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That they are vain, is true. I wish the conduct of many of their enemies had given them better cause to be less vain. They have however the good sense to temper their vanity with the forms of courtesy; which is better still than to be proud and brutal, as some other people are, who mistake stiffness for dignity, sullenness for superiority, and abruptness for sincerity.

Their inconstancy proceeds from that which is the true basis of all their actions; and the essential difference between their character and that of other nations, the extreme love of enjoyment; or as they themselves call it, *le besoin de jouir*. They are the true epicureans. They love pleasure above all things, and will buy it at any price. They will fight, coax, flatter, cheat—any thing to gain it. But this justice must be allowed them, that feeling the necessity of being pleased, they think it a duty to be agreeable; and they seem to have formed a social contract to amuse and be amused reciprocally. On the same epicurian principle that they love pleasure beyond all other people, they shun pain, and are beyond all others ingenious in giving it a defeat. And against that kind of pain for which they have a term so appropriate, that other nations are obliged to borrow it from them—that torment of the idler which they call *ennui*, they are ever actively in arms.

Set a Frenchman down in any part of the earth, in peace or in war; let him be destitute of every thing, he will make the best of his position. And no sooner will he have provided himself with food and raiment,

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than he will have sought out some means for his amusement. *Il faut samuser* is a fundamental maxim of their philosophy, and they will tell you—*Autant vaut crever de faim que de crever d'ennui*—And, indeed, the most favorable aspect under which the French character can be viewed, is that which so many of the unfortunate emigrants have assumed, when under the pressure of misfortune and disgrace, they have turned with so much cheerfulness the little accomplishments of their education to profit, or struck out with admirable ingenuity, new inventions of their own industry.

Another remarkable singularity is, that the French, although gay, versatile, and airy, are governed more than any other people by settled rules of conduct, and of behaviour. These rules constitute their social code, and are entitled *usage*. The highest praise you can bestow, on a stranger particularly, is, that he has *beaucoup d'usage*. A proud Englishman of my acquaintance once thought himself insulted by a compliment of that kind from a gentleman, and seemed inclined to return it ungraciously, until a lady interfered and set the thing to rights, by saying—*que l'usage n'empeehe pas d'avoir de l'esprit il sert seulement a le regler*. To be original on the same principle, is to be ridiculous, and this sentiment has passed into a bye-word: so that *c'est un original*, is the same as to say, That is a quiz. It may be a question, however, whether this scrupulous attention to routinary and practical observances does not sometimes damp the fire of the imagination, and the freedom of true wit,

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When you ask me, then, how I like the French, I say, how should I like them but well. Englishmen and Frenchmen may be natural enemies; but the Irish, to whom they have never done such injuries as the English have, and who have found an asylum in their country in every period of their oppressions, have no need to be their enemies. At all events, they are still in a state of permanent and natural alliance with the charms of their women, and their wine. And this brings me to speak of the French ladies, who are very deserving of a separate notice.

Of the French Women.

What a subject, Oh Jupiter! What muse to invoke! What colours to employ! Who is he that can describe this whimsical, incomprehensible, and interesting being?

Well did Sterne say, that "nothing here was *salique* but the government." For the ladies of France, to indemnify themselves for this exclusion from the throne, have seized upon the most despotic power, and rule over their subjects with absolute sway.

A pretty woman in France is a sovereign prince, who knows neither resistance nor controul. She is an ambitious potentate, that makes conquests, and cedes them, and will exchange a subject as a province. In the midst of her circle she is a law-giver, and her decrees like the proclamations of King Henry the Eighth, have the full force of acts of parliament. At

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her toilet she holds her levy—in her *boudoir* she gives private audience, and in her bed she receives her ministers. She has favorites and officers of state, and confirms their honors by a kiss of her hand. Her train is filled with rival courtiers and jealous expectants, whom she keeps in peace and civility by her sovereign authority. Her forces, like her ways and means, are inexaustible. She pays her servants with a smile, and subdues her enemies with a frown.—She makes war with the artillery of her eyes, and peace she seals with the impression of her lips. Rebels and male-contents, she punishes with exile or death, as the case may be. She protects learning, science, and the arts. Authors submit their works to her, and artists implore her patronage. She receives the homage of the gay, of the grave, of the old, and of the young. The sage, the hero, the wit and the philosopher, all range themselves under her banners, and obey her laws. In all the concerns of life, she rules, directs, precides. She transacts all affairs—projects, decides, and executes. She is in all temporal matters, liege lady and proprietor. The resolution of a man—the grace of an angel. As to her capacities, she is but an elegant little variety of man. Her titles are undisputed. Ask whose house that is—it belongs to *Madame une telle!* Has she a husband? I cant say—I never saw any.

Will you have a more familiar instance? I was sitting at the fire side with my wife—a tradesman brought in a pair of boots—I asked if they were my boots? I do not know sir, I believe they are for the

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husband of madame ! Enquire, who is that cavalier? He is of the society of madame ————. She is the sun of a sphere, and all her planets and satellites walze round her—and her voice is the music of the sphere.

Taught from her infancy to please, and conscious of her power by its effects, she wears the air of acknowledged superiority, and receives man's submission as her due. Yet, ever zealous to extend her empire; ever active in maintaining it, she neglects no art, no charm, no seduction. When she moves, it is all grace—when she sings, it is all sentiment—when she looks, it is all expression—when she languishes, it is all softness—when she frolicks, it is all riot—when she sighs, it is all tenderness—when she smiles, it is all happiness—and when she laughs, all is mirth. She is good-humored from philosophy, and kind from calculation. Her beauty is her treasure, and she knows that ill-humors impair it. *De ne pas se faire mauvais sang*, is her cardinal maxim. Thus, with all the vivacity of her nature, she shuns strong emotions, and becomes, upon principle, dispassionate and cold; for her ambition is to be adored, and not to love—— Hold, hold, I hear you exclaim—then she is a coquette?—Alack-a-day, my friend, and it is even so!!!

But let justice ever guide my pen. However, coquettish these fascinating beings may be; however generally they may be charged with gallantry, and I am no knight-errant, nor bound to prove the contrary; yet, I believe, many there are who speak of them unfairly, and "fancy raptures that they never knew."

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And I think I can assure you, that there are in France as affectionate and faithful wives, as tender and attentive mothers, as in any other country of the earth. Such, however, are not naturally the first to present themselves to the acquaintance of the stranger or the traveller.

LETTER XXX.

Journey to Hamburg—Occupations—Correspondence —Mr. Thornton—Lord Hawkesbury—Mr. Fox.

IT is time now that my accounts are settled, and my debts discharged in France, that we should think of leaving it. From the year 1799, until the arrival of Mrs. Sampson, in 1802, I had led a bachelor's life, which had given me an opportunity of making a very numerous acquaintance. If ever we should meet again, I might perhaps amuse you with such observations as I have been able to make upon some of those who now figure amongst the first personages of the universe; and with my opinions of their various merits. But besides that, I should fear to weary your patience, I am now obliged to dedicate almost all my hours to the occupations and studies of my profession; and am forced to hurry

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through this correspondence in a manner more careless and abrupt than you might otherwise have reason to be pleased with. Necessity is in this case my apology; and I count upon your acceptance of it.

After the arrival of Mrs. Sampson, my life became once more domestic. We joined our labours in the education of our children, which became our chief pleasure, and our principal care. We were not unrewarded for our pains. Their letters, in various languages, which I have forwarded to you, may give you some idea of the progress of their understandings, and are the unstudied effusions of their innocent hearts. We spent three summers in the charming valley of Montmorency, and as many winters in Paris; not so much to enjoy its brilliant pleasures, as to give our children the advantage of the best masters, in those accomplishments which they could never learn so well elsewhere. But at length, some symptoms of declining health in my son; certain family concerns; and the desire my wife had to revisit a kind and excellent mother, whom she loves with a deserved enthusiasm, decided us to endeavor at returning. Indeed I was tired of living inactive, and long wished to take my flight for the happy country where fate, it seems, had intended I should at last repose.

The intensity of the war with England, made a state of neutrality and independence more difficult to be preserved—and the sincerity of my disposition allowed of no disguise. I applied therefore for a passport, which I obtained, not without difficulty, to go to Hamburg: and this was granted on the recom-

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mendation of my countrymen, who were in the French service, and from other persons of distinction, and who were willing to do me every good office. My passport was that of a prisoner of war, signed by the minister of war, and countersigned by the minister of police.—*(See Appendix No. XV.)*

Nothing in our journey was worth remarking until we arrived at Rotterdam. There we were like to have suffered a heavy misfortune, from the loss of our only son, who was attacked with a violent fever, which detained us, I think, six weeks. The only pleasure or consolation we had in this town, was in the goodness and hospitality of Mr. George Crawfurd, a Scotch gentleman of good fortune; who, without place or office, represents his country, by his reception of strangers from every quarter of the world, in a distinguished and honorable manner.

We spent some days at the Hague, and about the latter end of June left Holland, passing from Amsterdam across the Zuyder Sea, and reached Hamburg in the month of July. On my arrival, I thought it prudent to present myself both to the French and English Minister. For, if I was to go to England, I should require the protection of the latter—or, if circumstances should oblige me to return to France, of the former.

I lost no time in announcing to Mr. Thornton my situation, and my wishes, and produced to him such of my papers as might satisfy him at once of my identity, and my views; and after some explanation, he undertook to write to Lord Hawkesbury, respect-

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ing my permission to conduct my wife and children home.

I must say, that of all the towns where it has been my fortune to be, this was the least agreeable. Hitherto, our little means, backed by the various kindnesses and partialities of friends, had made our course of life smooth and agreeable, nor was there any reasonable gratification to which we were strangers.—In this place, the very aspect of which is odious, there were few sources of enjoyment, and those expensive. From one or two respectable families, we received some attentions; but we soon found that retirement was our best prospect of comfort.

There is a custom inhospitable, and deserving of animadversion, which has too much prevalence in other countries, but which is pushed to extreme both in Holland and in this city: which is, that the guest must pay a heavy ransom at any *genteel* house, to get out of the hands of the servants. I have been told that some servants get no other wages. I should not wonder if they bought their places. At all events, between coach-hire, ransom, and cards, at which I never play without losing, we found a dinner or supper too dear for our shattered fortunes, and determined prudently to live on ourselves. I had, besides, a horror of this town, from the recollection of the cruelties committed upon certain of my countrymen, as you will see by the short, simple, and truly interesting narrative lately been published at Versailles, by William Corbet, entitled—*La conduite du senat de Hamburg devoileé aux yeux de l'Europe*, of which I

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send you a copy. We provided ourselves, therefore, with a lodging at a place called Slavshoff, on the banks of the Elbe, near Altona, the same which the English minister Rumbold had occupied at the time of his arrest: and there we dedicated our time as before, to the care and education of our children. My son was now eleven years of age, and sufficiently advanced to make his tuition a source of some amusement and profit to myself. We often walked with our book along the strand, and divided our time between exercise and study. I was a play-fellow to him, and he was a companion to me. When we met an agreeable and sequestered spot, we sat down to study; and when tired, we got up and walked. Thus we followed the outward discipline of the Peripatetic school, though in many things we differed from it, and held considerably less to the opinions of Aristotle. It is curious to recollect how many didactic sentences, how many grave aphorisms, rules of criticism, logic, and philosophy, that poor child has been cajoled to swallow, as well on the banks of this river, as in the lovely forest of Montmorency, either climbing upon a rock, or swinging on the bow of a green tree.

My daughter was about nine years old, and gifted, if my partiality does not deceive me, with uncommon powers of mind. The facility with which she could conceive and learn things above the level of her years, often surprised and delighted me. She had, besides, a little arch turn of Irish *drollery*, which enhanced her merit in my eyes; with an

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amiable caressing manner; and above all, a heart full of sensibility and goodness.

She had learned at Paris to dance, and to draw. In the former she became, in a short time, very excellent, even in that country where that accomplishment is so universal, and so improved. Her brother acquitted himself very well also; and they have sometimes innocently figured *in their old and new gavottee of vestris*, before some of the first of the *good company* of Europe. I knew just enough of this matter, from having paid attention to their lessons, to exercise them. I had stolen some instructions from their drawing masters; and having a natural love of that art, I was in some slight degree qualified to be their teacher, until a better could be had. I taught them, moreover, to write, in which my son has now surpassed me; and to count, and now he and I are perhaps nearly on a par. I made them write little letters to each other alternately, in French and English; and, as I soon learned to read the *Hamburgh Correspondenten*, so I began to teach my son to read the German. But in this the scholar soon became master; and he repaid me in a short time for my poor lessons in the German-language, by teaching me to speak it, and to write it. He had then advanced so far in the Latin, as to have a sort of understanding of the *æneid*, and in a few months more would have had no difficulty with any Latin author, had I not judged it preferable, for fear of oppressing his mind with too many studies, to drop that course, in order that he might take more full advantage of the opportunity

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that offered, of acquiring the German. And though we were now in Germany, yet you would be much surprised at the difficulties we had to attain this end. During the summer which we spent at Slavshoff, I in vain endeavored to get him put to school, for it was necessary to conform to the rules of these seminaries, and to send him to board there for a certain length of time; with other circumstances, which did not square with my plans. In the house where we lived, there was no person but the gardner, who spoke German. He was a Hanoverian; all the rest, masters, and servants, were French. In the shops, and all other places where any little affairs might lead us, they preferred speaking bad French, or bad English, to hearing our bad German: and indeed the language of Hamburg and Altona, is a most barbarous jargon, called *plat Deüch*, insomuch that I have been told, by those who spoke the true language, that they could not understand this. Thus, my son was indebted for all he knew of the polite German, to the Hanoverian (George) until he returned in the winter to Hamburg, and here the matter was not easily mended. I naturally wished to put him to one of the first schools; but there I found that it was forbidden, under fines and penalties, to speak in the German language; and in French or English he needed no instructions. I therefore sent him to a school of less pretentions, where he made a very rapid progress.—But leaving this subject, let us return to our story.

You will recollect, that Mr. Thornton had promised, shortly after my coming to Hamburg, to write

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to Lord Hawkesbury. The summer however passed over without any answer; and I then determined to write myself.—The following is a copy of my letter:

To the Right Hon. Lord Hawkesbury, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, for the Home Department, London.

Hamburg, September 3, 1801.

My Lord,

My case having been already represented to government, I shall not trouble your lordship with a useless repetition. During eight years I have been separated from my friends and my country, under very extraordinary circumstances. My conduct has defied all reproach. And your lordship is too well informed to be ignorant of that fact. I do not attempt to reconcile your lordship to my avowed conduct and sentiments, prior to my arrestation. My peculiar position in my country, and the point of view in which I saw what passed within my sphere, is so different from any that could ever have presented itself to your lordship, that it is impossible you could make much allowance for my feelings. But I do not despair, that in time your lordship may acknowledge, that I have been too harshly judged.

It was much to be wished, that the important act which succeeded to the troubles in Ireland, had closed all her wounds. And yet, though I presume not to dictate, it is for government to judge, whether it

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might not be good policy to suffer such as love their country, and are not disrespected in it, to return in freedom to it. For my part, the frankness I have always used, even where disguise might have been justifiable, is the best guarantee, that had I intentions injurious to government, I should not proceeed by asking any favor, it is my duty to suppose all motives of personal vengeance beneath the dignity of his majesty's ministers, in whose hands are affairs of so very different moment. And in that view I have no doubt that the request I am about to make will be complied with, as I have every conviction that it ought.

Having formed the design of quitting Europe, where during its present agitations I can call no country mine, it becomes of urgent necessity that I should conduct my family home; the more so, as my son's health has rendered his native air indispensible. I must also assertain the means of my future subsistence. For, under whatever embarrassment my voluntary exile to Portugal might have laid me, the forceable deportation from thence to France, and the extraordinary penalties enacted against me in my absence, must, your lordship can conceive, have considerably augmented them. It is now seven weeks since Mr. Thornton, his majesty's minister resident at Hamburg, had the goodness to charge himself with an application on my behalf to this effect: but he has received no answer, and as the bad season advances, I shall request to know your lordship's deter-

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mination as early as possible; and that you will have the goodness to transmit to that gentleman your lordship's answer, and the passport or permission which may be necessary for my safety: by which your lordship will confer a very great obligation.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

To this there was no other answer, than a letter from Mr. King, the under secretary of state, to Mr. Thornton. All that I could gather was, that my expressions had not been pleasing, and were not marked with sufficient *contrition.* It does not however require more than this, in any transaction, to shew when there is good intention or good heart. I had gone as low in humility as I could bring myself to go. Was I an injured man, or was I not? One would suppose that that was the principal question; or if not that, whether it was more wise to drop such unworthy persecutions, or to keep them alive to rankle in the hearts of an aggrieved people. Such would be the counsel of generosity or of wisdom. For if a man be injured, and knows and feels it, you only add to his injuries, by extorting false protestations from him, which must aggravate his feelings, or wound his honor. If there be any danger in admitting him to be a citizen of his own country, it is doubled by forcing him to be insincere, and consequently trea-

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cherous. It is said by some, that governments should never acknowledge any wrong. Is it necessary also that they should never do any right?

Finding now that both my friends and I had been mistaken, in supposing that any more humane or wiser policy had been adopted, I let the matter rest until the Spring of the next year. During this time, I had received several advices from my friends, in which it was stated, that all such matters were left to the entire disposal of Lord Castlereagh, and that without his concurrence, it was impossible to succeed. And I was strongly urged to address myself at once to him: and as all my wrongs had originated in his warrant of arrestation, that he might perhaps have been willing to wipe away the sense of that injury, by a well-timed act of justice. It was laying a trap for his generosity, but it was not to be caught. However, he had at least the good manners to answer me. His letter bears date, as you will see, the day on which Mr. Pitt died.—(Jan. 24, 1806.)

To
The Right Honorable
Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

Hamburg, December 31, 1805.

My Lord,

In the beginning of last summer, I left Paris to conduct my wife and children to their native country: and in the month of September, I

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made, through the medium of Mr. Thornton, his Majesty's minister resident here, a request to my Lord Hawkesbury, to be permitted to accompany them, in order to arrange my affairs previous to my intended departure for America. It was hoped, as well by my friends as myself, that the government would not have refused an indulgence consistent at once with humanity and policy. And that eight years of exile, with a conduct above all blame, would have been a sufficient expiation, whatever demerit I might have had in their eyes. And I was informed, that his lordship had transmitted my request to the Irish government.

I have also understood, that in such a case, your lordship would be materially consulted, and your interference, at all events, conclusive. In an affair so important to my family, I find it my duty to address myself directly to your lordship, to whom it would be useless to repeat further circumstances. If I recollect well, the law by which I was exiled, a passport from the secretary of state would be sufficient authority. I therefore take the liberty of entreating a speedy answer, as my stay cannot be long in this country, which is entirely uncongenial to the state of my health.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient servant,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

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ANSWER.

Downing-street, January 24, 1806.

Sir,

I HAVE to acknowledge your letter of the 31st ultimo, requesting me to obtain permission for you to return to Ireland with your family. I have only in answer to say, that is not in my power to interfere or to decide upon the merits of your case. I have, however, taken an opportunity of transmitting your letter to Mr. Long, the chief secretary to the Irish government, to be submitted for the consideration of the lord-lieutenant.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

CASTLEREAGH.

Mr. William Sampson, Hamburgh.

This was the state of things, when an event, surprising to me, and to every body, took place. That same Charles Fox, whose name had been expunged by the king's own hand from the list of privy counsellors, as mine had been from that of Irish counsellors: for it is fair to compare great things with small. That Charles Fox, whose words had been taken down with a view to his impeachment, about the same time that I became "*suspected of treasonable practices.*" This truly great and amiable man, was now, strange to tell, at the head of the cabinet, and

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apparently first in the council of the king. I must say, that from the impressions of my mind, I was at first at a loss how to believe the fact. I thought it too like wisdom to be real. But when that was put beyond doubt, I could not think that it was done otherwise than as a trick or subterfuge to answer some crooked or temporary purpose. However, when the news came that the whole ministry was changed; that Lord Moira was grand master of the ordinance, and Mr. Ponsonby, high chancellor of Ireland; that Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Curran were thought worthy of trust, I no longer doubted, that my case would meet with difficulty. At the time that I became "suspected," the Ponsonbys had, I have been told, soldiers billeted on them at free quarters; and they had seceded from the house of commons, as a place too corrupt for an honest man to sit in. Mr. Grattan had been disfranchised by the corporation of the city of Dublin: his picture taken down in Trinity College, and put into the *privy-house*. The name of a street, called from him, was changed, and he was loaded with the grossest obliquy, and often threatened with hanging. I remember some persons examined before a secret committee, touching his intimacy with me; but whether to criminate him by me, or me by him, I do not pretend to say.

Lord Moira had been abused; his tenants massacred, and his town threatened with the flames. Mr. Curran was once so persecuted, that I was reprobated for visiting him: and often urged to change the name of my son, who was called after him, and

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whose sponsor he was. I might say more, but to what purpose? If there was sincerity in man, I might have counted upon the sympathy and friendship of these persons. I was very true in the attachment I had formed for them: I looked upon their great talents as ornaments to their country, and wished nor expected no other reward than a return of personal friendship. Indeed, my own independence has ever been the jewel of my soul: that I have preserved, and will preserve whilst I have life. Will any of these important characters say that they were at one time more favored by the *peep-of-day-boys*, than I was? No! the difference was only this: When I was *suspected*, I was not in parliament; when they were obnoxious, they were. And the suspension of the *habeas corpus* had respect to that sacred office—"*Les loups ne se maugent pas*," says the French proverb. The wolves dont eat each other; and as members of parliament they were safe. But this I call heaven to witness, that the proudest of them never acted towards his country with sentiments more holy than I have, and I am sure they know it. Enough of this at present. Another time I may come back upon this subject: and, if I can at the same time do these great men honor, and do myself justice, it will be a happy task for me. I shall now give you the copies of the letters I respectively addressed to them, and that will advance me considerably towards the conclusion of my story, and put you in possession of my every action, and of every feeling of my heart.

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To

The Right Honorable

The Earl of Moira,

&c. &c. &c.

Hamburg, February 14, 1806.

My Lord,

I HOPE it will not be disagreeable to your lordship, that I take the liberty of offering my compliments upon the occasion of your lordship with so many other distinguished persons being called into that situation which may give your country the full benefit of your talents, and high reputation.

Your lordship will perhaps do me the honor to recollect, with how much zeal I laboured to be in some degree useful to your generous efforts in the Irish parliament, in the year 1797. Since that time I have lived chiefly in prison or in exile. It would be too long, when your lordship must have so many important avocations, to detail all I have suffered since that time; but I pledge myself boldly, that the friendship which you then favored me with, and which your lordship may have forgotten, but I have not, will seem still more merited, when you shall be fully acquainted with the conduct I have opposed to the most unjust treatment.

In the month of May last, I left Paris, to conduct my family home; and to arrange my affairs previously to my quitting Europe, for the rest of my life, and settling myself in America. In the month of July,

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I addressed to Lord Hawkesbury a request, to be permitted to pass over for that purpose, which I was informed through his majesty's minister here, had been transmitted to the Irish government. But I was also informed by some of my friends, that the person upon whose influence that condescension depended, was Lord Castlereagh. Yielding to their counsel, I wrote to him in December last, but received no answer until a few days ago, that his lordship, by a letter, dated the 24th of January, informed me that he had forwarded my letter to Mr. Long, the chief secretary, but he could not interfere. I hope, my lord, that when I felicitate my country upon the auspicious call of your lordship to the immediate councils of his majesty, I may venture to felicitate myself, upon the speedy attainment of a request so little unreasonable, and which my family affairs render most urgent. I am satisfied, that a passport from the secretary of state in England, would answer the intention of the act of banishment, in which I was included, and be sufficient authority for my return; trusting, that under your lordship's protection, if any thing else should afterwards be thought necessary, it would be obtained. The tedious delay in this place has been very unfavorable to my health, and very vexatious to me; and I hope this will excuse me for pressing for a speedy answer. I should have written to Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Grattan, both of whom have witnessed how disinterestedly I have in critical times labored to prevent mischief, and

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to do good; but I am uncertain, whether they may not be called by their respective offices to Ireland.

I shall beg, that your lordship would have the goodness to make my humble respects agreeable to the ladies of your lordship's family; and to let me have the satisfaction of owing this kindness to those only whom I most esteem.

I have the honor to be,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obliged humble servant,
WILLIAM SAMPSON.

To
The Right Honorable Henry Grattan.

Hamburg, Valentine's Kamp, No. 161,
February 18, 1806.

My dear Sir,

I HAVE, by this courier, the honor of writing to Mr. Geo. Ponsonby, to request his interest in procuring a speedy and favorable answer to an application of mine, which has been already referred to the Irish government, requesting permission to conduct my family home; to establish them, and settle my affairs, previous to my going to America. May I request that you will have the goodness to confer with him on this subject, and join your ef-

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forts to his, that I may have a speedy answer, as my health has suffered much in this country, where I have been delayed since the beginning of last summer. I have also written to my Lord Moira, on the same subject, by the preceding courier. I was in hopes of seeing your name officially announced as chancellor of the Irish exchequer. Were I to trust to the news-papers which I have seen this day, I should suppose, that you had refused that place. I must still flatter myself with the expectation of being soon permitted to pay my compliments to you on your acceptance of that or some other station in which your talents and upright intentions may be once more beneficial to your country.

I am, my dear Sir,
With the highest respect,
Your faithful humble servant,
WILLIAM SAMPSON.

To
The Right Honorable Geo. Ponsonby.

Hamburg, Valentine's Kamp, No. 161,
February 18, 1806.

My dear Sir,

In the beginning of last summer, I left Paris with my family, my design being to ask permission, when I should arrive at Hamburg, to accompany them to their native country, in order to

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settle my affairs, and from thence go to America, where I shall in all probability spend the remainder of my days.

In the month of July, I made an application, through Mr. Thornton, his majesty's minister resident here; and he having no answer, I wrote on the first of September, by the same channel, to Lord Hawkesbury. The only answer I had was through Mr. King, to Mr. Thornton, that my request was to be referred to the Irish government. Not however hearing further, and following the advice of some friends, I wrote in the latter end of December to Lord Castlereagh, whose influence, I was told, was decisive. On the 24th of January, his lordship acknowledged my letter; declined interfering, but added, that he had taken an occasion of forwarding my letter to Mr. Long, the chief secretary to the Irish government.

Whilst I have the satisfaction to congratulate my country on the accession to confidence, of those who I am convinced will make their power the instrument only of good, and to whom my actions and intentions being better known will be more fairly judged, I trust that those delays which have already put me to very cruel inconvenience, will now cease, and that I shall have, before I leave my country for the last time, the pleasure of returning my thanks in person, and renewing the expressions of those sentiments with which I have never ceased to be,

My dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

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From the time these letters were written, until the latter end of March, I remained without taking any step, in a state of suspense and anxiety. To go from that to America, and leave my family in a strange country, under all the circumstances, was a painful step to take. Not to receive even an answer from those whose friendship I thought due to me, was vexatious enough. My affairs were not arranged for an emigration for life: in short, my enemies had a very good opportunity of glutting their malice; for I was surrounded with their spies, of whom they have numbers every where, but more and more mischievous ones in Hamburg than in most places.

A circumstance now occurs to me, which I shall impart, from the desire I have to lay my whole conduct and proceedings open to your view.

An election took place for members of parliament in the latter end of the summer of 1805. I was then at Altona. I do not exactly recollect the date, nor is it worth while to torment myself in searching for it. I have not time to bestow upon useless minutiæ, or *difficies nugæ*. It was, however, some time before *my friends* came into power, that I wrote to a gentleman nearly connected with me; pointing out to him, that perhaps this occurrence might afford an opportunity of buying my liberty. You know, and every body knows, how elections are carried on in England, and still more in Ireland. How one buyer will bid above another, as at an auction, and as in the days of the Saturnalia, the slaves are set free, so here were the days of the Irish Saturnalia come

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round. I suggested in this letter, that in a competition of this kind, it might be possible to use the combined interests of my friends, as it was matter of perfect indifference, in a political, or conscientious view, which of two courtiers should *represent the people.*

An honest bargain might be struck; and I truly did think, that if Irish votes for members of an English parliament could be sold to redeem an Irishman who had suffered for his country, it was the most legitimate of all parliamentary trafficks. I assured him of my firm belief, that no person who persecuted me, did it because he thought me a bad man, but, seeing the favors heaped upon notorious miscreants, that my crime was probably no other than that of being too honest: and the only *finesse* necessary, was to disguise that a little. I begged, therefore, of such friends as loved me, if they saw the thing, as I did, to co-operate in my ransom, by giving their votes to the side that could stipulate for it. This letter was swindled from me in Hamburg, and never went to its destination, but is now, as I have good reason to think, in the hands of some of the state-secretaries.

If this sentiment should appear extraordinary to you, still would that which many Irishmen hold, that in the present state of our disgrace (opposition being vain) the best choice would be that of the worst men, in order that there might be no delusion nor imposture, and that the whole system might be uni-

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form and equal. For they say—"Men put not new cloth into old garments."

But to proceed—In the middle of my anxiety about the next thing I should do, an alarm came that quickened my steps. The Prussian troops were said to be marching by concert with Napoleon into the city. They had some time before occupied the Hamburgese territory at Cuxhaven. There was a general consternation, and it became urgent with me to decide what I should next do. I was a prisoner of war, but that, though serious enough, was not the worst; for here I could not expect the same consideration as in Paris, where I had good and powerful friends: and where the higher authorities knew, that whatever my political opinions had been, I had known how to conduct myself with discretion, and without offence. But to be again a prisoner—to be again obliged to go through a painful course of interrogatories and vouchers—to be again suspected—to be perhaps obliged to quit from necessity that line of firm independence which I had hitherto preserved, was a thing to be avoided. And particularly now, when in an inhospitable country, I might have something to fear from malignity, and nothing to expect from justice: for, as I said before, no city was ever more infested than Hamburg with the little instruments of corruption and intrigue, noxious to society, and sometimes ruinous to those who use them. Little, indeed, should I have regarded all this, had it concerned myself alone; for I am now taught to despise my persecutors, and

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to bear any thing they can invent: but when I reflected, that for the faithful and innocent partner of my life, and my misfortunes, there was no chance of any benefit in remaining here, but many of distress: and that for her it was now a matter of necessity to return with her children where she had friends and protection, I was not, you may suppose, much at ease.

I went, therefore, to Mr. Thornton, to know whether he had received any further instructions respecting me. He had not: but he seemed to take a humane concern in my hard situation. He offered to take so much upon himself as to give me a passport to England, and to write immediately to Mr. Fox, and explain the grounds upon which he had done so.

Now, it appeared to me, that if the late ministers, whom I had never considered as my friends, had taken my case into consideration, or submitted it to the Irish government—if they had seemed to require no more than some expressions of *contrition*, there could be no difficulty with the present, for the reasons I have already given. Particularly when at the head of that ministry, appeared that exalted and benevolent man, in whose noble and generous heart the vile spirit of persecution never could find place. I accordingly accepted the passport, and made instant dispositions for my departure.

But a fresh difficuly arose. The English vessels were ordered down the river, to be under the protection of a British man of war: and the packets were, it was supposed, stopped. I asked Mr. Thorn-

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ton, if he could not add to the kindness he had shewn me, that of procuring me a passage on board some of the king's vessels, as I conceived that at all events his dispatches and all those of the other ministers on the continent must be conveyed. He did not feel that he could promise me that, but there were several merchant-men below, and I determined to take my chance; and at all events, if it was not safe to land with my family at Cuxhaven, to claim hospitality on board a ship. I had given a commission to an agent, to find some person who would join in the expense of a *hoy*, and the first person he met with was Mr. Sparrow, one of the king's messengers, who had been at Petersburg and all over the north of Europe as a courier, and happened then to be on his return in great haste with dispatches from the English minister at Vienna. He knew very well upon hearing my name who I was, and I apprised him of my situation, and advised him to ask Mr. Thornton, whether he saw any impropriety in our travelling together. Mr. Thornton could see none, and we set out together. When we came to Cuxhaven, no packet had arrived, though many were due; and the packet-agent knew no more of the matter than we did, and probably was thinking how he would have to provide for himself when a new order would come. Application had been made to the sloop of war to take charge of the messenger and his dispatches. The other passengers in the town were endeavoring each for his own passage, and I with no other vouchers than my pass-

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port as a French prisoner of war, and those of Lord Castlereagh, and the duke of Portland, was very likely to remain, with my wife and two poor infants, as a prize to his Prussian majesty; into whose service the Irish government had some years before transported so many of my miserable countrymen. These unfortunate men were, it is true, about that time, released from their strange bondage, but no one, I believe, can say what has since become of them. A king's Cutter had just arrived, and was to return without coming to anchor. We obtained leave to go on board, and set out immediately with Mr. Sparrow and some other gentlemen.

LETTER XXXI.

Embarkation—Danger—Journey to London—Lord Spencer—Once more imprisoned—Mr. Sparrow—Governor Picton.

WE hired a little boat, and embarked in her; but the weather was stormy and the sea ran very high, with an in-blowing wind; and it was so cold, though in the month of April, that the spray of the sea froze upon us as it fell. We were close packed in this little boat. I could not move, for my legs were thrust among the baggage, and the children

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were lying shivering upon me, sick and vomiting. When we came along side of the Cutter, the boatmen ran their mast foul of her yard; and but for the dexterity of the tars, that were in one moment upon the yard cutting away the rigging that held us, we should have been undoubtedly upset. The Cutter then came to anchor to favor us; but as our rigging was cut, and our sail split, we had great difficulty to get on board in the rapid tide; and when we did, it was to run foul again. This latter accident was like to be worse than the former; for we hung by the top of our mast; so that had our boat taken a shear with the current, we must have been swept out of her, or sunk. But the activity of these good tars, once more saved us, and before we had time to say long prayers, they plucked us all on board. For myself, I might have escaped, being, as you remember, a first-rate swimmer: but I question if any man would desire to save his life, and see all that were dearest to his heart, perish in his view. Never, in my life, but in this moment, did I feel the full effect of terror. I once spent two days without meat or drink, or any port to steer for, in a wintry and a stormy sea, alone in an open skiff; but I would rather pass a hundred such, than endure the sudden pang that now shot across my heart. This, was, however, but a short grief: the officers were kind to us, and Mr. Sparrow gave up his bed and lay on the cabin floor. We did not weigh anchor until the next morning, and on the following one we made the English land. Whilst we were running along the coast, in very thick wea-

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ther, we were hailed by an armed brig, French built, and, in the sea phrase, *suspicious*. Our captain at first hove too; but as she came nearer, and looked more and more *suspicious*, this hearty *Caledonian laddy* damn'd his eyes if he would stop for her—ordered matches to be lighted—shoved out his little six pounders, and swore he had known a less vessel than his, beat a damn'd French******twice as big: so all was prepared for an engagement. The brig was ten times as powerful as we, and we had a fair prospect of being blown out of the water; and my wife, my children, and I, would have had a full share of the glory:—but it proved to be a French built privateer, now turned into an English cruiser.

Mr. Sparrow landed at Orford-West, and proceeded to London: he promised, as soon as he arrived at the foreign office, to mention that I was on the way with Mr. Thornton's passport, and that my intention was to present myself immediately on my arrival to Mr. Fox: and, with many hearty entreaties, engaged me to go and see him at his house, when I should arrive in London. We spent that day, and part of the next, at Harwich, and next morning travelled along as cheerfully as we could, auguring good from our being unmolested at Harwich, and enjoying the pleasures of the country and the season. We slept one night on the road, and on the third night arrived at Sabloniere's Hotel in Lei'ster-square.

Towards the close of the evening, I walked with my son through a variety of streets, and every one brought to my mind some remembrance of the lively

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scenes of my younger days, different from my present strange situation—I did not want matter for reflection.

We had, upon our arrival, given our names at the hotel, and I had written to Mr. Fox that I was arrived, and waited his commands. Still nobody seemed to mind us. But, as this living on *sufferance* was not my object, I went the next morning to the foreign office, and was told that Mr. Fox was not then to be seen, but that I might return, and an hour was given me. I returned accordingly, certain that if the matter depended upon him, I should have no difficulty, but was told that Mr. Fox was gone to the queen's levy.

I then went to Mr. Sparrow's, and begged of him to shew me the office of Lord Spencer in Whitehall. He conducted me there; and, after waiting some time, I was admitted. His lordship was standing with his back to the fire, and at his right hand stood the under-secretary.

He was then in mourning for his sister, the duchess of Devonshire. I had sometimes seen that charming woman in the height of her beauty, and remembering her lovely countenance, expected to have seen something of a resemblance in her brother.—But not in the least; I saw no beauty in him, but a very cross face. I had never been favored with so near a view of his lordship before, and if I never should again, I shall not grieve.

I had dressed myself in full black, and put buckles in my shoes, in order to do away the idea of a *sans-*

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culotte, and I made my bow the best I could in the English fashion, rather stiff, to shew that I was not a Frenchman. But I had not time to raise myself erect again, until the first shot went off: and he asked me, in a stern voice, if I knew what penalties I had incurred by coming over to England? Now, sir, I found I had to do with the first lord of the admiralty in good sooth, and that I must stand by for an overhauling. And though I am a pretty steady hand, yet I could not hinder this shot to carry away my topping-lifts and lee-braces—so I was all in the wind. I knew, that let the lamb bleat or not, the wolf will eat him all the same. So I began a fair discourse, still holding out my olive-branch.

I said, that if I was not afraid of any penalties, it was because I had committed no crimes. I rather flattered myself that the circumstances under which I came, entitled me to some partiality; and that quitting a position, where, had I only declared myself an enemy, I might have met with favor, in order to throw myself into the hands of an administration in which I had put confidence, was to have taken too good a ground to have any cause of fear. That I had not come rashly—that I knew that the late administration had taken my case into consideration, and had not yet given any decision—that therefore, there was but one of two things, either to anticipate a fair and honorable decision, or to remain an enemy, or at best a prisoner of war, and be deprived of any benefit from a just decision when it should arrive: and lastly, that I had the passport of the Eng-

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glish minister, to whose authority alone I could look in a foreign country: and that, not granted but upon full knowledge of my case, and of the exigency of the moment. That at all events, what I wanted was not a favor very difficult to grant, namely, to conduct my family to a place of safety and repose, until I should go and seek out for a new home and a new country. His lordship answered, that Mr. Thornton had no right to grant me a passport, but admitted, "that the confusion they were in, in Hamburg, might be some excuse for my coming over."—He said something sharply that he knew all my conduct, and all I had spoken and written, and that he could not dispense with the law. I must go back or go wherever I chose, but that he could not let me stay a moment longer there; and he did not care where I went.

I began now to be satisfied, that nothing was to be gained, and I only thought of getting through a disagreeable business as well as I could, and as speedily: and I observed, that as I found it was useless to say any more, it rested now with him.

You talked of going to America, said his lordship. I answered, that I had; particularly when I found so much difficulty in getting leave to go home, as to persuade me that I should have neither pleasure nor security in remaining there. And as there were few countries in Europe, not now at war with England, and such as were not, uninhabitable for me, I had no other choice. I might have sometimes flattered myself, that time and circumstances had altered the state

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of things in Ireland, but from what fell from his lordship, I feared it was not so. You shall go then, said he, to America; and I made no objection, other than to insist a little upon the hardship of being forced from my family so suddenly, unprepared.

The under-secretary then reminded him, that I should not be allowed to go without a messenger; and he said he could not let me have the liberty of going about, unless I had some one that would answer for me. I replied, that I had been now so long abroad, that I did not know who to call upon on the instant; that London had never been my residence since the time of my studies, which was many years ago; that I supposed it might be necessary to find a person at once a friend to me, and known to his lordship; that I doubted not, in a short time, were I at liberty, to be able to offer the very best sureties; but that if I was a prisoner of state, terror might hinder my friends from coming near me. I however mentioned, that his lordship's colleague in the ministry, and in council, the earl of Moira, knew me; that Mr. Geo. Ponsonby (now Lord Ponsonby) knew me, and that Mr. Grattan knew me.

Lord Moira, says his lordship, is out of town; Lord Ponsonby is chancellor in Ireland. Will Mr. Grattan answer for you?—The suggestions of the imagination, are very prompt; and the manner in which Lord Spencer asked this question, inclined me to believe, that he already knew what Mr. Grattan would do, but wished to hear what I would say.

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I said, without the least hesitation, that I could not answer for Mr. Grattan, nor for any man, after such a lapse of time; and surrounded as I was by the terrors of an angry government; that there was no obligation certainly on Mr. Grattan, to answer for me, and his opinions might be changed even without any fault of mine; for the absent are always in the wrong: but that if I was at liberty, I should ask him.

Lord Spencer then said, he must commit me. I begged of him, that whatever sentiments he might entertain towards me, he would consider the feelings of a wife, whose virtues and whose sufferings deserved respect; and that whatever was to take place, might pass in a way least shocking to her. And feeling how soon another pang was to be added to those she had already suffered—how much her heart was set upon the hope of having me once more at home with her; and the cruel disappointment she was to suffer—I spoke these last words with emotion. In this his lordship however did not very graciously partake, but said in a peevish tone, that "*that was all very fine,*" and then went behind his table to write my committal. I remember another of his answers was, that "*he was not going to argue law with me.*"

The under-secretary now observed to me, that I was irritating his lordship, and conducted me out towards the messenger's room. My fellow-traveller, Sparrow, was much dejected at seeing the course this affair had taken. I sent in a request, that I might be rather committed to his care, than to any other of

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the messengers, as my wife, from her acquaintance with him, would be less alarmed. This was perhaps before intended, and I returned with him a prisoner to his house. He sent two of his daughters, in a very delicate manner, to invite Mrs. Sampson to pay her bill at the hotel, and to come and join me. She readily understood the hint, and we were now once more prison-companions, which had not happened for eight or nine years before. However, it might be said, that in that time, our fortune was mended; for instead of that execrable bridewell, where we were in the year 1798, we were now in a genteel, well-furnished apartment; and Mrs. Sparrow, like a good hostess, with a fine family of children, vying with each other which should do us the most kindness. If the French proverb, "*Il n'y a point de belles prisons, ni de laides amours,*" was not too strictly true, this might be called a pretty prison.

Mr. Sparrow, in doing the honors of it, mentioned, that his last guest had been Governor Picton, who was then out on bail, and has continued to get free of all charges by means which I have not learned.

Strange coincidence of circumstances—there is a moral in every thing. Here was a man who was convicted by an English jury, of the wanton torture of a young female, in a manner too shocking to be repeated; enjoying his liberty, and his ease, and laughing at justice. A man who, if we can believe Col. Fullerton, was charged with *nine and twenty deliberate murders:* who had disgraced the English name, by first introducing the crime of torture into a Span-

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ish colony, where torture never had been known. He was protected, if not indemnified, whilst I, whose crime was to have rebelled against torture, was shut up, doomed to perpetual exile, torn from my family, betrayed, surrounded with terror, and overwhelmed with obloquy ! ! !

It was signified to me, that I must set off for Falmouth the following morning. I must bid perhaps an eternal adieu to those by whom my heart was chiefly linked, to a miserable world. I wanted time—I wanted preparation of every kind. I entreated just so much time as might serve to have an interview with one or two *unsuspected* friends. I asked merely to wait until my wife's brother, who was hastening over, might arrive, and receive her from my hands. As he was also our agent, I had strong reasons of interest for desiring to see him, and I asked for nothing more; and then was ready to depart for ever. All this was refused: and so great was the hurry to send me out of London, that after spending five days on the road, I had near a fortnight to remain at Falmouth before the regular sailing of the packet. I wrote about this time to Mr. Fox, as follows:

To

The Right Honorable Charles James Fox, &c. &c.

Downing-street, April 21, 1806.

Sir,

As THIS is the last application with which I shall trouble government, I hope it will be receiv-

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ed with indulgence. I scarcely can state the hardship I have suffered, without appearing to recriminate. At no time have I ever been tried, examined, or questioned, or to my knowledge ever specifically accused. I did, it is true, enter into an agreement, to expatriate myself: but I solemnly assert, that my motive was not any personal apprehension, but the desire of restoring peace and saving bloodshed in my country. That agreement has been interpreted and executed too much in the spirit of the times when it was made. When in fulfilment of it I went to Portugal, I was again put in prison, and against my will transported violently into France. The minister then resident in Portugal knows this fact. It is not necessary to say, I have committed no faults. If I had, they have been secretly atoned for. But I have no other crimes to answer for, than those of a heart too warm, and feeling for the misfortunes of others. And with respect to treason, no man's actions ever gave a stronger denial to that charge. Yet, when conciliation is held out to all, I am excluded. My case is said to have been investigated; though it is impossible to know it but from myself: and my forbearance to give it publicity, for which I should have credit, turns to my disadvantage. I had hoped, that all justification of myself might have been rendered unnecessary by the indulgence with which I should have been received, so that I might have deposited my wrongs upon the altar of conciliation.

One felony I have committed, and one only. I have left an enemy's country, and with the passport

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of a British minister. Conscious of my own honor, and relying upon an administration on which the public relied for the reparation of many evils, I have thrown myself upon its justice. Of this crime I now stand charged. For this I am to commence a new exile, and to finish my days, far from my native country, from those to whom I am united, and to whom I have given existence, without the time to make one necessary preparation for such a separation.

You, sir, whose mind is as the source of candor and true wisdom, will feel what is best in such a case. Length or repetition is useless with you: I fear to have been already too prolix.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
With the highest respect,
Your faithful humble servant,
WILLIAM SAMPSON.

My wife, in the agony of her distress, wrote to him also, and to several others. She never had an answer, save from Mr. Fox, so great was the terror that hung round us: but that noble, generous man, sinking under the weight of heavy infirmities, and oppressed with affairs to which man's strength was not equal, found time to reply to the voice of an afflicted woman. He strongly interfered in my behalf. My cause was said, by the news-papers, to have occupied the deliberations of the privy-council. I have been told, from great authority, that he who

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stands next to royal majesty, did interpose. But the *peep-of-day-boys* had seized upon the conscience of the King, and banished mercy.

I had sent a letter to Mr. Grattan, which was put into his hands in the house of commons. He never answered it: but I was willing to excuse this neglect. The terror of a *peep-of-day-boy-government*, for it was evidently one part *Fox*, and three parts *peep-of-day-boy*, might have imposed upon him the necessity of apparent incivility and unkindness.—But I shall say more of him, if time permits, before this narrative is closed, and shall then explain the meaning of a *peep-of-day-government:* a subject however that would deserve more time than I can give it.

By the interference of various friends, my departure was delayed until the latter end of April, and I was permitted to see such friends as chose to come to see me, Mr. Sparrow having orders to take down their names, and their abode. Every one made me generous offers of pecuniary service, and of any other I might require. I had some time before lost an amiable and beloved sister: her excellent husband, then inconsolable for her loss, came from Portsmouth to visit me. But the heavy affliction that hung over him, only served to add weight to my own cares. I was able, nevertheless, to keep that cheerfulness of temper, which is the reward of a conscience void of reproach, until the moment of bidding adieu, and that moment never will be lost to my remembrance.

Mr. Sparrow, and his family, withdrew from delicacy, and left us to ourselves. We involuntarily

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grouped together in a circle.—My wife and I stood opposite each other: our two children, tears in their little eyes, filled the interval, and held a hand of each looking at one and the other in sorrowful anxiety. We bound each other by the tenderest engagements to cheerful resignation, and made it the mutual condition of our future love. But I saw in the eyes of this best of women, that she had little hopes of seeing me again. And indeed, so infirm was my health, there was but little. Those who know the state in which I arrived at New-York, and the cruel sickness I have since endured, will readily believe me.

I was sent down in a post-chaise with Mr. Sparrow: and in consideration of my health, was allowed to repose every night. My expense was defrayed by the government, and I had certainly nothing to complain of in respect to the treatment I received. I dined and spent one evening in a genteel private family, of the acquaintance of my *guide*, and arrived on the fifth day at Falmouth.

The only thing that I can recollect worth notice on the road, was a drove of miserable looking people, whom we met walking bare-footed along, and limping with soreness and fatigue. There were men, women, and children—both men and women had children on their backs, and were leading others by the hand. I thought that perhaps they were minors, as we were then, if I recollect, in Cornwall, but they proved to be of that race which the unfeeling call the *lazy Irish*, who were travelling in

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search of labour and drudgery, in hopes, at the end of their hard campaign, to be able to carry home wherewithal to pay their *tythes, their taxes, and their rent.*

We met some sailors, also, who had been with a whaler to London. It was a ship that had been three years on a South-Sea voyage. The hands were all impressed in sight of their native land, where they had hoped, perhaps, to pour their hard-earned wages into the lap of a joyful wife—might they not, like me, have children, whose innocent smiles were their delight? Had they not human feelings? And though their hands were hard with labor, their hearts might be more tender than those they were to serve. Where is human justice to be found? These unhappy men were not even *suspected*, and yet their punishment was worse than that of malefactors.

I lived, as I said, near a fortnight in Falmouth, waiting for the packet. Lord Spencer, the easier to get rid of me, had sent me at the government expense; and I had received a letter, informing me, from him, that my conveyance to America was to be defrayed—I therefore had made no provision. But finding that neither the Packet-agent, nor the Collector, Mr. Pelew, to whom I was consigned, had any orders, I thought it necessary to write on that head. And as I had come into England with views of peace, so I was determined to leave it. I made up my mind to see every thing in the fairest light, and to avoid every sentiment of resentment that could at best serve to ruffle my own mind, and injure my

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health and happiness. I persuaded myself that Lord Spencer had not meant unkindly; and at all events I owed him the same gratitude that the crane owed to the fox, who had his head in his mouth, and did not bite it off: I therefore mentioned to him, that although I could not conceive why the government should have thought it necessary to proceed so harshly, yet that I was sensible of the handsome manner in which I had been so far conveyed, and hoped *it would continue to the end of my voyage.* I shall presently state to you with candor, how far it did, and how far it did not.

I was so far indulged during my stay in Falmouth, as to be allowed to walk with my Conductor through the fields, along the rocks, or wherever fancy led. And besides that, the inhabitants of this little town had a certain character of benevolence; that it is remarkable for the simple rustic beauty of its women, there was a circumstance which gave it still more interest in my imagination: for nearly twenty years ago, when full of the ardor of youth, I was proceeding on my first voyage to America, by invitation of my uncle, Colonel Sampson, to inherit a pretty rich estate which he possessed in that county of North-Carolina which still bears his name, and was put, by adverse winds, into this very port. During several weeks that I was detained, my delight had been to explore the wild beauties of the country. It was in one of my excursions through the same grounds that

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my imagination, comparing the present with the past, seemed to have caught its former tone of youth, and I meditated a few Stanzas, which I committed, with my pencil, to writing, as opportunity served. I say *the tone of youth*, because such trifling belongs only, of right, to that season of life. And whatever little talent I might once have had for versifying, I have, since my maturer years, considered the twisting of words as a frivolous pastime. But every thing was now ligitimate that could amuse or dissipate.

HOPE AND THE EXILE.

A VISION.

IN the far verge of Britain's isle,
Captive, on a rocky steep,
I laid me down, and mus'd the while
Gazing o'er the silent deep.

Behind me lay that Iron land,
Where tyrants hold their gloomy sway;
Oppos'd was Gallia's glittering strand,
Where despots smile, and slaves look gay.

Westward, stretch'd the wat'ry waste,
That washes the Columbian shore,
And there, an emerald enchas'd,
That isle I'm doom'd to see no more.

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Farewell ye scenes of smiling youth,
Where memory delights to rove:
Farewell ye friends, allied by truth,
By worth, by honor, to my love.

With wings of air, the ardent steed,
Darts from the goal—is lost to sight;
More rapid is the arrow's speed,
That can arrest the lapwing's flight.

Swifter is sound to wound the ear;
Yet where the angry bullet flies,
Long e'er the slow report draws near,
Fate's work is sped—the victim dies.

But courser, arrow from the bow,
The unseen ball, nor beam of light,
Shot from the star of day can go,
So quick as magic FANCY'S flight.

The winds their hollow caverns rend,
The swelling waters burst their bounds;
And fire for freedom will contend,
Against the weight of earthly mounds.

Yet all these elements combin'd,
To rack the globe, have no such force,
As the *free quality* of MIND,
From *corporal* bondage to divorce.

And I in momentary trance,
With fancy's raptur'd eye could see,
More in the compass of one glance,
Than in whole years when I was free.

For all at once, before mine eye,
A fancy form there did appear,
But whether issuing from the sky,
The earth, or sea, it was not clear.

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With graceful step I saw her move,
I felt her charms my heart beguile;
Soft as the breathing lute of love
Her voice—like the young morn her smile.

'Twas not that smile of venom'd dart,
Whose power above all soft controul,
Still wounds most deep the tenderest heart,
And kindles trouble in the soul.

She was not love and beauty's queen,
But sister like, so fair, so bright;
Less fire might in her eyes be seen,
But nothing less of beamy light.

Those Seraph eyes she fix'd on mine,
As she would read them thro' and thro',
Yet was their aspect so benign,
That I could dwell upon their view.

Is hopeless love she said thy care,
That here all silent and alone,
Thou seem'st to woo the vagrant air,
And to th' unpitying waters moan?

Or by the ruthless hand of fate,
Some friend or kindred hast thou lost,
Or been by destiny of late,
In fortune, or in honor, cross'd?

Those days, bright nymph! are past and gone:
When I with love's hot flame did burn;
Long I have love's soft empire known,
But *happy* love, and *kind* return.

And friends and kindred tho' I've lost,
Whom my sad heart must ever mourn;
Yet not for them, nor fortunes cross'd,
Here am I silent and forlorn.

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Some foul ingratitude has then,
The current of thy spirits mov'd ;
For nothing grives the souls of men
Like base return from those they lov'd.

Or else some lingering disease,
Within thy frame deep-rooted lies ;
A vulture on the heart that preys,
Dire source of never ending sighs.

Ingratitude at times, to own,
Must be the fate of all that live ;
Yet friends of thrice tri'd faith I've known—
The false I pity and forgive.

And though the hand of mortal pain,
Bows me beneath its wasting grief ;
Ne'er yet in lamentations vain,
Nor idle plaints, I sought relief.

Then for some dark and hidden crime,
Of which thy soul doth now relent :
Thou hast been stricken in thy prime,
And doom'd to sorrow and repent !

Oh thou, than spring-time flowers more fair ;
More beauteous than the rosy morn ;
Whose breath embalms the circling air,
Why wast that breath in words of scorn ?

And were I stain'd with crimes so fell,
As silent thought could not endure ;
What power, deep art, or magic spell,
Hadst thou the sting of guilt to cure ?

Mine is that power, that magic spell,
To cheat the wretched of his pain,
The guilty from the verge of hell,
To raise to heaven, and light, again.

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Then hie thee to these men of blood,
Whose crimes my innocence attest;
Go bid them seek their country's good,
And in that virtue yet be blest.

Say, in the verge of Britain's isle,
A captive on a rocky steep,
Did lay him down, and muse the while,
Gazing o'er the sullen deep.

Who would not change one lonely hour
Of melancholy rapture there,
For all their ill-got wealth and power;
Their abject thoughts, their guilty care.

And now I know thee nymph full sure,
For as when watery vapors rise,
Which heavn's pure azure did obscure,
And dimm'd the beauties of the skies.

So memory which long had lain,
Envelop'd in oblivion's cloud,
Withdraws her misty veil again,
HOPE'S new-born image to unshroud.

It is even now the twentieth year,
Since watching for a favoring gale,
This cliff I sought—thou didst appear,
And cheat me with a flattering tale.

Oh! 'twas a vision—fair and bright,
A dream my youthful sense that stole,
Thro' fields of glory, paths of light,
And joys that thrill'd upon the soul.

Oh! 'twas a vision—wildly sweet,
My brows with bays and myrtle crown'd;
Gay flowerets springing at my feet,
And Loves and Graces, dancing round.

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Oh! 'twas a sweet bewildering dream,
To see chaste Phœbe's silvery light;
Dance to the murmurs of the stream,
That winds round *Hemus'** shadowey height.

But it was false, as thou art fair,
And thou art false, as it was vain;
Go, mimic form—light thing of air,
Nor tempt me with thy smiles again.

True on this sea-worn point of land,
I often rest, and often here,
To the poor sailor wave my wand,
And bid him sing of *gallant cheer*,

And when the swelling canvas flows,
And floats upon the wanton wind;
Bid him, to foreign climes that goes,
To trust in those he left behind.

And, thankless man, hast thou forgot,
How often in thy loneliest hours;
Fair flow'ry wreaths for thee I've wrought,
And wrap'd thee in elysian bowers?

When the rude wave, and wint'ry blast
Of mortal dangers made their sport,
Have I not sat upon the mast,
To waft thee to a friendly port?

When deep, sequester'd and forlorn,
And buried in the dungeon's gloom—
Have I not taught thy soul to scorn
Th' assassin's steel—the tyrant's doom?

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* *A Mountain of Thrace, sacred to Appollo and the Muses.*

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And when with sickness, worn and wan,
Death's ugly terrors thou could'st brave,
'Twas I, when earthly joys were gone,
That shew'd thee life beyond the grave.

Spirit of comfort! now I see,
Thou still art kind; and from this hour,
I swear for evermore to be
The willing vassal of thy power!

Say then but this—shall yon green isle,
Which dearer is than life to me,
Be ever bless'd with Fortune's smile—
Be ever happy—ever free?

Those words I spake with downcast eyes,
Fearing to hear what she might say,
I rais'd them up, and to the skies—
The fairy phantom wing'd her way.

—

Thus may you see how pliable and versatile is the human mind. How many sources of consolation the Creator has bestowed, were men but wise enough to seek them. And I can assure you, with truth, that often, during my long exile, retiring within myself, in the gloom of solitude, or in the silence of the night, I have passed some of the most delicious moments of my existence: so strong a shield against misfortune is an unsullied conscience. As at this time there was nothing in the personal treatment I received that had anv tendency to sour me: so I encouraged every agreeable idea that presented itself. I had several instruments of music, and I had a port-folio, with some implements for drawing; and in Falmouth

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I made a portrait of my guardian in Crayon, with his greyhound (the badge of his office) which at the same time served as an occupation for me, and a compliment in return for his civilities. He had it framed on his return, and hung up in his parlour.

It has been said by the first of poets—"*Seldom has the steel'd gaoler been the friend of man.*" But here was one, however strict in the execution of his office, who had a tender heart. He once, with tears in his eyes, begged of me to accept from him a *hundred pounds*, which he laid down before me; and in order to refuse, without wounding him, I was obliged to assure him that I was nearly as rich as himself; and reminded him, that in the mean time that the government was good enough to treat us both, and applied the words of the poet:

. . . . . "He that doth the ravens feed,
Doth cater for the *sparrow* and the *dove*."

My wife continued to lodge with Mrs. Sparrow until her leaving London, long after I had sailed; so much reason had she to be contented with her entertainment

On the 12th of May, I was conducted on board the Windsor Castle packet, and set sail with a fair wind for the City of New-York.

The society of a fellow-passenger, Captain Davy, of the 29th regiment, and the politeness of Captain Sutton, of which I cannot say too much, rendered

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the former part of the voyage agreeable, but during the latter part the weather was bad, and my health began again to decline. During the few days we stayed at Halifax, I was forbidden to go on shore, which mortified my curiosity more than my pride; and I suppose was intended as a mortification: for the most narrow suspicion or contemptible jealousy could scarcely imagine any mischief I could do, were I ever so inclined.

On the 4th of July, a day ever memorable in the annals of America, I arrived in the waters of the Hudson, but I did not reach the City until most of its inhabitants had retired to rest. And now that my travels are at an end; that I am at length arrived in a land of peace and liberty, let us for a while repose.

I shall shortly take up my pen again, to give such answer as I can to that serious question, "*the true causes of the wretchedness and troubles in Ireland;*" but not without the disquieting apprehension, that those troubles and that wretchedness may be revived, even whilst my pen runs on. The view I shall take of this mournful subject shall be rapid, for the time I have to bestow upon it is short. I shall attempt nothing but the outlines and principal results. If they should awake your soul to sympathy, and stimulate your curiosity to further enquiry, they will have answered a good end. If they can reclaim you or any good man from delusion, on a subject at this juncture infinitely important, and eminently connected with the welfare of the human race, I shall not have written in vain. If I should once prevail so far, I shall

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then earnestly recommend to your perusal, the work of Mr. Plowden, which, however undigested, and perhaps faulty in point of induction, is yet, considering the short time in which it was compiled, and the many disadvantages of writing such a history, a monument of everlasting honor to the abilities and integrity of its author.

LETTER XXXII.

Causes of the Troubles in Ireland—A brief Review of Irish History.

IN what manner to treat this subject—how to wade through oceans of iniquity and bloodshed—how to relate the long, uninterrupted calamities of the most oppressed of nations—if there be any way of passing over this, without sinking the mind into the gloom of tragedy, let us seek it—for my heart has already bled enough. Let us rather travel lightly over the vantage grounds of this history, than descend into the dismal vale of death!

Perhaps, if the feelings of generous indignation could be so far subdued, the most beneficial moral that could be extracted from the Anglo-Irish tyranny, would be its absurdity. There are men of ambition so depraved, who would rejoice to be called

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wicked, if with that they could appear what the corruptions of the world, and the servility of historians have denominated GREAT. But these same men would never have courage to consummate their crimes, were they taught that these crimes would render them contemptible, and still more, ridiculous. Let us then, I pray you, take that view which may be most useful, and will be least dispiriting. Give me your hand—let us call this an historical ramble—let us avoid all tedious method and detail; and if there be few flowers, let us cull the fruit.

Irish Antiquity—An Historical Ramble.

I OFTEN wonder why men set so much value upon *ancestry*. For as all moralists agree, that fraud and violence prevail in this life, over gentleness and virtue; so, to say that we had great ancestors, is too often the same as to say, that we descend from great knaves. However, if it be a boast, the Irish, like other nations, have their origin in the clouds. I respect the researches of antiquarians, because they open interesting prospects of human things, enlarge our narrow views, and are auxiliaries to philosophy and truth. But as to any view of civil polity, or any right one nation has to usurp upon another, because it is more ancient, they are absurd. Indeed the antiquity claimed by the Indians, and other nations of the East, are good arguments to silence all who can make no pretentions beyond the creation. Therefore,

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our business is to skip at once over the creation and the deluge, and begin where profit begins.

One historian has made of Ireland, the *Ogyges*, the *Ultima Thulé*, the *Island of Calypso*, and more, which I have forgotten: I have only my frail memory to consult.

Of the origin of the Milesian Race, and the Irish Language.

Before I enter upon this important office, of tracing the descent of the Irish monarchs, I will, as the historian's titles may reflect upon his works, profer my own more modest claims of ancestry.

It is some years since one of my uncles delivered to the dowager Lady Moira, a pedigree authenticated by the Herald's office, wherein our line was traced through *Joseph of Aramathea*. How much higher it went I do not remember; but as that ancestor may stand well with Jew or Gentile, I am not too proud to abide by him, if you think it dignity sufficient to qualify me to be the herald of the Irish kings.

For the same good reason that we skipped over the creation, and jumped across the deluge, we will, with your leave, pass by the Parthalonians, Nemedes, Belgians, Dannonians, Galenians, and Davans, all Asiatic Scythians, as they say, who arrived at different times; when, I will not declare; nor indeed if I would, could I.

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Blessed be the time when the Bards got leave to sing their histories, and accompany them with their harps—the music helped the story: for, as Figaro says, "what is not good enough to be said, will do very well to sing." If I could play this over with my fiddle, how easy would it be.

But we that undertake to be historians now-a-days, must write in straight prose line, and keep our balance like rope-dancers; for, if we make a false step, there are more to laugh at than to pity us. We must therefore steer between Scylla and Charibdis. We must avoid on the one hand that gross and indolent ignorance, which, too dull and too lazy to examine and compare, finds it shorter to deny and contradict. On the other hand, we must avoid that more amiable folly of enlightened credulity, which sins through the too passionate love of discovery and research.

The following account of the Milesian race, is pretty fully substantiated:—Near one thousand years before Christ, three sons of Milesius, Heber, Eremon, and Ith, came with a colony from Gallicia, in Spain, into Ireland. And from thence were descended the great monarchs of Ireland. These Milesians were of Scythian origin, their ancestors having migrated to Phœnicia; the Phœnicians having, as every body knows, founded Carthage, and these Carthaginians having gone to the maritime coast of Spain, came from thence into Ireland.

Colonel Valancy has proved this Carthaginian origin in a variety of ways. Two of them principally I can call to mind. First, the arms and armour dug up

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in Ireland, of which the form and composition are evidently Carthaginian; and, secondly, the language, which he has shewn to be the same; and produced some lines of Carthaginian and Irish, where there is not the variation of a syllable; and this opinion is sanctioned by Sir Laurence Parsons.

Colonel Valancy also shews, that the speech of *Hanno*, the Carthaginian, in the play of *Plautus*, entitled *Penulus*, is Irish. I have this day laid my hand by chance upon the second volume of *Plautus Taubmanni*; and in the *first scene* of the *fifth act* of that play, I find it asserted,* that *Casaubonus** affirmed to *Suetonius*, that the idiom of the *Carthaginians* was derived from the *Syriac*. And in another note upon the words *Ythalonim Walonith* (gods and goddesses) they are said to be the same as Ethelijonim Vaholjonoth. *Superos Superasque (Deos Deasque.)* And *Joseph. Scaliger*, in his epistle to *Stephan. Ubertus*, says, "that † this Punic dialect of Plautus, is little different from pure Hebrew. And it is asserted on the same authorities, that ‡ the language of the bible is falsely denominated Hebrew, being Syriac, and the opinion of *Wilhel. Postellus*, agrees with that of *Scaliger*.

Sir William Jones has discovered, that the *Shanscrite*, is the same as the *Persee*, or ancient Persian;

* Notis. * Pœnorum autem idioma syriaco tractum docet Casaubonus ad suet.

† Plautinæ Pœnoli dialectus parum abest a puritate Hebraismi.

‡ Lingua quam Hebraicam vocamus & qua utuntur sacra sacra biblia falsò eo nomine nobis appellatur cum sit Phœnicia.

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supposes all those oriental dialects to be of one language. The Scots, *Scoti, Scuyti*—Σκυθοι, or Scythians, are a colony of these Milesians. That they are of the same origin there is no doubt, for the Scotch highlanders can at this day converse with the Irish without any difficulty, and the dispute is not yet settled to which of them the poem of *Ossian* is due. This native Irish, which is the Gaèdhlic or Scotic, is the purest dialect of the ancient Celtic. The Welsh is also a dialect of it. What its influence was upon the sentiments of the heart, is proved from this, that Edward the First was obliged to destroy the Welsh Bards, by throwing them down their rocks in the sea, before he could subdue their country.

The barbarity of the English, the Danes and Normans, in destroying all the monuments of Scotch, Irish, or Welsh antiquity, has robbed the philosopher, if not the divine, of many a precious light.—At all events, this wonderful affinity between Irish, Scythian, Scotch, Carthaginian, Welsh, Hebrew, Syriac, Persian, Shanscrite, and other ancient dialects, is a strong and interesting proof of holy writ: as it goes to prove, that at one time there was a universal language. But the use I shall make of it is, to shew the ignorant and provoking insults which the English have heaped upon the Irish; not only in the times of their own barbarity, but since letters had made progress among them. When Queen Elizabeth founded Trinity College, she would have had an Irish professor, but Lord Burleigh dissuaded her, saying, it was a barbarous language, and repeated illiberally

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some phrase which he pretended was Irish, but which evidently was nonsense, and perhaps aukward enough in his mouth. You may remember it in Hume's history of England. The English of it, according to this historian is, that "the white ox eat the black egg!"

Now, upon the same illiberal scheme, if any Queen, for instance Queen Dido, who spoke good Phœnician, wished to have an English professor, and one of her favorites was to pronounce to her even in the courtliest manner, "Length, breadth, wedth, strength, thickness, thankfulness, and so forth, would it not shock the delicate ears of the queen, and damn the professor? Yet it would not be so unfair as to say that "the white ox eat the black egg!"

When we consider that the Irish vernacular tongue was to be traced with little corruption to the highest antiquity, and identified with holy writ, there is something contemptibly stupid in this manner of treating it, and more so, when we consider that the language of the English, although long spoken by one of the first and the most learned nations of Europe, to the polish of which Parnell, Brook, the Sheridans, Burke, Goldsmith, Sterne, Swift, O'Leary, and a multitude of other Irishmen, have contributed so much, cannot yet be reduced to any rules of grammar, or spoken or written with any ordinary perspicuity: Look into an act of parliament where precision is necessary, or into a legal conveyance, and read the *wheresoevers* and *whensoevers* that abound—the *he's*, the *she's*, and the *they's*; the *any manner of*

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person or persons, thing or things, and such paraphrases and amplifications, which never could be necessary in a language possessing either concord or inflexion: and the crude origin and construction of which, taste, learning, or genius, has not been able to reform. Indeed, some of the very acts of parliament, enacting penalties against those that *spake* Irish, or dwelt amongst the *Irishry*, are such a queer compound of Danish, Norman hog-latin, and I dont know what, as to be the most biting satires upon the *Englishry*, and those that spake English. For we must acknowledge, that whatever our *ancestors, the Irish*, were, in the time of *Strongbow*, our *ancestors, the English*, were clumsy enough.—You recollect it was about that time that the *luxurious* Thomas A. Becket was impeached for strewing his floors with green rushes, and other such effeminacies; and it is an authentic fact, that as late as that, our ancestors, the English, sold their children, and their pregnant wives, to our ancestors, the Irish, for slaves. The market was held, where now stands the great city of Liverpool. Some traces of wife-selling still exist in England.

Ancient Civilisation of the Irish.

The proofs of ancient civilisation in Ireland are many, and that it was resorted to as a sanctuary of letters and learning, when other nations, now the most advanced, were semi-barbarous. Its remote

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situation might have favored it in this respect, by protecting it from the inroads of pirates and invaders. At the council of Constance, the English ambassadors were only admitted in right of Ireland, as a nation of higher and more ancient rank: for England had been conquered, they said, by the Romans, and was part of the empire. King Alfred, according to Venerable Bede, was educated in Ireland: and the Anglo-Saxon, King Oswald, applied to Ireland for learned men to teach his people Christianity. Henrick, of St. Germain, in the reign of Charles the bald, says of the Irish, "Almost the whole nation, despising the dangers of the sea, resort to our coasts with a numerous train of philosophers." And in a tapestry at Versailles, representing Charlemagne, amongst the kings in friendship with him, there was a king of Ireland with his harp. There is a harp in Trinity College, Dublin, said to be as old as Brian Boirume, who fell at the battle of Clontarf, anno. 1014. This harp, and their ancient music, are very curious and indisputable proofs: as no instrument known to the ancient nations had the same number of strings; nor was the *counterpoint* or harmony known to them; nor is there any vestige of it until of very late date, in Italy or Germany, the modern schools of music.

Gerald Barry, called *Geraldus Cambrensis*, employed by Henry II. to vilify the Irish, could not resist the charms of their music, and endeavors to describe the effect of a treble and base in a way that proves it was new to him, and speaks in admiration

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of the manner in which the subject in their music was sometimes transferred to the lower strings; and then, after many delightful modulations, arose out of its sweet confusion, and became distinct above. I have not the book, otherwise I could cite the passage. King James also is said to have boasted his Irish origin—and King James had the pride of ancestry.

The great epoch of Irish civilisation appears to be the reign of Ollam Fodlha, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian æra. It was he who instituted the great council or Fes of Teamor or Tarah, consisting of Druids and other learned men, representatives of the nation. He is said to have been a great prince and law-giver; and in the magnificent accounts of that assembly, are the first traces of Irish history.

But the fairest proof is, the easy reception the gospel met with in the fifth century, when St. Patrick, a Σκότος, or *Scot*, sent by Pope Celestin to preach Christianity. So much did that mild religion coincide with the sentiments of the Irish, that what never happened in any other country, it was inforced by persuasion alone, and without the shedding of one drop of blood. And five years after St. Patrick opened his mission, so hospitably was he received, that he was summoned to the grand council at Tarah—as we should say in modern phrase, made a member of parliament, and put upon a committee of nine, to reform the civil history, and make it useful to posterity.

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There are abundant other proofs, but they are too long. I am sorry, however, to say, that whatever their ancient civilisation might be, there are too good proofs of their degeneracy at the time of which we are now about to treat. For it appears that the people were in a servile state, and that they had one principal king, four or five inferior ones, and in all sixty, who had sovereign authority. When we think of their long torment under one king, sixty seems an intolerable number!

Character of the Irish, from English Historians.

It is a hard law upon every Irishman who would treat of his own country affairs, that *in order to gain belief*, he must say only what an Englishman has said before him. That is, he must speak with the tongue of the enemy. A simple author, speaking of one of the rebellions, uses this pathetic observation: "Every Englishman who fell, died with twenty tongues in his mouth. But when the Irishman fell, he never spake more."

This way of writing, like Lazarus begging the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, is not to my mind; yet I shall adopt it rather than expose myself to be set down for an enthusiast. Cambden, in his Britannia, p. 680, says of the Irish,* that "they

* "Bellicosi sunt, ingeniosi, corporum lineamentis conspicui, mirifica carnis mollitie, et propter musculorum teneritudinem agilitate incredibili." *And (p. 789)* "In universum

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are courageous, ingenious, remarkable for the beauty of their persons, of wonderfully fine complexion; and owing to the flexibility of their muscles, of great agility." And in p. 789: "These people are all endowed with vigour of body, strong and lofty minds, and acute genius. They are warlike, dauntless, patient of fatigue, cold and hunger, amorous, benevolently hospitable, constant in love, implacable in hatred, unsuspecting, passionate for glory, and ardent in all their pursuits."

Finglass, chief-baron of the exchequer, in the time of Henry VIII, says, "That the English statutes, passed in Ireland, are not observed eight days after passing them; whereas those laws and statutes made by the Irish on their hills, they keep firm and stable without breaking them for any favor or reward."

Sir John Davies, who, as Mr. Plowden observes, had still better opportunity of knowing the Irish, being the first justice that ventured on circuits out o the English pale, says, "That there is no nation under the sun that love *equal* and *indifferent* justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, when upon a just cause they do desire it, although it be against themselves."—Now, this from an English enemy, for so he was

gens hæc corpore valida et imprimis agilis, animo forti et elato, ingenio acri, bellicosa, vitæ prodiga, laboris frigoris et inediæ patiens, veneri indulgens, hospitibus perbenigna, amore constans, inimicitiis implacabilis, credulitate levis, gloriæ avida, contumeliæ et injuriæ impatiens, et ut inquit ille olim, in omnes actus vehementissima."

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at the end of a bloody war of fifteen years, is pretty strong testimony. Yet, this same author, who had been attorney-general in Ireland, in James's reign, says, that the multitude were "brayed as it were in a mortar." And it was he who went so far as to recommend "*the maistering the Irish by the sword, and breaking them by warre, in order to make them capable of obedience and good seede.*" Now, what could be the use of *braying the multitude in a mortar, maistering them by the sword, or breaking them by warre,* if they were so contented with *equal* and *indifferent justice,* even when it was against themselves? Would they not have been as *capable of good seede,* if they had not been brayed in the mortar, but favored with *indifferent justice against themselves?* But then they would have been *content!* And it shall be my business to shew you, that that never was the wish of the English, or of the Anglo-Irish. And since we are upon the subject of this attorney-general, it may be as well to quote him now to this purpose, though we shall have occasion presently to refer to him again for another. In his *discovery of the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, part* 1*st.* he says, "During the time of my *service in Ireland* (which began in the first year of his majesty's raigne) I have visited all the provinces of that kingdome, in sundry journies and circuits: wherein I have observed the good *temperature* of the *ayre;* the *fruitfulness* of the *soyle;* the pleasant and commodious *seats* for *habitation;* the safe and large *ports* and *havens,* lying open for *trafficke* into all west parts of the world; the long

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inlets of many navigable rivers; and so many great lakes and fresh ponds within the lands, as the like are not to be seene in any part of Europe; the rich *fishings*, and wilde fowle of all kinds; and, lastly, the *bodies* and *minds* of the people, endued with extraordinary abilities of nature."

Now, in this fruitfulness of the soil, these fishing and hunting grounds, and "*these commodious seats for habitations*," lay the whole mystery, why "the multitude were brayed in the mortar," maistered by the sword, and broken by warre, and deprived of every benefit of *justice*, save *her sword*: for of that attribute, justice has not been niggardly towards them. Now, my friend, keep these "*commodious seats for habitations*," in your eye, and you will have the master-key of the history, and understand the whole.

I shall just subjoin the testimony of the learned Sir Edward Cooke, 4 Inst. 349.

"For," says he, "I have been informed, by many of them that have had judicial places there, and partly of mine own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world that are greater lovers of justice than they are, which virtue must of necessity be accompanied with many others."

So much for the country and character of the Irish. Such a country, and such a people, ought to constitute an earthly Paradise. Yet has it been, for six or seven centuries, the pre-eminent abode of misery.—Before we enter upon the unfortunate epoch of English invasion, and all the curses entailed by our English ancestors upon our Irish ancestors, let us make

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ourselves a little acquainted with our English ancestors—it will not be tedious—there is little in any author concerning them before Cæsar, who, in his history, *de Bello Gallico*, describes them thus:—After excepting the men of Kent, whom he states to be more civilised, he continues—* Those of the interior sow no corn, but live on milk and flesh, and cover themselves with skins, and dye themselves with woad, which gives them a sky-blue colour—(*"ceruleum colorem"*) and makes them more horrible in battle.—They wear their hair about their ears, and shave all but the head and the upper lip. Ten or twelve of them take their wives in common, and generally brothers go with brothers, and children with their parents; and those who have had most to do with the virgins, are reputed the fathers of the children!!!

Now what do you say to our sky-blue ancestors? Were they *painted for war*, or not?

And may not this be the reason that their descendants, notwithstanding their mixture with Danes, Saxons and Normans, have never got rid of this *blue*

* Interios plerique frumenta non serunt, sed lacte & carne vivunt: pellibusque sunt vestiti. Omnes vero se Britanni vitro inficiunt, quod cæruleum efficit colorem; atque hoc horribiliore sunt in pugna adspectu: capilloque sunt promisso; atque omni parte corporis rasa, præter caput & labrum superius. Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes; & maxime fratres cum fratribus, & parentes cum liberis: sed si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi, a quibus plurimum virgines quæque ductæ sunt.

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tinge, and are still said to be the nation of the *Blue Devils?*

Horace represents them as a nation of aliens or foreigners in the universe, and calls them—"*Penitus toto disjunctos orbe Britannos.*" If this was not true, in fact, when Horace wrote it, it was a true prophesy; for though they have pretended that the Irish patriots would be received in no country, it is they themselves who are now in that predicament. There is scarcely a nation with whom they are not in hostility; not even their Antipodes, the Chinese. But it is time, having brought both parties into court, to *give them a day*, and make a short adjournment of the cause.

LETTER XXXIII.

Historical Ramble continued—Firt Visit of our English Ancestors to our Irish Ancestors—Beginning of the DISPUTE.

THE first visit or visitation of our English ancestors to our Irish ancestors, came about in this manner:—O'Rourke, king of Breffiny, went upon a pilgrimage—better he had staid at home; for Dermod M'Murrogh, king of Leinster (Oh these kings!) carried off his wife in his absence; and this was about the year 1166, as near as I can learn.—

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Roderick O'Connor was *master-king* of all Ireland, and the poor pilgrim applied to Roderick for his protection. The adulterer went with his story to King Henry the Second: and the Plantagenet king who was then in Aquatine, in France (God knows what his own wife was about then) took the part of the adulterer against the pilgrim, and applied to the pope. And the pope (Adrian) who was an Englishman, took the part of the English king and the adulterer, against the Irish king and the pilgrim, and so the *dispute* began. The English pope Adrian gave a *Bull* to the English king Henry, worse than any *Irish Bull*, and granted him "all Ireland," *be the same more or less*, in consideration of *natural love and affection*, the pilgrim and the pilgrim's wife to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding. And he ordered the Irish to receive this English king honorably, and reverence him as their lord. With this monstrous bull, and five hundred men besides, he came and formed with little opposition, a settlement, which they called the English pale, having first cantoned out the whole island to ten men, and so began that *dispute*.

"Never ending—still beginning—
"Fighting still—and still destroying,"

Which has since deluged this unfortunate country in blood, with little intermission, for near seven hundred years.

How the Irish reverenced the English king, and what cause they had, appears from a remonstrance to Pope John XXII. in the reign of Edward II. as follows:

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Extracts from the Irish Remonstrance, to Pope John XXII.

" It is extremely painful to us, that the viperous detractions of slanderous Englishmen, and their iniquitous suggestions against the defenders of our rights, should exasperate your holiness against the Irish nation. But alas, you know us only by the misrepresentation of our enemies, and you are exposed to the danger of adopting the infamous falsehoods, which they propagate, without hearing any thing of the detestable cruelties they have committed against our ancestors, and continue to commit even to this day against ourselves. Heaven forbid, that your holiness should be thus misguided; and it is to protect our unfortunate people from such a calamity, that we have resolved here to give you a faithful account of the present state of our kingdom, if indeed a kingdom we can call the melancholy remains of a nation, that so long groans under the tyranny of the kings of England, and of their barons; some of whom, though born among us, continue to practise the same rapine and cruelties against us, which their ancestors did against ours heretofore. We shall speak nothing but the truth, and we hope, that your holiness will not delay to inflict condign punishment on the authors and abettors of such inhuman calamities.

" Know then, that our forefathers came from Spain, and our chief apostle St. Patrick, sent by your predecessor, Pope Celestin, in the year of our Lord, 435, did, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, most effectually teach us the truth of the Holy Roman Ca-

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tholic faith, that was preached to them, have, in number, sixty-one, without any mixture of foreign blood, reigned in Ireland to the year 1170. And those kings were not Englishmen, nor of any other nation but our own, who with pious liberality bestowed ample endowments in lands, and many immunities on the Irish church, though in modern times our churches are most barbarously plundered by the English, by whom they are almost despoiled. And though those our kings, so long and so strenuously defended, against the tyrants and kings of different regions the inheritance given by God, preserving their innate liberty at all times inviolate; yet, Adrian IV. your predecessor, an Englishman, more even by affection and prejudice, than by birth, blinded by that affection and the false suggestions of Henry II. king of England, under whom, and perhaps by whom, St. Thomas of Canterbury was murdered, gave the dominion of this our kingdom by a certain form of words to that same Henry II. whom he ought rather to have stript of his own on account of the above crime.

" Thus, omitting all legal and judicial order, and alas! his national prejudices and predilictions blindfolding the discernment of the pontiff, without our being guilty of any crime, without any rational cause whatsoever, he gave us up to be mangled to pieces by the teeth of the most cruel and voracious of all monsters. And if sometimes nearly flayed alive, we escape from the deadly bite of these treacherous and greedy wolves, it is but to descend into the miserable abysses of slavery, and to drag on the dolef[illegible]e-

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mains of a life more terrible than death itself. Ever since those English appeared first upon our coasts in virtue of the above surreptitious donation, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretext of piety and external hypocritical shew of religion; endeavoring in the mean time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right, than that of the strongest, they have so far succeeded by base and fraudulent cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and paternal inheritances, and to take refuge, like wild beasts, in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country; nor can even the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us into these frightful abodes, endeavoring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogating to themselves the property of every place, on which we can stamp the figure of our feet; and through an excess of the most profound ignorance, impudence, arrogance, or blind insanity scarce conceivable, they dare to assert, that not a single part of Ireland is ours, but by right entirely their own.

"Hence the implacable animosities and exterminating carnage, which are perpetually carried on between us; hence our continual hostilities, our detestable treacheries, our bloody reprisals, our numberless massacres, in which since their invasion to this day, more than 50,000 men have perished on both sides: not to speak of those who died by famine, despair, the rigors of captivity, nightly marauding,

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and a thousand other disorders, which it is impossible to remedy, on account of the anarchy in which we live; an anarchy, which alas! is tremendous not only to the state, but also to the church of Ireland; the ministers of which are daily exposed, not only to the loss of the frail and transitory things of this world, but also to the loss of those solid and substantial blessings, which are eternal and immutable.

"Let those few particulars concerning our origin, and the deplorable state to which we have been reduced by the above donation of Adrian IV. suffice for the present.

"We have now to inform your holiness, that Henry, king of England, and the four kings his successors, have violated the conditions of the pontifical bull, by which they were impowered to invade this kingdom; for the said Henry promised, as appears by the said bull, to extend the patrimony of the Irish church, and to pay to the apostolical See, annually one penny for each house; now in this promise, both he and his successors above-mentioned, and their iniquitous ministers, observed not at all with regard to Ireland. On the contrary, they have entirely and intentionally eluded them, and endeavored to force the reverse.

"As to the church lands, so far from extending them, they have confined them, retrenched them, and invaded them on all sides, insomuch that some cathedral churches have been by open force, notoriously plundered of half their possessions: nor have the persons of our clergy been more respected; for in

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every part of the country, we find bishops and prelates cited, arrested, and imprisoned without distinction, and they are oppressed with such servile fear by those frequent and unparalleled injuries, that they have not even the courage to represent to your holiness the sufferings they are so wantonly condemned to undergo. But since they are so cowardly and so basely silent in their own cause, they deserve not that we should say a syllable in their favor. The English promised also to introduce a better code of laws, and enforce better morals among the Irish people; but instead of this, they have so corrupted our morals, that the holy and dove-live simplicity of our nation is, on account of the flagitious example of those reprobates, changed into the malicious cunning of the serpent.

" We had a written code of laws, according to which our nation was governed hitherto; they have deprived us of those laws, and of every law except one, which it is impossible to wrest from us; and for the purpose of exterminating us, they have established other iniquitous laws, by which injustice and inhumanity are combined for our destruction. Some of which we here insert for your inspection, as being so many fundamental rules of English jurisprudence established in this kingdom.

" Every man, not an Irishman, can, on any charge, however frivolous, prosecute an Irishman; but no Irishman, whether lay or ecclesiastic (the prelates alone excepted) can prosecute for any offence whatsoever, because he is an Irishman. If any English-

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man should, as they often do, treacherously and perfidiously murder an Irishman, be he ever so noble or so innocent, whether lay or ecclesiastic, secular or regular, even though he should be a prelate, no satisfaction can be obtained from an English court of justice; on the contrary, the more worthy the murdered man was, and the more respected by his own countrymen, the more the murderer is rewarded and honored; not only by the English rabble, but even by the English clergy and bishops; and especially by those, whose duty it is chiefly, on account of their station in life, to correct such abominable malefactors. Every Irish woman, whether noble or ignoble, who marries an Englishman, is after her husband's death deprived of the third of her husband's lands and possessions, on account of her being an Irish woman. In like manner, whenever the English can violently oppress to death an Irishman, they will by no means permit him to make a will or any disposal whatsoever of his affairs: on the contrary, they seize violently on all his property, deprive the church of its rights, and by force reduce to a servile condition that blood, which has been from all antiquity free.

"The same tribunal of the English, by advice of the king of England, and some English bishops, among whom the ignorant and ill-conducted archbishop of Armagh was president, has made in the city of St. Kenniers (Kilkenny) the following absurd and informal statute: that no religious community in the English pale, shall receive an Irishman as novice, un-

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der pain of being treated as contumacious contemners of the king of England's laws. And as well before as after this law was enacted, it was scrupulously observed by the English Dominicans, Franciscans, Monks, Canons, and all other religious orders of the English nation, who shewed a partiality in the choice of their religious subjects; the more odious, inasmuch as those monasteries were founded by Irishmen, from which Irishmen are so basely excluded by Englishmen in modern times. Besides, where they ought to have established virtue, they have done exactly the contrary; they have exterminated our native virtues, and established the most abominable vices in their stead.

"For the English, who inhabit our island, and call themselves a middle nation (between English and Irish) are so different in their morals from the English of England, and of all other nations, that they can with the greatest propriety, be stiled a nation not of middling, but of extreme perfidiousness; for it is of old, that they follow the abominable and nefarious custom, which is acquiring more inveteracy every day from habit, namely, when they invite a nobleman of our nation to dine with them, they, either in the midst of the entertainment, or in the unguarded hour of sleep, spill the blood of our unsuspecting countrymen, terminate their detestable feast with murder, and sell the heads of their guests to the enemy. Just as Peter Brumichehame, who is since called the treacherous baron, did with Mauritius de S—— his fellow-sponsor, and the said Mauritius's brother, Cal-

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nacus, men much esteemed for their talents and their honor among us; he invited them to an entertainment on a feast-day of the Holy Trinity; on that day, the instant they stood up from the table, he cruelly massacred them, with twenty-four of their followers, and sold their heads at a dear price to their enemies; and when he was arraigned before the king of England, the present king's father, no justice could be obtained against such a nefarious and treacherous offender. In like manner Lord Thomas Clare, the Duke of Gloucester's brother, invited to his house the most illustrious Brien Roe O'Brien of Thomond his sponsor. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

"All hope of peace between us is therefore completely destroyed; for such is their pride, such their excessive lust of dominion, and such our ardent ambition to shake off this insupportable yoke, and recover the inheritance, which they have so unjustly usurped; that, as there never was, so there never will be, any sincere coalition between them and us: nor is it possible there should in this life, for we entertain a certain natural enmity against each other, flowing from mutual malignity descending by inheritance from father to son, and spreading from generation to generation.

"Let no person wonder then, if we endeavor to preserve our lives, and defend our liberties, as well as we can, against those cruel tyrants, usurpers of our just properties, and murderers of our persons; so far from thinking it unlawful, we hold it to be a meritorious act, nor can we be accused of perjury or rebel-

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lion, since neither our fathers or we, did at any time bind ourselves by any oath of allegiance to their fathers or to them, and therefore without the least remorse of conscience, while breath remains, we will attack them in defence of our just rights, and never lay down our arms until we force them to desist. Besides, we are fully satisfied to prove in a judicial manner, before twelve or more bishops, the facts which we have stated, and the grievances which we have complained of. Not like the English, who in time of prosperity, contemn all legal ordinances, and if they enjoyed prosperity at present, would not recur to Rome, as they do now, but would crush, with their overbearing and tyrannical haughtiness, all the surrounding nations, despising every law, human and divine.

" Therefore, on account of all those injuries, and a thousand others, which human wit cannot easily comprehend, and on account of the kings of England, and their wicked ministers, who, instead of governing us, as they are bound to do, with justice and moderation, have wickedly endeavored to exterminate us off the face of the earth, and to shake off entirely their detestable yoke, and recover our native liberties, which we lost by their means, we are forced to carry on an exterminating war ; chusing in defence of our lives and liberties, rather to rise like men, and expose our persons bravely to all the dangers of war, than any longer to bear like women their atrocious and detestable injuries ; and in order to obtain our interest the more speedily and consistently, we

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invite the gallant Edward Bruce, to whom, being descended from our most noble ancestors, we transfer, as we justly may, our own right of royal dominion, unanimously declaring him our king by common consent, who in our opinion, and in the opinion of most men, is as just, prudent, and pious, as he is powerful and courageous: who will do justice to all classes of people, and restore to the church those properties, of which it has been so damnably and inhumanly despoiled, &c."

Now, would one not think that this was a picture of our own unhappy times? The same insults, injuries and oppressions? The same spirit of just resentment? At least, at this time, it was not Popery, for the Irish were remonstrating against a Papal abuse. There were no reform speeches of Mr. Pitt—no Rebel Washington—no levelling Tom Paine—no Mirabeau—no French principles—no Duke of Richmond for universal suffrage—no parliamentary opposition—no Catholic convention—no Defenders—no United Irishmen—no Tone—no O'Connor—no Emmet—no M'Nevin. But there were *peep-of-day-boys*, torturers, plunderers, corrupters, invaders, traitors!!! And like cause, like effect. *There was fruitful soil, fish and wild fowle, and commodious seats for habitations!*

I now pass over a mass of atrocious records, and in order to gain some belief for crimes almost incredible, I will call once more to my aid the English attorney-general. Those who will not believe me, an Irish-

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man, will perhaps respect an English attorney-general.

"Hence it is," says Sir John Davies, than whose there cannot be better authority upon this point, "that in all the parliament rolls which are extant from the 40th year of Edward III. when the statutes of Kilkenny were enacted, to the reign of King Henry VIII. we find the degenerate and disobedient *English* called *Rebels*; but the *Irish*, which were not in the *king's peace*, are called *Enemies*. *Statute of Kilkenny*, c. 1, 10, and 11.—11 Hen. IV. c. 24.—10 Hen. VI. c. 1, 18.—18 Hen. VI. c. 4.—5 Edw. IV. c. 6.—10 Hen. VIII. c. 17.—All these statutes speak of *English Rebels*, and *Irish enemies*; as if the Irish had never been in the condition of subjects, but always out of the protection of the laws, and were indeed in a worse case than aliens of any foreign realm, that was in amity with the crown of England. For by divers other penal laws, the English were forbidden to marry, to foster, to make gossippes with the Irish; or to have any trade or commerce in their markets and fairs. Nay, there was a law made no longer since than the 28th Hen. VIII. that the English should not marry with any person of Irish blood, though he had got a charter of denization, unless he had done both homage and fealty to the king in the chancery, and were also bounden by recognisance in sureties to continue a loyal subject. Whereby it is manifest, that *such as had the government of Ireland under the crown of England, did intend to make a perpetual separation of enmity between the English and the Irish.*"

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One thing appears from all the old laws and tyrannies—that the Irish knew how to live, and the English were glad to learn from them—that their women were pretty and endearing, and the English were glad to marry them—and they were happier with the Irish manners than their own. No laws, however atrocious, could ever hinder them from loving these engaging Irishwomen, nor adopting the jovial manners of the men. They paid dear for it—they were confiscated in their turn—and nicknamed degenerate.—And now, when there was little more to take from the Irish, they fell upon the English-Irish, and distinguished between English by birth, and English by blood, and so opened a new road to commodious habitations. Two other nicknames were added—"Irish-English, and English-Irish!" But this was a little more complex, and required more law: for the crimes of the mere Irish were easy of proof, and hard of defence, viz. that they were born in their own country, and spoke their own language. And even the Pope's *bull* was *ex abundantiâ*. This right of the English to massacre the Irish, was not half so good as that of the Mohawks, if there be any Mohawks at this day, would be, to scalp the New-Yorkers, because the New-Yorkers could not speak Mohawk—provided always, that the Mohawks had a bull from the Pope, and tomahawks enough. For the Mohawks might say over and above, that we in New-York were foreigners—degenerate Rebel-English—that we spoke English—they might divide us into English by birth, and English by blood—and that

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some of us were mere English and rebel English—and that we fostered and gossipped with the English, and were more English than the English themselves. *Ipsis anglicis angliciores!!!*

But hear the attorney-general, "The Irish nation petitioned to be naturalised." This was the Catholic question in abstract! The then King, Edward III. ☞ not King George III. observe, "*satisfied his conscience by referring to his Irish counsellors.*" And the Irish counsellors, ☞ not the Beresfords and the Clares, satisfied the king's conscience by assuring him, "that the Irish might not be naturalised without damage or prejudice to *themselves*, or to the crown."—What a happy conscience is a king's conscience! So the commodious habitations, and "the wild fowl," were still *good game.* A simple man like you or I, would not perhaps understand why a man might not be naturalised in his own country, "*without prejudice to himself.*" But these *counsellors* were the "*lives and fortune's men*" of that day, and knew their own reasons. "The truth is," says Sir John, "these great English lords did, to the uttermost of their power, cross and withstand the enfranchisement of the Irish, for the causes before expressed."

Again, he says, "as long as they were out of the protection of the law, so as every Englishman might oppress, spoile and kill them, without controulment, how was it possible they should be otherwise than outlaws and enemies to the king of England? When they might not converse or commerce with any civill men, nor enter into any towne or city without perill of

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their lives, whither should they flie but into the woods and mountaines, and there live in a wilde and barbarous manner?" Here was the origin of "*wilde Irishmen*," that fine topic of jest to the ignorant and the witling! "In a word," adds our author, "If the English would neither in peace govern them by the law, nor in warre roote them out by the sword, must they not needs be pricks in their eyes, and thorns in their sides to the worlde's end?" And in another place he says, "the Irish were generally reputed aliens to the crown of England, so that it was no felony to kill a mere Irishman in time of peace."

By the 4th chapter of the statutes made at Trim, 25 Hen. VI. (A. D. 1447) it was enacted, "that if any were found with their upper lips unshaven by the space of a fortnight, it might be lawful for any man to take them *and their goods* as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies."

By the 28th Henry VI. c. 3 (A. D. 1450.) It was also made lawful, "for every liegeman of the King to dispose of them without judge or jury." You may recollect how the English disposed of that poor King himself, without judge or jury—and rewards were put upon their heads at the suggestion of the resentment of any private individual.

By a statute of the 50th Edward IV. c. 2 (A. D. 1465) it was enacted, "that it should be lawful to all *manner of men* that found any thieves robbing, by day or by night, or going to rob or steal, in or out, going or coming, having *no faithful man of good name*

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and fame in their company in *English apparel*, upon any of the liege people of the king, to take and kill those and cut off their heads, without any impeachment of our sovereign lord and king, &c." Now, that this was expressly saying that *any Englishman might kill any Irishman*, whether *going or coming*, *in or out*, is evident, because the clause of exemption is too absurd to have any meaning; for no man would go to rob with a man of good name and fame in English apparel, in his company. And this necessary escort of a man in English apparel resembles the customs of the wandering Tartars, and the plundering hordes of Arabia, whom the traveller is obliged to hire to protect him from other robbers of the same tribe. But hear the rest—It was made lawful to cut off their heads *(a humane process)* "and of any head so cut in the county of Meath, that the cutter of the said head, and his ayders there to him, cause the said head so cut, to be brought to the Portreeve of the town of Trim, and the Portreeve put it on a stake or spear, upon the castle of Trim, and that the said Portreeve should give him his writing, under the seal of the said town, testifying the bringing of the said head to him. And that it should be lawful for the bringer of the said head, and his ayders to the same, to destraine and levy *with their own hands*." (Summary again.) "Of every man having one ploughland in the baronry where the thief was to be taken, two pence; half a ploughland, one penny; and every man having a house and goods to the value of *forty shillings*, one penny; and of every

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other cottier having house and smoke, one half penny." Here was good encouragement to murder and robbery! And yet God has said—"Thou shalt not steal," and "thou shalt do no murder." What indignation must these Irish have felt, whose laws, milder even than the benignant institutions of the country where I write, punished no crime with death. Oh barbarous Englishmen—I blush for my bloody ancestors!

By the 40th Edward III. (A. D. 1366) alliance by marriage, nurture of infants, and gossipred with the Irish, are, enacted into high treason. And if any man of English race should use an Irish name, Irish language, or Irish apparel, or any other guise or fashion of the Irish, if he had lands or tenements, the same should be seized, until he had given security to the chancery, to conform himself in all points to the English manner of living! Well does this author observe—"That the plagues of Egypt, though they were grievous, were of short continuance: but the plague of Ireland lasted four hundred years together!" And speaking of another oppression, the *Coygue and livery*, now exercised under the name of *free quarters*; "it produced, he said, two notorious effects; first, it made the land waste; for, when the husbandman had labored all the year, the soldier in one night did consume the fruits of all his labor. And hereupon, of necessity, came *depopulation, banishment*, and *extirpation* of the *better sort* of subjects. Lastly, this oppression did, of necessitie, make the Irish a crafty people: for such as are oppressed, and

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live in slavery, are ever put to their shifts. And though this oppression was first invented in hell, yet if it had been used and practised there, as it has been in Ireland, it would long ago have destroyed the kingdome of Belzebub." And Doctor Leland describes the *free quarters* of that day, just what we have seen them in ours. "Every inconsiderable party, who, *under the pretence of loyalty*, received the King's commission to repel the adversary in some particular district, became pestilent enemies to the inhabitants. Their properties, their lives, the chastity of their families, were all exposed to barbarians, who sought only to glut their brutal passions; and by their horrible excesses, purchased the curse of God and man!"

Such was the persecution of the Irish during four hundred years prior to the *reformation* of the *religion* of the English. And yet there are bigots who will impute the indignant feelings of the Irish to their hatred to Protestants, although they were brayed four hundred years in the mortar, before there was a Protestant. Whether the two hundred years that are to come, gave them more reason to rejoice, we shall now consider.

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LETTER XXXIV.

Of the Reformation.

IN order to understand the new hardships which the Irish were now to endure, it is good to take a short view of the state of religion in England. We shall hear no more now of mere Irish and degenerate English. For, from this time, their persecutions assume a new form, and are carried on in the name of God! Inexplicable paradox! How the mildest religion on the earth should be, as it has always been, called in aid to sanction the most atrocious crimes; and how men have dared, in profanely invoking it, to make laws so repugnant to it that they never could be obeyed until the laws of God were broken. I cannot better describe the state of religion amongst the English, than by a short history of the Apostle of the reformation.

The Life and Death of Henry VIII.

HE was born in 1491, and began to reign in 1509. He raised his favorites, the instruments of his crimes,

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from the depth of obscurity to the pinnacle of grandeur, and after setting them up as tyrants, put them to death like slaves. He was pre-eminent in religion: first quarrelling with Luther, whose doctrines he thought too republican, he became defender of the Catholic faith; and then quarrelling with the Pope, who stood in the way of his murders, he was twice excommunicated. He made creeds and articles, and made it treason not to swear to them; he made others quite opposed to them, and made it treason not to swear to them; and he burned his opponents with slow fire. He burned an hysterical girl, the maid of Kent, for her opinions. He disputed with a foolish school-master on the Real Presence, and burned him to convince him. He beheaded Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas Moore, for not swearing that his own children were bastards. He robbed the churches, and gave the revenue of a convent to an old woman for a pudding He burned a lovely young woman (Anne Ascue) for jabbering of the *real presence*.

He was in love as in religion, delicate and tender. He first married his sister-in-law, and because her children died, divorced her; married her maid of honor; and made parliament and clergy declare he had done well. He beheaded the maid of honor for letting her handkerchief fall at a tilting, and two or three gentlemen with her, to keep her company; threw her body into an old arrow case and buried it therein, and the very next day married a third wife, and his parliament and his clergy made it treason not to say it was well.

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He next proposed to Francis I. to bring two princesses of Guise, and a number of other pretty French ladies, that he might chuse a fourth wife among them. The French king was too gallant to bring ladies to market like geldings, so he fell in love with the picture of a Dutch lady, and married her without seeing her. When she came, he found she spoke Dutch, and did not dance well. He swore she was no maid, called her a Flanders mare, and turned her loose; and as he had destroyed Cardinal Woolsey, when he was tired of his former wife, so he beheaded Cromwell when he was surfeited with this one.

He married a fifth wife, with whom he was so delighted, that he had forms of thanksgiving, composed by his bishops, and read in the churches, and then condemned her, her grand-mother, uncles, aunts, cousins, about a dozen in all, to be put to death. Having done all this, and much more, he died of a rotten leg, in the 38th year of his reign, and the 56th of his life, a royal *peep-of-day-boy*, and a very memorable brute.

Of the Popes of London.

Now, when we consider what kind of person this Henry was, can we wonder that the Irish were not prepared to swear, that he was the elect man of God, the successor of St. Peter—that he kept the keys of Heaven—that he was Christ's vice-gerant upon earth. In short, that he was the supreme head of the church, which, in their idea, was the POPE; would it not at

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least have required time, persuasion, gentleness, good offices and great benefits, to have engaged the followers of the benevolent St. Patrick to quit his opinions for the extravagant absurdities of this beast?—Alas! instead of persuasion, it was new cruelties; and the persecutions that had exhausted inhumanity, seemed but to revive under the more frightful auspices of perverted religion! Yet, the interested and the intriguing, those who traffick with the king's conscience, and the people's misery, affect to impute all the disaffection of the Irish to religious bigotry.—That the same war was carried on against them after as before the reformation, is certain; the war-whoop was only changed. And the arrows that were prepared for them before, were only dipped anew in this fresh poison. The reformation might be an amelioration, or it might not, according to its effects. The tree is known by its fruit. For my own part, I care as little for Pope *Clement* as for Pope *Henry*—for Pope *Pious* as for Pope *George*, if persecution be all the benefit they bestow. But upon this new topic I must hold my pen short, for it is apt to run away with me. A few instances out of many may suffice, to shew that the reformation, however good in its principle, brought nothing to the Irish but new afflictions. This is the view of Irish history, which best answers to your question as to the true causes of the troubles in Ireland.

Henry was not too busy disputing with school-masters, broiling young ladies, and murdering his wives, to have time also for tormenting the Irish. He formed

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a parliament as corrupt and servile as that of England, which, like it, first declared his first marriage void, and the children of it bastards; immediately after, hearing of the murder of Anne of Bolein, repealed that law, declared the issue of Anne bastards, and settled the succession upon the issue of Lady Jane, with a power to the *new Pope* of disposing of the *Irish* by will.

But wicked and ruffian as Henry was, he was not blind: and after many violent attempts, he found it wise to soothe and flatter the Irish, inviting them to his court, and treating their chiefs with marked distinction: by which artifice (for the Irish are too easily won by kindness, though obstinate against oppression) he was followed up by a brigade of Irish to the siege of Bologne, who distinguished themselves by their extraordinary courage and activity.

Edward VI. was a virtuous, or what the historians call a weak prince; and if he signed any instruments of intolerance or cruelty, it was with tears in his eyes!

Queen Mary (the bloody) was a bigoted Papist, but Ireland fared all alike; and the "commodious" habitations produced new rebellions.

Pope Elizabeth repealed all the laws of her sister, confiscated the commodious habitations without mercy; sent commissioners to exercise *ecclesiastical* jurisdiction, and passed the oath of supremacy, of which this may be observed—that it was now not enough to assent to the doctrine, that the kings of

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England were the popes of Ireland: but for fear that should not be effectual in provoking revolt, they were forced, under pain of treason, forfeiture, and *præmuniere* to swear to it. This was not the pitch-cap-torture for the head, but the torture for the conscience and the heart. It was establishing God Almighty by law, after the fancy of the wickedest of his creatures. When, in old times, it was attempted to force the Norman laws upon the English, the Barons cried out with one voice—"We will have no change in the English law!" *Nolumus leges angliæ mutare.* This exclamation, so extolled, was in opposition to a humane law proposed by the Cannonists at the parliament of Merton, the object of which was, to rescue from innocent disgrace, children whose parents married after their birth. But the stubborn support of ancient institutions good or bad by Englishmen, is celebrated with unbounded commendation; whilst if Irishmen refuse to swear against their conscience and belief, there is no pain nor ignominy too extreme; so hard a measure is that dealt at all times to them

It was in the reign of this *Pope Elizabeth*, that the rebellion of the great Chieftain O'Neil raged, who was so treacherously murdered in a camp; and the title she set up to his estate is quite amusing. It appears in the preamble of the statute—XI. Eliz. ch. 1, in these words:

"And first, that at the beginning, and *before the comming of Irishmen* into the sayd land *(Ireland)* they were dwelling in a province of Spain, called Biscan,

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whereof Bayon was a member, and the chief citie; and that at the said Irishmen's comming into Ireland, one King Gurmonde, son to the noble King Belan, king of Great Britaine, which is called England, was lord of Bayon, as many of his successours were to the time of Henry the Second, first conquerour of this realm, and therefore the Irishmen should be the king of England his people, and Ireland his land. Another title is, that at the same time that Irishmen came of Biscay as exiled persons in sixtie ships, they met with the same King Gurmond upon the sea, at the Yles of Orcades, then coming from Denmark, with great victory, their captaines called Heberus and Hermon, went to this king, and him told the cause of their comming out of Biscay, and him prayed with great instance, that he would graunt unto them, that they might inhabit some land in the west. The king at last, by advice of his counsel, granted to them Ireland to inhabit, and assigned unto them guides for the sea, to bring them thither!" Then follow nearly twenty such reasons, equally pleasant, all which *satisfied the Queen's conscience*, that O'Neil's estate belonged of right to her!

Need any man want a title to another's land, if he be strong enough to take it? Is there but one King Gurmond? This was an old title to be sure; but *nullum tempus occurrit regi*. Kings have long hands; and *Pope Elizabeth's* hands were longer than her feet; for she could lay her hands upon many a *commodious seat*, where she never could set her foot.

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This title of King Gurmond was turning the joke upon the three sons of King Milesius, and the descendants of the Σκυθοι.

I suppose King Gurmond gave her leave to plunder the churches, for she did it roundly; still there was no forcing the mere Irish, nor the degenerate English to quit Saint Patrick for the Pope of London. The Roman Pope excommunicated the she Pope, and *Gurmonded* all her lands: but she cared for him as little as I do for her. She managed so well by her deputies in Ireland, that she made *a sufficient* number of rebellions, and exterminated so many, and *Gurmonded* so many estates of O'Neil, Mahons, Geraldines, and others, that she had now more *commodious habitations* than *inhabitants*, and began what was called the *planting*. She planted new men in the place of the old ones—living in the place of the dead, and sent over my Scotch, Welsh, and English ancestors to be planted. This was like the Dutch farce, of Adam going to be created. Some of us throve pretty well, and some of us grew old before we grew good. As the plantations were of London Papists, the Roman Papists were lopped root and branch, to let *us* grow.

However, these weedings and plantings cost this lady so much money and trouble; the more so, as they were connected with the disgrace and execution of her lover (Essex) that she is said to have died of it—and there let her rest.

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Pope James I.

NEXT comes *Pope James the punster*—the knight of the *marriage ring*, and the champion of the *surplice*. He had underhand favored the Irish rebellions, and courted the Catholic powers to make his way to the English throne. The Irish Catholics thought it a lucky moment. They were at first flattered and cajoled, and began to say their prayers in their own way; but Mountjoy the deputy shewed them better, and made war upon them, saying, that with the sword of King James, he would cut to pieces the charter of King John. And it was necessary, upon the Stewart-principle, to sacrifice the friend to the enemy. On the 4th of July, 1605, he issued a proclamation, that "whereas his majesty was informed, that his subjects of Ireland had been deceived by a false report; that his majesty was disposed to allow them liberty of conscience, and free choice of a religion, contrary to that which he had always professed himself; by which means it had happened that, many of his subjects of that kingdom had determined to remain firmly in that religion; wherefore he declared to all his subjects of Ireland, that he would not admit of any such liberty of conscience, as they were made to expect by that report." And thereupon his deputy (Chichester) managed so well in provoking rebellions, that the estates of the Earls Tyrone, Tyrconnel, and Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, and their followers, were confiscated, comprising almost six counties;

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and the *commodious seats* were parcelled out amongst my ancestors who flocked from England and Scotland: and a great number of Presbyterians were *planted*, who since became the most arch rebels of us all. Chichester was rewarded with all the estate of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, and the territory of Innishowen. The whole province of Ulster was now confiscated (511,456 Irish acres) and some London traders bought a great tract, and thereupon built the city of Londonderry, where was born that degenerate traitor, whose memoirs I write; and who, but for the building of that city, must either never have been born, or been born somewhere else.

In the grants to *us* foreigners, there was a whimsical clause, "that we should not suffer a laborer to dwell upon *our lands*, that would not take the oath of supremacy." Sir Walter Ralegh, in the preceding reign, had 40,000 acres granted him. But after thirteen years imprisonment, he was in this Pope's reign beheaded. Chichester was the first that organised Protestant ascendency-men—no Popery-men—lives and fortunes-men—and *peep-of-day-boys*, since called Orange-men. The Catholics sent deputies to lay their griefs before the king—the deputies sent deputies after their deputies, and had them imprisoned by his majesty; in whose speech to the lords of his council, in presence of the Irish agents at Whitehall, the 21st of September, 1613, are these curious passages of *royal eloquence* and *taste*.

"There came petitions to the deputy of a body without a head; a headless body; you would be

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afraid to meet such a body in the streets: a body without a head, to speak—nay, half a body—what a monster was this—a very bug-bear!—Methinks you that would have a visible body, head of the church over all the earth, and acknowledge a temporal head under Christ, ye may likewise acknowledge my viceroy or deputy of Ireland."

And in speaking of creating new peers and boroughs, "What is it to you, whether I make many or few boroughs? My council may consider the fitness if I require it; but if I made forty noblemen, and four hundred boroughs, the more the merrier—the fewer the better cheer."—What do you think of the eloquence of this king?

And again—"You that are of a contrary religion, must not look to be the law-makers—you are but half subjects, and should have but half privileges."—Whimsical arrangement—half privileges for natives, and whole privileges for strangers.

And again—"There is a double cause why I should be careful of the welfare of that people—first, as king of England, by reason of the long possession the crown of England hath had of that land; and also, as king of Scotland; for the ancient kings of Scotland are descended from the kings of Ireland, so I have an old title as king of Scotland." - - -

It was in this *Pope's* reign that the commissioners were sent to enquire into defective titles. Some old Gurmond claim was set up to every estate, and juries were summoned, who, if they refused to find for *King Gurmond*, were tried themselves, and con-

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demned in the star chamber. In short, Pope James was so active a planter, that every thing was done to clear the ground for his plantations.

Charles I.

In order if possible to understand the complicated miseries of this wretched monarch's reign, we must take a short view of the political and religious parties in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

In England was the King-Pope and his high-priest Laud, the stickler for postures, ceremonies, meats, copes, and vestments. Three sects of Puritans—political, disciplinal, and doctrinal—*Arminians*, a nick-name for all their opposers. The parliament and the army Puritans—the royal party, Hierarchists—and many other sects besides, agreeing only in the sour spirit of bigotry.

In Scotland, the covenanters exceeding all others in hatred to royalty and the hierarchy; and by that bond of hatred united with the Puritans—clamorous for civil and religious liberty for themselves, and intolerant to all others.

In Ireland was no spirit of innovation, but merely attachment to ancient constitution in church and state.

Whatever were the political griefs of any party, those of the Irish were indisputable: and this appears from the mere names of the chiefs of the celebrated rebellion of 1641. For, at the head of them was the

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noble and gallant Roger Moore; a name, but that he was an Irishman, fit to occupy a nich in the temple of fame; whose ancestors possessed the dynasty of Leix, and were by Queen Mary dispossessed—his friend, the son of the great Hugh O'Neil, whose father was dispossessed of Ulster—M'Guire, whose father was expelled from his territory of Fermanagh—M'Mahon, O'Reilly, and Byrne, whose family had been so treacherously persecuted by Sir William Parsons, afterwards impeached for his own crimes. And to these were attached all the innocent victims, who, sharing the fate of their chiefs, had been confiscated in mass.

To shew the difference between the moderation of the Irish Papists, and that of our Scotch and English ancestors, let the following extract from Hume's England suffice.

"On reading of the new liturgy in Edenburgh, no sooner had the Dean, arrayed in his surplice, opened the book, than a multitude of the meanest sort, most of them women, clapping their hands, cursing and crying out—a Pope, a Pope—Anti-Christ—stone him—raised such a tumult that it was impossible to proceed with the service. The bishop mounting the pulpit, in order to appease the populace, had a stool thrown at him; and it was with difficulty that the magistrates were able, partly by force, and partly by authority, to expel the rabble, and shut the doors against them. The tumult however still continued

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without. Stones were thrown at the doors and windows; and when the service was ended, the bishop going home, was attacked and narrowly escaped from the enraged multitude. In the afternoon, the *privy seal*, because he carried the bishop in his coach, was so pelted with stones, and hooted at with execrations, and pressed upon by the eager populace, that if his servants, with drawn swords, had not kept them off, the bishop's life had been exposed to the utmost danger."

The Covenanters besides solicited foreign aid from Cardinal Richlieu, the French minister, whilst the Irish remained loyal to their king.

Now, of two things, one—either the Scotch were wrong not to take the liturgy, as it was sent to them by their king; and still more wrong to seek *foreign* aid from a *French cardinal*, and a despotic power, however contrary to their conscience and belief: or the Irish were right, not tamely to surrender both their conscience and their estates, still continuing loyal to their king. Yet, strange instance of human bigotry and depravity, these same Scotch would allow neither quarter nor mercy to the Irish: and stranger still, Mr. Hume, that wise and philosophic historian, so little of a sectarian, that he is accused of Deism, has surpassed his own eloquence in stigmatising the Irish for their resistance; and has thereby deluded and misled many an innocent and unprejudised mind. He would have rendered a greater service to humanity, if at least, after exclaiming against the cruelties of the Irish, he had censured their ini-

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quitous plunderers, the authors of their misery and their despair.

With respect to this poor king, he paid dearly for his folly and ingratitude. There was but one party in the world true to him—the Irish Catholics; and in the true principle of his family, he sacrificed them to every one that hated him—to those in fact that repaid him by cutting off his head.

His enemies impeached his favorite Strafford with his crimes against the Irish, not from justice towards the Irish whom *they* persecuted still more, but from hatred to him. He defended Strafford, and was obliged to sign his death warrant. He then sent over Ormond, a traitor to himself, and whose rancor against the Catholics was so bitter, that rather than make peace with them, he disobeyed his master's orders, and brought his head to the block: for had not his avarice and bigotry inclined him to keep up the war, the Regicides would not have had the power of executing their purpose. Ormond was a zealous bigot, a cold-blooded murderer, and a mercenary traitor. He first obtained, in consideration of the cessation so pressingly ordered by the king, *thirty thousand pounds*, and an army of several thousand men to serve in Scotland, where they distinguished themselves pre-eminently: he then refused to lead the Catholics against the king's enemies in Ireland; and for a stipulated price of *five thousand pounds* in hand, and *two thousand pounds* for five years successively, and payment of his enormous debts, surrendered his sword, the Castle, and the king's

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authority, to the rebels; and forged a letter from the king to give colour to his perfidy. No man was more instrumental to the execution of Charles, or more perfidious, or more atrocious to the Irish. He promised quarter to the garrison of Timolin for their gallant defence, and butchered them after their surrender, in cold blood. He laid waste whole territories without compunction, and plundered without remorse. It is impossible to give any idea of the unceasing cruelties of this, more than of the other reigns. But I cannot help citing the reasons of Lord Castlehaven for joining the Catholic confederates, they are so like those which I have given for my own opinions. "I began to consider the condition of the kingdom, as that the state did chiefly consist of men of mean birth and quality, that most of them, steered by the influence and power of those that were against the king, that they had, by cruel *massacreing*, *hanging* and *torturing*, been the *slaughter* of thousands of *innocent men, women and children, better subjects than themselves!* That they, by all their *actions*, shewed that they looked at nothing but the *extirpation of the nation.* TO THESE I COULD BE NO TRAITOR."—So said Lord Castlehaven, and so we say all!

With respect to the loyalty of the Catholics to King Charles, as an Irishman, I should rather seek for an excuse for its absurdity, than proofs of its truth, unless they believed that he pitied them; and with *their characteristic generosity*, imputed his crimes against them to his necessities, to the *terror of his enemies*, or the *perfidy of his ministers!* There

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is no other excuse for their folly. "To love those that persecute you;" does not go so far as to say, that you shall abet the murderers either of others or yourselves.

His cruelties to them were more cutting, because they were more ungrateful, than those of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. They would have saved him from his enemies, and he sold them to those enemies. They offered him money for justice, to suspend the robberies, under the searches for defective titles, to grant them toleration, by suspending the torture of their consciences by false oaths and conformity acts. He took their money, and flagitiously broke his word to gratify his own murderers. But that he was not so hardened as to be entirely without compunction, appears from his own words in his book, entitled, Εικων Βασιλικη, with which I shall conclude this reign.

"And certainly it is thought, by many wise men, that the preposterous rigour and unreasonable severity, which some men carried before them in England, was not the least incentive that kindled and blew up those horrid flames, the sparks of discontent, which wanted not predisposed fuel for rebellion in Ireland: where despair being added to their former discontents, and the fear of utter extirpation to their wonted oppressions, it was easy to provoke to an open rebellion a people prone enough to break out to all exorbitant violence, both by some principles of their religion, and the natural desires of liberty; both to exempt themselves from their present restraints, and to prevent those after-rigours wherewith they saw them-

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selves apparently threatened by the covetous zeal and uncharitable fury of some men, who think it a great argument of the truth of their religion, to endure no other than their own.

"I would to God no man had been less affected with Ireland's sad estate than myself. I offered to go myself in person upon that expedition: but some men were either afraid I should have any one kingdom quieted, or loath they were to shoot at any mark less than myself; or that any should have the glory of my destruction but themselves. Had my many offers been accepted, I am confident neither the ruin would have been so great, nor the calamity so long, nor the remedy so desperate.

"But some kind of zeal counts all merciful moderation, lukewarmness, and had rather be cruel than counted cold; and is not seldom more greedy to kill the bear for his skin, than for any harm he hath done: the confiscation of men's estates being more beneficial, than the charity of saving their lives, or reforming their errors. And, I believe it will at last appear, that they, who first began to embroil my other kingdoms, are in great part guilty, if not of the first letting out, yet of the not timely stopping those horrid effusions of blood in Ireland."

Such was the *late* conviction of this unfortunate martyr to the cruel rapacity of his ministers.——An awful lesson!!!

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The Lord Protector.

NEVER was this title of *protector* more undeserved, at least in Ireland. His hatred to the Irish was three-fold. He hated them from bigotry, because they did not "*seek the Lord.*" He hated them, because they were loyal to that king whose head he cut off; and he hated them, because they had *commodious seats for habitations.* He invited the garrison of Drogheda to surrender, and promised quarter; and slaughtered man, woman, and child. He did the same at Wexford. He collected all the native Irish who remained, and transported them to Connaught, which had been laid waste and depopulated. According to Darlymple (Mem. vol. 1. page 267) "He transported 40,000 Irish from their own country, to fill all the armies of Europe with complaints of his cruelty, and admiration of their valour." "This," adds Darlymple, "was the first foundation of Irish corps in foreign armies."—To recite all his crimes, would be endless.

This brings us to the restoration of

Charles II.

THE reign of Cromwell was a reign of terror; and Cromwell was a Robespierre. But to whom or to what can we compare the mean ingratitude of Charles? Cicero was sacrificed to the atrocious vengeance of Mark Anthony, an eternal blot on the character of the *Divine Augustus.* But the Irish nation who had suffered the extreme of misery for this out-

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cast race, were sacrificed to the obsequious passion of this wretch for the murderers of his father. When an exile in Holland, he promised every thing to *his faithful Catholics*, and confirmed the peace made with them by Ormond.

When he came to Scotland, he took *the covenant*, and swore, that he would have no enemies but the enemies of the covenant; that he did detest Popery superstition and idolatry, *together with Prelacy*; resolving not to tolerate, much less to allow, those in any part of his dominions; and to endeavor the extirpation thereof, to the utmost of his power. And he expressly pronounced the peace lately made with the Irish, and *confirmed by himself*, to be null and void, adding, that he was fully convinced of the sinfulness and unlawfulness of it, and of his allowing them (the confederates) the liberty of the Papist religion, for which he did from his heart desire to be deeply humbled before the Lord; and for having sought unto such *unlawful help* for restoring him to his throne.

When this abject being was *restored* to the English throne, he broke his covenant; embraced *Prelacy*, and became, in every sense of the word, *King-Pope of London*. But though he *broke* his *Scotch* covenant, he did not *keep* his *Irish* covenant. It is enough to say, that he sought out the bitterest enemies of the Catholics, to govern them. Broughill, the turn-coat; Sir Charles Coote, the butcher, and the bigotted and rancorous traitor, Ormond—the Castlereagh, Carhampton, and Clare, of that day.—The first act was a proclamation, for apprehending and prosecuting

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all *Irish rebels*, and commanding that soldiers and *others* who were *possessed of any lands*, should not be *disturbed* in *their* possessions. Note, these *Irish rebels* were the faithful soldiers who fought *for his father* under this *same Ormond:* and the *adventurers* were the murderers of his father; and the *others*, were Ormond, Broughill, and Coote. How well these traitors profited by the miseries they created, appears by this, that Ormond gained *three hundred thousand pounds!* a royal fortune at that day, besides places, bribes and emoluments. Broughill was made earl of Orrery, and Coote earl of Montrath; the two latter, made lords justices, and Ormond lord lieutenant. Such was this witty and profligate Charles, upon whose *bed* his friend and *jester*, Rochester, inscribed, in his *life-time*, this ludicrous epitaph.

"Here *lies* our sovereign Lord the King,
"Whose word no man relies on;
"Who never said a foolish thing,
"Nor never did a wise one."

James II.

Once more a Romish Monarch—The Irish rejoice—exult—they hope for mitigation of their sore oppressions—they support their *lawful* kings, who certainly never *abdicated* the crown of *Ireland*. The support of him against a Dutchman, who had married his daughter, and was driving him from his throne,

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was judged to be rebellion, and for the generous support of this *Stewart* against the fanaticism of his enemies, the rebellion of his subjects, and his own unworthiness, they lost a million of acres of their fruitful soil; and my ancestors who got them, were called the *Williamites*.

A Dutch Pope.

Of the *heads of the church*, or *Popes of London*, none was less bigoted than this one. He even brought with him into England some of those principles of liberty, which afterwards encreased, and made that little island prosper as it has done; and the loss of which liberty, with other crimes, has brought it to its present state of danger.

I have no objection to the English celebrating the glorious memory of this deliverer—to deliver them from a perfidious and tyrannical race of kings, was really a *deliverance:* but I am an *Irishman*, endeavoring to write *Irish history*, with truth and brevity. I therefore give you his health, as I have heard it drank by *Irishmen.*

" Here's the glorious and immortal memory of King William, who delivered us from Popery (by persecution) slavery (by conquest) brass money (by empty purses) and wooden shoes (by bare feet.") He began his reign by kicking his father-in-law from the throne, and finished it by breaking his own neck.

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Pope Anne of London.

THE last of the Stewarts.—This weak woman, vacilated between whigs and tories, was forced into the persecution of the Irish as she had been into the act of attainder of her brother, and the proclaiming a reward of *fifty thousand pounds* for his arrestation. In her reign, also passed the laws of discovery, and those for the prevention of the growth of Popery, the most monstrous that had yet sullied the Irish code; and still more odious, if such crimes admitted of comparisons, by being a direct infringement of the treaty of Limerick between the Irish and King William.

By these laws the Roman Catholics were absolutely disarmed: they could not purchase land: if a son, though the youngest, abjured the Catholic religion, he inherited the whole estate of his family; and if he turned *discoverer*, during the life-time of his father, he took possession of his fortune, and left him and his family beggars, or dependants, if dependance could be upon one who had violated the principles of filial duty.

If a Catholic had a horse in his possession, of whatever value, a Protestant might take it upon paying him *five pounds*.

If the rent paid by any Catholic, was less than two-thirds of the full improved value, whoever *discovered* or turned informer, took the benefit of the lease.

Barbarous restrictions were laid on education at home, and penalties on obtaining it abroad, and the

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child in whose love the father had centered the hopes of his declining years, was liable to be snatched from his fond arms and entrusted to a Protestant guardian, the interested enemy of his religion and his peace. And this temptation was not held out only to adults, but to infants incapable of choice or judgment, whose tender years have no dependance but in a parent's care—no protection but in his love.

In what code, christian or heathen, can we find a parallel for such pollution? Would it not, in any other country, be an apology for a thousand rebellions? and would it not stamp the nation where it originated (unless England be especially dispensed from every obligation, human or divine) with the indelible stain of everlasting infamy?

In all countries informers are odious, and instruments only of the guilty and impure. But what code ever held out the property of the father as a bribe to the treachery of the son? "Honor thy father," is the commandment of God. "Rob thy father," that of a fiend! Yet has this law raised a trophy of immortal honor to the Irish name! for I can hear of no one instance where an Irish son has been found so base as to enter into the views of these monstrous law-givers, by trampling on the dictates of nature, of religion, and of honor.

Another instance of exquisite depravity—the wife was also bribed to turn against the husband, and the principles of dissention were sown in the marriage-bed; and lest the social ties and endearing affections of the heart should ever operate to bring about in

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Ireland peace, union, and forgiveness, heavy penalties were inflicted upon what was grossly termed *committing* matrimony, where one party was a Catholic!

Now, what was the crime of the Irishman?—to rest satisfied with the religion of his fathers. What motive except terror, had he to embrace the *new* religion?—none.—He knew it only by its perversion—he could not view it but with horror; for it was never presented to him but as an instrument of persecution and of spoliation. This is a strong assertion—I will support it by strong proofs of history.—Let us take a short view of the reformation in Ireland.

Of the Reformation in Ireland.

"At the reformation," says Spencer, "preachers were sent to them who did not know their language." "Besides," says he, "the inferior clergy in those days, who had the immediate cure of souls, were men of no parts nor erudition; but what is worse, they were still as immoral as they were illiterate;" and in another place he adds, "they were most licentious and disordered; and for the better reformation of them (the Irish Catholics) they put *their* clergy, whom *they* reverenced, to death."

By the 2d Elizabeth, chapter 2, it appears they were forced to be present at the reading of the litany in a barbarous language (for so the English appeared to them) and which they did not understand; and to

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complete the absurdity, a remedy was provided, that where the Irish priest did not know *English*, he might speak *Latin*.

In the reign of James I. it was ordered, that the bible and common-prayer-book should be translated into Irish; upon which an Irish Protestant Bishop said, laughing to his friend, "In Queen Elizabeth's time we had *English bibles* and *Irish ministers;* but now we have ministers come of *England*, and *Irish bibles* with them."

Might not the Irishman reply to this mockery—"*Makest thou thy shame thy pastime?*"

"The benefices were bestowed upon the English and Scotch, not one of them having three words of the Irish tongue."*

Their first care was to dispossess the ancient clergy of their benefices; and there are some curious accounts in old authors of the successors appointed to them.

"Bishop Bonner, when he was in the Marshalsea, sent a letter by a Chaplain to the Archbishop, wherein he merrily related how these Bishops had ordained each other at an inn, where they met together. Whilst others laughed at this new method of consecrating Bishops, the Archbishop shed tears, and lamented that such ragged companions should come poor out of foreign parts to succeed the old clergy in rich deaneries, prebendaries, and canon places, who had such ill luck at meeting with disho-

* Theatre of Prot. and Cath. Religion, p. 245.

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nest wives, as an ordinance was put out by the Queen and parliament, that no woman should for a wife be commended to any minister, without her honesty withal could be sufficiently testified unto him."*

Bishop Burnet, in his life of Bedel, says, "That the bribes went about almost barefaced, and the *exchange* they made of *pennance* for *money*, was the worst of *simony*."

In the Commons Journals, 1640—The *Protestant Bishops* are stated "to have exacted money for *holy-water*, for *anointing*, for *mortuary-muttons*, *mary-gallons*, *Saint-Patrick-ridges*, *soul-money*, and the like." And the House of Commons, in their *humble remonstrance*, state, "that the money taken in *commutation of pennance* was not converted to *pious uses*, but made a *private profit*."

And Wentworth, who suffered for his own crimes,† calls them "an unlearned clergy, who have not so much as the outward form of churchmen to cover themselves withal, nor their persons any way reverenced."

The oaths of *supremacy*, *conformity*, and *uniformity*, were the instruments used by the new clergy to dispossess the old. Sir Arthur Chichester was one of the most cruel and intemperate enforcers of these penalties; so much so, that in 1606, the sufferers sent over Sir Patrick Barnwell to complain to the King and Council: for which he was committed to the

* Legacy to Prot. p.

† State Letter, vol. 1. p. 187.

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tower, and instructions were sent over to the Lord Deputy, *not* to answer for his conduct, but to send them over *some answers for form's sake.** For they said that proceedings in matters of religion want not captious eyes in *that country*.

If any lenity was shewn, the author of it was punished. Lord Deputy Falkland was for that reason so clamored at by the Bishops and the faction, that he was dismissed with disgrace.†

The clergy did not confine themselves to *ecclesiastical censures*, nor the operation of the common law. *Hammond L'Estrange* relates, that "the Lords Justices, finding they were celebrating mass in Coke's-street, sent the *Archbishop of Dublin*, Mayor, Sheriffs, Recorder, and a *file of muketeers*, to apprehend them, which they did, taking away the crucifixes and paraments of the altar—the soldiers hewing down the images of Saint Francis. Fifteen chapels were seized *to the King's use*; and the priests so persecuted, that two of them hanged themselves in their own defence:" and this was at the time when the English historians say, that the Catholics enjoyed undisturbed possession of their religion.

The ancient laws against the Irish, were a compound of iniquity and absurdity, marking the semi-barbarity of their authors. By the temporary constitutions made in *Magno Parliamento*, in the reign of King Henry VIII. By the Deputy and Council it

* David Curios Hibern. vol. 1, p. 489.

† Leland, vol. 2, p. 481.

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was ordered, that no Nobleman should have more than twenty cubits or bandlets of linen in their shirts; horsemen, eighteen; footmen, sixteen; garsons, twelve; clowns, ten; and none of their shirts shall be dyed with saffron, upon pain of *twenty shillings*.

Now, however provoking to a Nobleman to have his shirt cut by act of parliament; yet, with twenty cubits, he might have an ample shirt in *despite of the ordonnance*; but it is remarkable, that from the time that religion was called in aid of the persecutions, the laws became infinitely more refined, more subtle, and more diabolical; so frightful is religion when profaned to the purposes of villainy!

The penalty of *twenty shillings* against the saffron-coloured sleeves, when coupled with the murders and tortures inflicted by the *peep-of-day-government* in our times upon those who wore *green*, shews that whatever colours or opinions were adopted by the Irish, they were alike to be persecuted. As they had wide sleeves, they were persecuted; had they narrow sleeves, they would have been persecuted. *Saffron* was persecuted, and *green* was persecuted. Popery was persecuted; and, had they turned Protestants, they would have been persecuted perhaps more than ever the next day, and some new crime invented as a pretence for *plundering* them. For we can hardly give the English, in Queen Anne's time, credit for so much stupidity as not to perceive, after so long experience, that persecutions could not prevent the *growth of Popery*: for, before their time, it was a

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maxim established, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church.

Be it as it may, we shall just observe, that the Catholics, now ground into dust, deprived of education and property, and every means of acquiring either, became null in their native country. They had no part in the framing or execution of the laws, being excluded from the parliament and the bench, and from juries and from the bar. Their only *duty* was to *bear* with patience the penalties inflicted on them, and be spectators of the ludicrous, though interested, quarrels of their oppressors. When any question under the penal laws was tried *against* them, it was by a Protestant judge, a Protestant jury; and as they had a Protestant prosecutor, so they must have a Protestant advocate. What justice they could look for, Heaven knows!—They were shut out from all corporations and offices, and every privilege belonging to freemen. If a Catholic made kettles in Bride-street, a Protestant who envied him, procured a corporation bye-law, that no Catholic should work copper in Bride-street. If they petitioned, they were kicked. In short, they were humbled below the beasts of the field. The law of *discovery*, which crowns the Popery code, was published without any pretence of existing provocation or necessity; and if any thing were wanting to stamp its complexion, it is the auspices under which it passed. The royal assent was given by Thomas Lord Wharton, whose character was thus sketched by the masterly pen of Swift:

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"Thomas Lord Wharton, by the force of a wonderful constitution, had passed, by some years, his grand climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind; and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five and twenty; whether he walks, or whistles, or swears, or talks baudy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each beyond a templar of three years standing. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk baudy or blasphemy at the chapel door. He is a presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; he had imbibed his father's principles of government, and took up no other in its stead; excepting that circumstance, he is a firm presbyterian. It was confidently reported, as a conceit of his, that talking upon the subject of Irish Bishops, he once said, with great pleasure, he hoped to make his w——e a b——p.

"He is perfectly skilled in all the arts of managing at elections, as well as in large baits of pleasure; for making converts of young men of quality, upon their first appearance; in which public service he contracted such large debts, that the ministry in England were forced, out of mere justice, to leave Ireland at his mercy, where he had only time to set himself right; although the graver heads of his party think him too profligate and abandoned, yet they dare not be ashamed of him, for he is very useful in parliament, being a ready speaker, and content to employ his gift upon such occasions, where those who

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conceive they have any remains of reputation or modesty, are ashamed to appear.

"He hath sunk his fortune by endeavoring to *ruin* one kingdom; and hath raised it by going far in the ruin of another. His administration of Ireland was looked upon as a sufficient ground to impeach him, at least for high crimes and misdemeanors; yet he has gained by the government of that kingdom, under two years, *five and forty thousand pounds*, by the most favorable computation, half in the regular way, and half in the prudential.

"He is, says he, without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling, and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these."

Mercy.

MERCY is allied to religion—where the latter is, the former must ever be; and the kings of England, when they swear to be just, swear also to be merciful. Why did their counsellors, so careful of their *consciences*, never remind them of that *coronation oath?* On the contrary, we have found them ever exciting them to unrelenting cruelties, because they found their profit in those cruelties; and indeed amongst the crimes committed on the Irish by the English, none seem more odious than their mercy.

Morrisson (fol. 43) says, "that Lord Mountjoy never received any to mercy but such as had drawn

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blood upon their fellow-rebels: thus M'Mahon and M'Artmoye offered to submit, but neither could be received without the other's head."—*Was that religion?*

And in the pardon granted to Munster, by Sir George Carew, he says himself that priests and Romish clergy were excepted.—*Was that reformation?*

When Sir C. Wilmot took Lixnaw's Castle, he spared the priest's life only to get Lixnaw's child delivered into his hands.—*Was that christian?*

The English published a proclamation, inviting all well-affected Irish to an interview on the Rathmore, at Mulloughmarton, and promising that no harm was intended them, and engaging for their security, they came unsuspectingly, were surrounded by bodies of cavalry and infantry, and were put to the sword.—*Was that just?*

Lord Thomas Gray went over to London on full promise of a pardon, was arrested and executed.—Lord Deputy Gray had orders to seize five of his uncles; he invited them to a banquet; they were seated with the treacherous appearance of hospitality, but immediately seized, sent prisoners to London, and executed.*—*Was that good faith?*

Queen Elizabeth, fearing, as she said herself, that the same reproach might be made to her as to Tiberius by Bato: "It is you! you! who have committed your flocks, not to shepherds, but wolves!" ordered Deputy Mountjoy to grant a general pardon in Munster.

* Leland, vol. 2, p. 153.

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But instead of that, the most horrid massacres took place; and in order thereto a final extermination of the people was attempted by burning their corn. And Mr. Morrisson says, that Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Richard Morrisson, and other commanders, witnessed a most horrid spectacle of three children feeding on the flesh of their dead mother! with other facts even more shocking. And the Deputy and Council informed the Lords in England, by letter, that they were credibly informed, that in the space of three months, there had been above three thousand starved in Tyrone alone!*

Morrisson also says, "that no spectacle was more common in the ditches of towns, and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of those poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green, by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend above ground." It would appear, that the famine created by Lord Clive, and the English in India, was nothing so terrible as this.

It is curious to see how the English historians blind themselves upon these subjects. I do not merely speak of writers, such as Sir Richard Musgrave, whose absurdities defeat their own purpose. The Irish owe some obligation to the government that pays such historians to write against them. But it is incredible that a Scotch historian, liberal, enlightened, and learned, such as Laing, should not have shaken off such antiquated prejudices. And that he should

* Com. Journals, vol. 1.

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at the same time that he accuses with becoming spirit, the cruelties and massacres committed by the English in his own country, be guilty of the inconsistency of justifying the same crimes when committed upon the Irish. He has drawn a picture of the massacres by the army of O'Neil, with all the glowing colours of a poet, and yet has neither cited time, place, or person. He has contradicted the most circumstantial, correct, and authentic Irish historians, upon no better authority than certain manuscripts in Trinity College, of all other things the most suspicious, as this university was endowed with the very confiscations that took place. These manuscripts are moreover the same from which Temple derived his information, when he says, "that hundreds of the ghosts of Protestants that were drowned by the rebels at Portnadown bridge, were seen in the river, bolt upright, and were heard to cry out for revenge on these rebels." "One of these ghosts," says he, "was seen with hands lifted up, and standing from the 29th of December, to the latter end of the following lent." One of these depositions was by Maxwell, bishop of Kilmore, whose credit is principally relied on. He has described the different postures and gestures of the ghosts, "as sometimes having been seen by day and night, walking upon the river; sometimes brandishing their naked swords; sometimes singing psalms, and at other times shrieking in a most fearful and hideous manner." He adds, "that he never so much as heard any man doubt the truth thereof;" but he was candid enough to say, "he

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obliged no man's faith, in regard he saw them not with his own eyes; otherwise he had as much certainty as could morally be required of such matters."* Surely Mr. Laing does not also believe in ghosts?

One word more, and I shall have wound up the history of the Popery code.

In the reign of George I. (A. D. 1723) heads of a bill were framed for explaining and amending the act to *prevent the growth of Popery*, into which was introduced a clause for the *castration of all the Irish priests*, and presented on the 15th of November, 1724, to the Lord-Lieutenant, by the commons, at the castle; who most earnestly requested his grace to recommend the same in the most effectual manner to his majesty, humbly hoping from his *majesty's goodness*, and his *grace's zeal for his service, and the Protestant interest* of the kingdom, that the same might be passed into a law.

It was said to have been owing to the interposition of Cardinal Fleury, and his interest with Mr. Walpole, that this bill which was transmited with such recommendation to England, was there thrown out. The duke of Grafton (Lord-Lieutenant) condoled with the Irish parliament upon the loss of their favorite bill, apologised for its rejection upon the ground that it was brought forward too late in the session; and recommended a more vigorous execution of the laws against the growing evil.

I believe you will be now convinced, that the history of the Universe contains nothing more *atrocious*

* Borlase Hist. of the Irish Rebellion, Ap. fol. 392.

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than the persecutions of the Irish by the English; nothing more repugnant to civilisation; nothing more base or more flagitious; nothing more blasphemous or more profane; bidding a bold defiance to every attribute by which the Creator has distinguished the human species from the ravening beasts of prey.

With this remark I shall close my letter. I have snatched from repose, and from my daily occupations, the hours devoted to this task. The night is nearly wasted—the historic muse begins to droop her wing, and sleep sits heavy, heavy, on her votary's eye-lids.——Good night.

LETTER XXXV.

Theobald Wolfe Tone—Of my own Crimes—Of the Crimes of the Irish Rebels—Union of Ireland with England—Irishmen with Irishmen.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the Irish people being now annulled, it can be of little importance what the other fifth may do. Still more absurd do their actions appear when we see them divided into religious and political feuds, scarcely less rancorous against each other, than they had all been against the ill-fated Catholics.

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The Dissenters in their zeal to proscribe their countrymen, had gulped down the *sacramental test* with the *bill of discovery*, and found themselves dupes of their own bigotry, and excluded from every honorable privilege, and every office of trust or emolument, civil or military. They found themselves oppressed with tythes for the payment of the Hierarchy; and obliged to contribute out of what remained for the support of their own clergy. They clamored, they remonstrated, they resisted in vain. They were said to be a stiff necked faction "whom no king could govern, nor no god could please." It was said, and I was told by my nurse, that they were black in the mouth. They were ridiculed and reviled, and would probably have been *Gurmonded*, but that the fear and hatred of the Catholics threw a kind of protection over them. It is not my intention to state all the arts of envy, hatred, and malice, which distinguished these latter times. Besides, I was once sworn to be true to the *loins* of the *Princess Sophia of Hanover*, and I will be true to them. Whoever wants the history of the succeeding reigns, will find it in the nicknames of the times:—*Whig*, *Tory*, *High-church*, *Low-church*, *High-flyer*, *Leveller*, *October-club*, *Church and State*, *Protestant-ascendancy*, and a hundred others insignificant enough to be forgotten, but ridiculous enough to be remembered. The parliament was a market where men sold themselves and their country to servitude; and the commodities by which this *slave-trade* was carried on, were *places*, *pensions*, and *peerages*: the staple, was the *people's misery*: the

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tactic only was changed. To confiscations, had succeeded taxes, and to violence corruption; and as to religion, there were besides the great *politico-religious* sects, so many sub-divisions, that it seemed, to use the words of the witty author of Hudibras,

"As if religion was intended
"For nothing else but to be mended."

However, commerce, printing, and the universal growth of reason and philosophy, had opened the way to nobler ideas. The American Revolution had reduced the theories of the great philosophers of England, France and other countries, into practice; and persecutors began to find themselves surprised like owls overtaken by the day. Something I might say of the Irish volunteers, not for their resistance to England, for that was not much, but for this, that they did make some honorable offers of conciliation to *their Catholic brethren*. I might say much of the unrivalled eloquence of so many Irish orators, at whose head I should place the sublime Burke, and the inimitable Sheridan; but that there was in every one of them something short of the true patriot—something tending to exclusion or party.

At length, however, a young man appeared, whose clear and comprehensive mind, seized at one view the whole range of this wide field of disorder and strife; develloped the cause, and proposed the remedy for the maladies of his long suffering country.

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Theobald Wolfe Tone

Was born June 20, 1763. His grand-father was a Protestant freeholder in the county of Kildare—his father a coach-maker in Dublin. His infancy gave promise of such talents, that the cultivation of his mind was considered the best fortune his parents could bestow.

He studied in the university of Dublin, where he was early and eminently distinguished: in the Historical Society he twice carried off the prize of oratory, once that of history; and the speech he delivered from the chair, when auditor, was deemed the most finished on the records of the society.

During his attendance on the inns of court in London, he had opportunities of comparing the state of the English nation with that of his own; of perceiving all the advantages of a *national*, and the degradation of a *colonial*, government; and there imbibed that principle which governed him through the remainder of his life, and to which his life was at length a sacrifice.

In the year 1790, on his return from the temple, he wrote his first pamphlet, under the signature of an *Irish Whig*, where he thus declared his principles: "*I am no occasional whig; I am no constitutional tory; I am addicted to no party but the party of the nation.*"

This work was re-published by the Northern Whig Club, and read with great avidity: and the writer

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was called upon to avow himself, which he did, and became a member of that body.

He was complimented also by the whigs of Dublin. They proposed putting him in parliament, and Mr. George Ponsonby employed him professionally on his election and petition.

In the same year he wrote, "*an enquiry, how far Ireland is bound to support England in the approaching war,*" wherein he openly broached his favorite question of separation; and in 1791, the *Argument on behalf of the Catholics;* a work of extraordinary merit.

It is remarkable, that at that time he was scarcely acquainted with any one Catholic, so great was the separation which barbarous institutions had created between men of the same nation, formed by nature to befriend and love each other.

The Catholics, struck with admiration at this noble and disinterested effort of a stranger, repaid him by the best compliment in their power to bestow: he was invited to become secretary to their committee, with a salary of *two hundred pounds,* which he accepted.

He was entrusted to draw up their petition; a mark of liberal distinction, and honorable to the Catholic body, as there were not wanting amongst themselves men of transcendent talents: and he accompanied their delegates when they presented it to the king.

The Catholic convention voted him their thanks—a gold medal, and *fifteen hundred pounds!*

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Being so honorably identified with the great body of his countrymen, his next efforts were directed to the bringing about a union between the Catholics and Dissenters of the North. In this he was seconded by the enlightened of both parties, and succeeded to the extent of his wishes.

The favorite project of the Dissenters, was parliamentary reform—that of the Catholics, naturally, their own emancipation. He rallied them both upon the wicked absurdity of their past dissentions—upon the happy prospects of future union—shewing that the restoration of the Catholics to the elective franchise, was the best security for parliamentary reform; and how insignificant all reform must be, which excluded four-fifths of a nation!

In 1795, he again accompanied the Delegates with their petition on the subject of the recall of Lord Fitz-William: and, when he resigned his office of Secretary, to retire to America, the Society voted him their thanks, with a further compliment of *three hundred pounds*, for services which they said—"no consideration could over-rate, nor no remuneration overpay."

The remainder of his political life cannot be better understood, than by reading his speech to the court-martial, met to pass judgment on his life.—*(App. No. III. already referred to.)* At the time he withdrew from Ireland, I was but little concerned in politics, but admired him for the brilliancy and great variety of his conversation; the gay and social cast of his disposition. I loved him more, because I thought him

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an honest man: and, although it has been his fate to suffer as a traitor, I have not changed my mind:—And, after the hideous treasons we have just passed in review, it is grateful to find one *treason* at last founded upon principles of Christian charity, philosophy, and reason. TONE was the founder of that union amongst "*Irishmen of every religious persuasion*," first adopted in Belfast, and afterwards throughout the kingdom: and in opposition to which, the governing faction set up the principles of a plundering mob, called—"*peep-of-day-boys*;" since called, for more distinction—"*Orangemen*," and raised to such a pre-eminence, that they now govern the councils in England, and the conscience of the King, by the stile and title of "*no Popery*." But when upon the altar of Union and reconciliation, were offered up the lives of the most virtuous Irishmen of "*all religious persuasions*," and that altar was cemented with their comingled blood, there was a trophy erected to the memory of TONE, more durable than brass or marble, and which neither terror, corruption, nor time itself, can shake."*

* So true it is, that no religious party was excluded from this Union, that the established church furnished the greatest proportion of those victims with whom government broke faith, and who were secluded in the dungeons of Fort George; and of twenty that were there, four only were Catholics—so little was this rebellion a war of Popery.

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Of my own Crimes.

HURRIED as I am, I cannot at this time give you a history of the late rebellion. The progress of the United Irishmen, you will find in the pieces of Irish history, given by those who had better means of knowing it; for I was long, very long, in taking any part, and never much in any secret.

Being of the favored cast, and far from having any personal griefs; the road to advancement on the contrary very open to me, I could have no motive but that of compassion for my country. I never was inclined to political contention; and it required strong conviction to move me to *sedition*. But there are moments, when to be passive, is to be criminal; as when we see a murder committed before our eyes, and do not stretch our hand. The griefs of Irishmen, are undeniable: but when torture and every other enormity was superadded to those wrongs, the voice of a nation, and the laws of God, set openly at defiance, I asked myself by what tye I was bound to submit? for I had not swore allegiance to the Prince of Darkness.

You ask me what were the crimes chiefly imputed to me? I will answer to the best of my knowledge, and with truth:—some writings of mine first gave offence. In 1796, I predicted, in a pamphlet, called, Advice to the Rich—the union with England, as it afterwards happened; and endeavored to shew, that the government were stimulating the nation to rebellion for that end. I was also, at the time I was ar-

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rested, engaged to write a history of the transactions of the day.

I have lately searched through all the *reports*, *resolutions*, and *official documents* of the times, and can find mention of my name but on two occasions.—The one, when it was question of my acquaintance with Mr. Grattan; but at that time Mr. Grattan was in disgrace with his present friends, and it was an honor to be acquainted with him, for he was *acting* well. The next crime was having received *seventy-five guineas* for the defence of United-Irishmen. This circumstance deserves a word or two:—That very *seventy five guineas* which I dearly earned, I received at Down-Patrick, in 1797. Mr. Curran was specially retained for the same defences. We were but two. The judges, for *more dispatch*, tried the prisoners in both the civil and criminal court; and, lest we should be insufficient for the duty we had undertaken, I gave one half of my fee to Mr. Dobbs, and the other to Sergeant Ball, to engage them to assist us. This may be a crime to warrant the incarceration of an Irishman in his own country; but I am now in a country, and member of a Bar, by whom I shall not be worse looked upon for having done an act of charity.

Such are the answers which *Irishmen* can return to the virulent malice of their enemies. When any of mine shall dare to accuse me of any other crime, I pledge myself to give as full an answer. And this

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besides I dare affirm, that although now an exile, were the terror for one day suspended in my country, and the voices of my countrymen freely taken, nine-tenths would vote for my recall.

Of the Crimes of the Irish Rebels.

To say that the rebels never committed any crimes, would be deservedly to lose my credit for veracity. I can only say, I never saw them: but I saw and felt bitterly those committed by their enemies. And I believe there was no crime or cruelty which they could perpetrate, for which they had not ready precedents in the Irish statute books, the records of their history, and the memorable examples of their own times. They had no need to hold a parliament: it was but to substitute the word *English* for *Irish*, and *Protestant* for *Catholic*, and they had the sanction of kings, lords and commons, for every possible enormity. Would they burn the castle of the lord? He had taught them by burning the cottage of the peasant. Would they murder the innocent? Gracious Heaven! how many pointed authorities could they not find in the murder of those they adored?—Would they torture? They found *irons*, *scourges*, *pickets*, and *pitch-caps*, amongst the baggage of their enemies. Would they kidnap? It was but to empty the *dungeons* and *prison-ships*, let *but* their *friends*, and put their *persecutors in*. Would they exact of men to change their religion? It was but en-

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forcing the acts of *conformity* and *uniformity*. Was there a massacre at Scullabogue? Was there none, after promise of quarter, and therefore more infamous, at the Curragh of Kildare? Would they put their enemies out of the protection of the law, had not their enemies already put them out of the *king's peace?* Would they disarm them, had they not the *gun-powder bill.?* Would they deny them the right of petitioning for mercy, had they not the *convention bill?* Would they depopulate a province, had they not the example of *Carhampton?* Would they make men "*tamer than gelt cats*," had they not that atrocious and insolent denunciation of the Chancellor *Lord Clare*, to sanction them?* Would they half-hang them, had they not a thousand examples? Would they execute them by torch-light, had they not the acts of the grand-jurors of Louth? Would they violate their women, had they not the honor of their own wives and daughters crying vengeance in their ears? Would they employ against them the agency of informers and spies, the scum and refuge of the creation, had they not *Armstrong*, *Reynolds*, *Hughes*, *Sirr*, *Sands*, *Swan*, *Newell*, *Murdock*, *Dutton* and *O'Briau*, and a myriad besides? Would they confiscate their estates, were those estates not plundered from themselves? Would they commit the power of life and death over their persons to the meanest and most ignorant of mankind, were

* A remarkable circumstance is, that this Chancellor, by the kick of a horse, suffered a privation similar to that with which he threatened his countrymen, and died in consequence.

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not foreign mercenaries already *justices of peace?** Could there be a crime invented or named for which they had no precedent? And briefly, what had they more to do than open the *statute book*, and read the acts of indemnity for these applauded deeds of "*ardent loyalty* and *vigour beyond the law?*" I will then only ask this one question: was that precept good which God revealed to man, to "do unto others, as they would it should be done unto them?" Let us then learn to abhor all crimes alike. Let us not cant like hypocrites on one side, and be obdurate as Devils on the other. Let us hasten to do away unjust calumnies, which serve to provoke, but never to reform. Let men be impartial, that they may enjoy peace. Let those who have been cruel, by future acts of liberal justice and unfeigned contrition, wipe away, if it be yet possible, the stings of deadly injury. This present unnatural order of human things cannot endure. The delirium of *antiphilosophy*, and the fever of *antipatriotism*, cannot long be sustained. Already the sneer of the sycophant, and sauciness of the protected jackanapes, and the insolence of the fool, begin to "stink in the nostrils of men." Out of the calamities of mankind, a new order must arise. Let us raise our thoughts to the dignity of such an æra, and cease to be obstinate in unworthiness; and let those whose ambition aims at distinction, seek it

* To so great a length was this wonderful abuse carried on, that Lord Cornwallis issued an order, that they should not, in future, act as JUSTICES, until they were of age.

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in the furtherance of human liberty, and the welfare of their species.

But to return—Whether the *rebels* did act as cruelly as their adversaries, let Lord Kingsborough answer; he was in their hands, and he was released, as were other men of no less power and note, who had exhausted their imagination in devising and executing tortures.

At the close of the appendix, you will find a few instances of the atrocities committed upon the Irish; from which you may faintly conceive the universal misery of a country where such deeds were without number.

Summary.

THUS, for six hundred years and more, have we seen our country exposed to never-ceasing torments, and struggling against oppressions as cruel as absurd.

We have seen, that it was not, as the ignorant imagine, or the crafty affect to think, in the fortuitous accidents of the times, that its late troubles had their origin.

It was a chronic malady, and the agitations of our days were but its symptoms. The quack may assume importance from the seeming cure, but the disease still burns like a covered fire.

All nations have had their civil dissentions, and their wars; but Ireland has groaned unremittingly under the blighting and corrupting influence of *foreign* and *jealous* domination.

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Her fruitful soil has been laid waste with fire and sword: confiscated to the profit of *adventurers* and plunderers; and much of it (a seeming paradox) three times confiscated; first in the hands of its ancient and lawful owners, and then in those of the confiscators themselves.

We have seen that country, formed by nature's hand for happiness, prosperity and universal commerce, afflicted with misery, beggary and bondage: her native inhabitants removed from the soil which their ancestors once cultivated, that animals might be raised to feed a British navy, the enemy of their commerce and of the world's repose; or to nourish India planters, not an ounce of whose produce in return they could import in ships of their own nation.

The very fleeces of the flocks they fed, made prize to the cupidity of British manufacturers, to whose selfish principles the Irish manufactures have been ever sacrificed. And on those provisions, raised at the expence of human existence, and exported from a country where the people starve, within the space of forty years, twenty-three embargoes were laid, to favor the exclusive avarice of Leadenhall contractors; and the fortunes of thousands thereby often ruined in a day.

From the stinted revenues of this wretched country, millions drained annually to supply the luxuries of absentees, the most malignant of our enemies, revilers, and vituperators.

A place and pension list of an extravagance so gigantic, filled by such characters (from the German

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Prince, down to the servile satelite of St. James's) that the *Livre Rouge* of ancient Versailles compared to it, would blush a still deeper red at its own paltry insignificance!*

A people, victim of rapacity, naked, poor, and hungry, deprived of education, robbed of their liberty and natural rights, who lay them down in weariness, and rise but to new toils!

A debt, which, in the short period of the last twenty-four years, has encreased from *two* to *sixty millions sterling!* in the contemplation of which, the Irish have but one sentiment of consolation, that in their insolvency they are secure. And that the *prodigal*, for whose use it has been raised, must answer for it with his own—and God knows how!

Union of Ireland with England—Irishmen with Irishmen.

After so many ages of civil war and carnage, how lovely to the ear sounds the hallowed name of Union; but not *that* union which binds the slave to his master, the sufferer to his tormentor, the wretch to his oppressor. Not *that* union formed by a parliament the scourge and execration of their own country; the scorn and derision of the minister who bought them like slaves, and jeeringly pretend to have bought their country with them. Not that union

* The Pension List alone, at this moment, exceeds *one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling* per annum.

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made by those "*lives and fortune's men*," who had pledged themselves so *sacredly* to God and to their country, by tests, resolutions and oaths, to resist *every innovation whatsoever* in the constitution of their country, and with those declarations, in months, had ruthlessly dragged their tortured countrymen to the scaffold and the gibbet.

Think it not, then, Englishmen, that because our dwellings are consumed by fire, and our bodies lacerated with instruments of torture, that we are therefore united to you.

It is not because we have been in the damp and cheerless abysses of the vaulted dungeons, or worn out joyless seasons in the filthy holds of *prison-ships* and tenders, that we are united to you.

It is not because insult and ignominy have defiled the purity of our habitations, and that scarce a virtuous family but has its beloved victim to deplore, that we should be united to you.

It is not because you have corrupted our parliament,* bribed our aristocracy, and dragooned our people, that we are united to you.

It is not because you have lavished the treasures, mercilessly wrung from the hands of suffering wretchedness, with wanton prodigality upon panders, hangmen and informers, that we are united to you.

It is not because you have trafficked with the word of God, and treacherously enflamed the ignorant to

* *Two millions sterling* were actually paid for this porpose.

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bigotry, and the bigot to atrocity; seeking to excite amongst us every unkind and wicked passion of the soul, that we are now united to you.

It is not because stifling enquiry, refusing evidence, you mock us with the ghastly forms of murdered law, and massacre us in defiance of its very forms, that we are united to you.

It is not because usurping every organ of the public voice, you have, through a host of hirelings, filled the universe with your injurious ribaldry, covering your own cruelties and faithbreakings with the villain's argument of Necessity, or the prostituted name of Justice, that we are united to you.

It is not because, like the devoted victims of the *auto da fé*, you have blackened and disfigured us, lest sympathy or compassion should any where console us; exaggerated whatever vices we may have, and which we owe alone to your corrupting influence, and scoffed at the virtues that adorn us, that we are united to you.

It is not because every man, most honored and beloved amongst us, has been ruined and immolated; and every one most odious amongst us, raised to power and office, that we are united to you.

Believe me, those arts, but too successful heretofore, will not long suffice. The blighting shade which you had cast upon us, is hourly dissipating. The manifest conviction of crimes, at which human nature shudders, hangs over your own heads! You are not now at war with us alone, but with the universe.

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Our cause already brightens through the clouds of calumny and terror. The virtuous and the generous of your own country are daily undeceived, and will, with cordiality, atone for the wrongs they have often ignorantly, and innocently, done us. Foreign nations have felt the perfidy of your alliance—the impotence of your protection—the sting of your pride! Amongst them already does our suffering cause find favor! And though we do not lift a hand against you, the workings of humanity, no longer biassed nor perverted, will succour the unfortunate; and the moral force of *opinion*, stronger than hosts in armor, will mine your cruel empire, and palsy your misused power. Those of us, who, to gain your favor have betrayed their country, will sink into contempt with the world, with you, and with themselves. The trappings and mock honors with which you have invested them, like splendid liveries, will mark their servile state; nor shall the wages of their iniquities protect them from due infamy. In vain, then, will you call those, dear to the cause of virtue, and honored in their country, traitors! An impartial generation will weigh us against each other. You will be no longer our judges and accusers. Stripped of those casual honors and ill-earned distinctions which had been ours, had we not scorned to win them by corruption, we shall be measured with one measure.—Then will it be seen whose stature and proportions are most goodly, whose morals are most pure—whose reason most enlightened—whose courage most true. If you be found then to excel us, it will be in vice, and

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not in virtue—in meanness, not in dignity. And no longer will the love of country, which in all climes and ages has been honored as the first of virtues, be held a crime in Irishmen alone.

The time may come, and may be near at hand, when you may find it necessary once again to call on us to take up arms and fight your battles.

For whom, for what should Irishmen now fight? Why should the fallen be proud? Why should the slave be loftier than his state? Against whom should he shake his chains but him that hung them on him? Go you who wear the spoils, fight for your booty!—He is the lawful prize to him that wins the battle.

Who is enemy to Irishmen? A tyrant and a despot. Is it indeed? If so, we have not far to seek our enemy.

Who made the mighty despot? It was you, dull ministers. You strewed his paths with flowers, tendered the ladder to his young ambition, and were his humble footstools. He is most mighty in your littleness. He had one enemy, and only one, that could withstand him. That one you murdered. It was LIBERTY!

You scorned her alliance. You frighted her from off the very earth. Your pestilential breath empoisoned her. You scoffed and railed at her so wondrous wittily, that though you died for it, you could not win her back again. But when you saw your enemy on high, and seated in the throne of mortal glory, and all the universe cry—"*hail great Cæsar!*" Amazed and stupified at your own folly, but perti-

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nacious still in wickedness, you thought to cure your mischiefs by new crimes. Must we too share in your inglorious warfare, *infernal machinations*, and your *plots?* Must we, who would not take *your* ignominious lives by undue means, become assassins now to do you service? Must we now war against the harmless Danes? Must we bring fire and sword into that new and happy country where all our hopes and half our kindred dwell?

Are there no other kings to coalesce with? Have you then ruined all? Why then stand forth and fight your battles singly, and let the Irish rest in sullen peace? If liberty be truly such a jest as you have taught the world to think it is—if it be odious, felony, and treason, why would you bid us now to fight for liberty? If we must serve a despot, let it be a splendid one, and we shall be less galled. The wretched bondsman cannot lose by changing. To him the mightiest master is the best. If we must be humbled, it is better still to fall before the LION, than the WOLF. Who is now the wolf? The cruelest—who is now the lion? The mightiest. You are no longer now the *lion*, but the *wolf*.

But Irishmen are generous, brave and loyal. They will forgive their wrongs, forget your insults, and march against the invader. Be it so. But who is this invader? Comes he with racks and scourges, to scatter reeking gibbets through our land; to pike our heads as monuments of scorn? Comes he with full battalions of *informers?* Does he invite men to lay down their arms, and then break faith with them,

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and murder them? Will he deflower our wives, and burn our houses? Beware, that we mistake not friend for foe. But no! we know him by his warlike standards. He bears the *picket*, *pitch-cap*, and the *firebrand*. His music is, the cry of women's grief—that's our invader—that our mortal enemy—look to him well—he'll rob us of our LIBERTY.

But, e'er we fight, go, call at Edward's tomb*—cry in his ears—bid him who sleeps to wake—bid him to rise and fight his enemies. Brave as the lion—gentler than the lamb—the sparkling jewel of an ancient house—the noblest blood of any in our land, and nobler than your king's, ran through his veins. He hears you not—he sleeps to wake no more! Of all his country, and of all he owned, there rests no more to him than the cold grave he lies in!!

Oh gallant, gallant Edward, fallen in the flower of youth, and pride of manly beauty; had you lived to see your country free, the proudest conqueror that wears a sword, dared not invade it.

Go call his children, by their noble sire, to come and fight the battles of their country.—What sire? what country? They have no father, for you murdered him! They have no country, but the green sod that rests upon his grave! You robbed their guiltless infancy—tainted their innocent blood—plundered their harmless cradles!!

Go then to Crosby's tomb!† His only crime was,

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother to the late Duke of Leinster.

† Sir Edward Crosby, Bart.

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that he was beloved.—Call Colclough, Esmond, Grogan, Harvey; still nobler in their virtues than in their station, and their ancient heritage.

Call whole devoted families, whom you have swept from off the surface of their native soil;—they cannot fail but rise and stand for you.

Call those two brothers, whose hearts in life were joined—in death united—hung on one gibbet—beheaded with one ax.—Bid the two Shearses rise and fight for you, and die again together, in their country's cause—they will befriend you.

There were two brother Tones, no ordinary souls. Bid them rise too from out their common grave and fight together for you. He that first led his countrymen to union, will lead them now to victory.

Call on the multitude of reverend men of all the various sects of christian faith, whom you have murdered!—Call on them by the sacred office of their priesthood, and by that GOD, whose holy word they taught—to pray for you. But if they sleep too sound, or will not hearken, go to the flocks they led, and they will follow you with many and many a *blessing*.

Call from the earth where Porters' ashes lie, the gentle emanations of his genius—the lucid beams of mild philosophy—you want such lights—they will be very serviceable.

Go to Belfast, and parley with the heads you there impaled—those silent witnesses of your humanity, who gave to all that looked askance and terrified upon them, such moving lessons of your mild persuasion, as won all hearts to love you—those tongueless mo-

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nitors, were passing eloquent—bid them now speak for you—they will recruit you soldiers that will honor you, and draw their willing swords to fight your battles.

Call upon Russel, whose once gentle heart you turned to desperate madness, and slew him like a ruffian.

Invoke the croud of brave and gallant victims, whom "*memory cannot count, nor choice select,*"* and you will have an army strong in numbers—stronger in well-tried courage, and in UNION.

But if this cannot be, and victory declares against your ruffian banners, *remember* ORR! He was the first that gave his life to Union—EMMET the last that sealed it with his blood. Their parting words may teach you how to die!!

But no, you will not, dare not, die like them!—You will betray your country first an hundred times; and rather than meet death as men should do, lay at the conqueror's feet your city's charters, and your monarch's crown.†

* See the Answer of Mrs. Tone, to the Hibernian Provident Society, on receiving a *medallion*, presented by them in honor of her husband, where this sentiment is elegantly conveyed. *(See Appendix No. XVI.)*

† Jeffreys and Kirk were as treacherous as they were atrocious.

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LETTER XXXVI.

The Irish Emigrant.

BORN in the country of affliction—his days were days of sorrow. He tilled the soil of his fathers, and was an alien in their land. He tasted not of the fruits which grew by the sweat of his brow. He fed a foreign landlord, whose face he never saw, and a minister of the gospel, whose name he hardly knew—an unfeeling bailiff was his tyrant, and the tax-gatherer, his oppressor. Hunted by unrighteous magistrates, and punished by unjust judges. The soldier devoured his substance, and laughed his complaints to scorn. He toiled the hopeless day, and at night lay down in weariness. Yet noble he was of heart, though his estate was lowly. His cottage was open to the poor. He brake his children's bread, and ate of it sparingly, that the hungry might have share. He welcomed the benighted traveller, and rose with the stars of the morning, to put him on his way. But his soul repined within him, and he sought relief in change. He had heard of a land where the poor were in peace, and the labourer thought

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worthy of his hire—where the blood of his fathers had purchased an asylum. He leads the aged parent whom love grappled to his heart. He bears his infants in his arms. His wife followed his weary steps. They escape from the barbarous laws that would make their country their prison. They cross the trackless ocean—they descry the promised land; and hope brightens the prospect to their view; but happiness is not for him. The ruthless spirit of persecution pursues him through the waste of the ocean. Shall his foot never find rest, nor his heart repose? No! The prowling bird of prey hovers on Columbia's coast. Wafted on eagle wings, the British pirate comes—ravishes the poor fugitive from the partner of his sorrows, and the tender pledges of their love. See the haggard eyes of a father, to which nature denies a tear! a stupid monument of living death. He would interpose his feeble arm, but it is motionless—he would bid adieu, but his voice refuses its office. The prop of his declining years torn remorselessly from before him, he stands like the blasted oak, dead to hope and every earthly joy!!

Was it not then enough, that this victim of oppression had left his native land to the rapacity of its invaders? Might he not have been permitted to seek a shelter in the gloom of the wilderness? No! the ruthless spirit of persecution is not yet sated with his sufferings. The torments of one element exhausted those of another, are now prepared for him. Enslaved to scornful masters, the authors of his misery, and

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forced to fight the battles of those his soul abhors. Death, that relieves the wretch, brings no relief to him, for he lived not for himself, but for those more dear to him than life. Not for himself does he feel the winter's blast, but for those who are now unprotected, houseless, and forlorn. Where shall his wife now wander, when maddened with despair? Where shall his father lay his wearied bones? Where shall his innocent babes find food, unless the ravens feed them? Oh hard and cruel men! Oh worse than Hellish fiends!—may not the poor find pity? What's he that now reviles them? beshrew his withered heart.

Oh Stewart!—Oh West! children of genius—sons of Columbia!—where are now your pencils? Will you profane the bounteous gifts of nature, in flattering the mighty and the great? and withhold a nobler aid to the cause of the poor and the afflicted?

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A LETTER

From NEW-YORK, *to the Right Honorable*

LORD SPENCER,

His Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State,

FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to your orders, I was landed in this City on the 4th of July, 1806, by Captain Sutton, of the Windsor Castle. I was sorry his majesty's ministers had judged it unsafe that I should be seen at Halifax, as I had need to recruit my health, and to reinforce my principles. I feared to distress your lordship's humanity with the account of my sufferings, or I should have written sooner.—My first sickness was the Yellow Jaundice, of which I nearly died: I was afterwards seized with the Rheumatism, and nearly lost my limbs. I am now, thank God, in good health and spirits, and shall take every means of shewing myself grateful for past favors.

The day I arrived, they were commemorating their Independence—carousing, singing Republican songs, drinking Revolutionary toasts, bonfires blazing, cannons firing, and HUZZAING FOR LIBERTY!!!

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I was in expectation that the Lord Mayor would have brought the military, and fired on them; but the Mayor is not a Lord; and I was informed he was seen drinking with some of the soldiers. They were also making an out-cry about a Yankee sailor, called PEARCE, that was *killed-off* by Captain Whitby. It is a pity we hadn't them in Ireland—we might have ten thousand of them shot in a day—and not a word about them.

I would have gone to the Barracks myself to inform against them, but there was no Barrack. The soldiers live in their own houses, and sleep with their own wives. Nay more—they have counting-houses, clerks, ware-houses, ships, coaches, country-seats—the like was never seen amongst common soldiers.

I asked, if there was no clergyman that was a Justice of Peace, to head the military? They shewed me a Bishop, a mild venerable looking old gentleman, that would not know which end of a gun to put foremost; fitter to give a blessing, than to lead a corporal's guard—no *vigour*—no *energy*.—And they say the clergy dont act as justices in this country. Indeed, the clergy here are not like *certain* clergy—as your lordship shall judge.

There is not a clergyman of any description in New-York, nor, as far as I can learn, in all America, that can lead a concert, or play upon the fiddle, or that dances, or manages an assembly, or gets drunk, or rides in at the death of a fox, or that wears buck-skin breeches, or a ruffled shirt, or sings a baudy song,

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or keeps a mistress :—All they do, is to—marry the young people, christen their children, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, go to church, preach twice or thrice on a Sunday, teach the living how to live, and the dying how to die ; they are pure in their lives, uncorruptible in their morals, and preach universal love and toleration ; and what is more unaccountable, they have no tythes, and they live in the very midst of their congregations. If I might be bold to suggest any thing, and it would not be counted over-zealous, I could wish there was a good book written against this *abuse* of tythes ; and, I think, my lord, that Anacreon Moore would be a very proper person : It would be a good means of *preventing emigration.*

As to the government : at the head of it is an old country philosopher. I wish your lordship could get a sight of one of his shoes, with quarters up to his ancles, and tied with leather thongs. He has neither chamberlain nor vice-chamberlain, groom of the stole nor of the bed-chamber, master of the ceremonies, nor gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, nor black rod, nor groom, nor page of the privy-chamber, nor page of the back stairs, nor messenger to his robes—he has no robes—nothing but red breeches, which are now a jest, and a thread-bare one. No laundress for his body-linen, nor starcher, nor necessary-woman. He will talk with any-body, like the good-natured Vicar of Wakefield. If the stranger talks better than him, he is willing to learn ; if *he* talks better, he is willing the stranger should profit. He is a simple gentleman every

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way, and keeps *his own conscience*, and his own accounts—pays his own debts, and the nation's debts; and has hoarded up *eight millions and a half of dollars* in the treasury.—Your lordship will smile at such an oddity.

We do all we can to shake him—we do all we can to vex him—we do all we can to remove him.—He is like a wise old Dervise. He will not be shaken—he will not be vexed—he will not be moved. If he gets up, we say he is too tall. If he sits down, we say he is too short. If we think he will go to war, we say he is bloody. If we think he is for peace, we say he is a coward. If he makes a purchase, we say he ought to take it by force. If he will not persecute, we say he has no energy. If he executes the law, we say he is a tyrant.—I think, my lord, with great deference, that a good London quarto might be written and thrown at his head. He has no guards nor battle-axes, and dodges all alone upon his old horse, from the *President's house* to the CAPITOL. There might be an engraving to shew him hitching his bridle to a peg. The *stranger* in America might write the book; but he need not call himself *the stranger*, it appears clear enough from his works. If it could be possible to confine those works *against emigration* to *home* circulation, it would be better.—They appear rather ridiculous in this country: for they know here, as well as your lordship, that people are the riches of a nation. I would humbly recommend a prohibition of their exportation. If Mr. Parkinson writes any more, would your lordship have

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the goodness to let him know, that there has been no yellow fever since I came to America—but that in return the catadids have created great disturbance? A good work against the catadids, might *prevent emigration.* Tell him, if your lordship pleases, that the butter is no better than it was when he was here; and the pigs remain unreconciled to the peaches. The timothy-grass grows straight up, and so does the duck-grass——apropos——the ducks here go on the water like those of England; but they swim hardest against the stream. Twelve barrels of plaister in Massachusetts go as far as a dozen in any other state; and there is but one head upon a stock of wheat, and the grass grows rankest in the wet ground. A work of this nature may serve to prevent the lovers of good butter and pork from coming to America, and *prevent emigration.*—They boil their cabbage in fresh water, and throw the water out.

All the other departments are as ridiculous as the executive; and one of his majesty's cream-coloured Hanoverian horses, has more servants than their Secretary of State. They have no lords nor beggars.—We must try to have beggars.—A little work upon that, might put things in a strong light.

Their judges are without wigs, and their lawyers without gowns. This might be called *bald justice,* and *stinted eloquence.*

There is no energy in the execution of the law.—One constable, with a staff, will march twenty prisoners. Your lordship knows a country, where every man has a soldier to watch him with a musket.

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The government here makes no sensation. It is round about you like the air, and you cannot even feel it. A good work might be written upon that to prevent emigration, by shewing that the *arts of government* are not known.

There are very few shewmen or mountebanks—a proof of a dull plodding people, all being about their own affairs. This might be stated to prevent idlers from coming. But as there is little temptation for that class, it is not worth a book.

They have no decayed nor potwolloping boroughs, which renders their parliament a stiff machine.—Their candidates are not chaired, and throw no sixpences among the mob. This might be used to prevent the emigration of the mob.

I dont like their little one-gun ships of the line.—If they are so wicked when they are little, what will they be when they grow big?

I believe Decatur to be a dangerous man—I had it from the Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli. And Preble, I fear, is as bad; though the Bashaw did not tell me so. However, if we dont come near them, they can do us no harm. I hope your lordship will not count me over-zealous in my remarks, and that they may not be considered altogether unworthy of your lordship's wisdom. Your lordship having been first lord of the admiralty, is the best judge of gun-boats.

The inventions of this people are becoming every day more alarming. They sold their card-making machine to the English for *twenty thousand pounds sterling!* and now they say they can make one for

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fifty guineas. Might not some addresses be advisable from the Manchester Fustian Weavers?

They have made a STEAM BOAT, to go against wind and tide, seven miles in the hour—an alarming circumstance to the coach-making trade. A work might be written against the emigration of coach-makers, and entitled—*No Steam Boat*.

The burning of Patterson Mills, was very fortunate; but the Eastern and Southern Manufacturers would require to be burned.

It is time the country was taken out of their hands. They are committing daily waste upon the woods, and disfiguring the face of Nature with villages, turnpikes, and canals. They are about stopping up two miles and a half of sea, which they call the *Narrows*, though I endeavor to persuade them of the advantage of a *free passage* for his majesty's ships of war up to this city, and put before their eyes the example of COPENHAGEN.

That Chesapeake business has burst the bubble, and shews that many of those we counted upon here, are *Americans in their hearts*, and will not do any *serious* mischief to their own country. Their wranglings, I fear, are like those of our own *whig and tory*, and will profit us nothing.

But there is yet a means left. And if your lordship will send me a *hundred thousand pounds* by the *Windsor Castle*, I shall lose not an instant to set about it. It will, I hope, be no objection to my project, that it is a new one; the more so, as the old ones

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have not succeeded very well. I should glory, my lord, to be the author of a species of civil war and discord *yet unattempted*, and thereby recommend myself to the honorable consideration of his majesty's ministers.

There exists, my lord, in this nation, a latent spark which requires only to be fanned. If this be done with address, we shall have a civil war lighted up in this country, which will not be easily extinguished; for the contest will be between the two sexes. If we once can get them into separate camps, and keep the war afoot for sixty years, there is an end of the American people.

The matter is briefly this:—The men smoak tobacco. The ladies will not be smoaked. They say they do not marry nor come into the world to be smoaked with tobacco. The men say they did not marry nor come into the world to be scolded, and that they will be masters in their own houses. They are both in the right—they are both in the wrong. Neither is right, nor neither is wrong, according as the balance of power can be managed by a cunning hand. And under the cover of this smoak, much excellent mischief may be done for the service of his majesty; and the war, which will be memorable in future history, may be called the *segar war*. We have at once, in our hands, three principal ingredients of civil war: fire, smoak, and hard words.

We might *coalesce* with our *magnanimous allies*, the *Squaws*, on the western frontiers, and a diversion on the *Chesapeake* would complete the whole.—

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And I should not despair of marching a column of ladies, by the next summer, into Virginia, and laying the tobacco plantations waste with fire and tow.

One great advantage of my project, your lordship will please to observe, is this—that whether it succeed or fail, take it at the very worst—supposing it to end as it began, in smoak; it would have a result to the full as favorable as other projects which have cost old England fifty times the sum I ask for. The very smoaking of these ladies would be a great point gained; for they have arrived at an *insolent* pitch of beauty; and it will be in vain that we should deter the connoisseurs and *virtuosi* of our dominions from coming over here, by holding out that there are no statues nor pictures, if we suffer them to preserve such exquisite models of flesh and blood from which goddesses, nymphs and graces, may be imitated. A few refined souls will prefer cheeks of brass, and eyeballs of stone, to the dimple of nature, and sparkling glances of the laughter-loving eye. But the mass of mankind will be ever vulgar; for them canvas will be too flat, and marble too hard; and flesh and blood will carry off the prize.

It is true, my lord, that the same arts are not yet so advanced in this country as in those farther gone in corruption and luxury. Yet it is mortifying to see the progress the young and fair ones are daily making in those delicate acquirements which give lustre to virtue, and embellish good sense. Those arts which have now the charm of novelty, and the grace of infancy, cannot fail to improve in a soil where living beauty

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triumphs; where the great scenes of majestic nature invite; and where history points the eye of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, to the virtues of WASHINGTON, and the plains of Saratoga and York-Town. But one who passes for having good sense, avowed to me, some time ago, that he would rather see a well-clad and active population, than the finest antique groupes of naked fawns and satyrs, with a *Lazeroni* populace. And a thing that has raised great wonder in me, is this, that some of these fair-haired Dryads of the woods, have manners more polished than the shining beauties of your splendid court. Where they got it, or how they came by it, I know not; but on the chaste stem of native purity, they seem to have engrafted the richest fruits of foreign cultivation. And as the ladies in all civilised nations will, covertly, or openly, have the sway, I think these *dangerous persons* ought to be well watched; and I am not indisposed, my lord, to keep an eye upon them, provided I may be encouraged by your lordship's approbation. I shall not then regret the situation in which it has pleased the wisdom of his majesty's councils to have placed me, and I shall labor to the end of my life to make a suitable return.

In this view, I think it right to mention, that the young ladies have imbibed *French principles*; some of them can express any sentiment, grave or gay, by a motion of the head; speak any language with their eyes, and tell an affecting story with the points of their toes.—Those cotillions, my lord, are *dangerous innovations*.

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It is, for the reasons I have mentioned, extremely important, that Mr. Weld, and the *Anacreontic Poet*, should *write down* the American ladies. The kind and frank hospitality they received from these unsuspecting fair ones, has afforded them an opportunity of taking a *noble revenge, worthy of their masters*. And if the finest genius, like the fairest beauty, is to be selected for prostitution, MOORE is the man.

But if this system of detraction be followed up, you will do well, my lord, to keep your Englishmen at home. They will be very liable, coming over with such notions, to be *surprised*—perhaps *put in voluntary chains*. It has already happened to more than one of my acquaintance, and may befal many more.

There need come no more with toys from Birmingham.—There is one *Langstaff* here, that has done them mischief. He gives himself out for *gouty*, and sits writing in an elbow-chair. When the fit leaves him, he announces it in the news-papers, and appoints an hour for his visits; all doors are thrown open, and scouts sent out to watch for him. He runs about in a yellow coatee; and in the course of the morning will have kissed the hand of every pretty lady in the town. It provokes me to see a little fellow lie in a lady's work-basket, and make laughing sport of grave men. And it makes me feel more mortified, at my own growing *corpulence*, lest my bulk should be no recommendation in the eyes of the fair, whose favor is the chief object of my wishes; I shall therefore, before the evil grows

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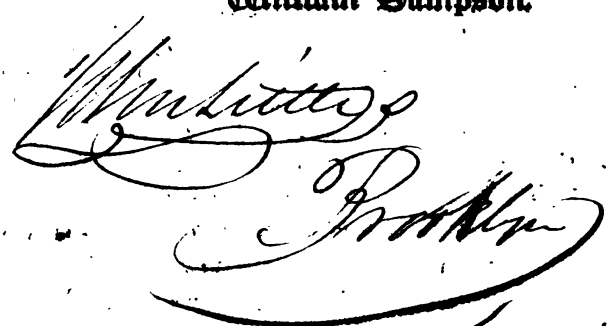
worse, go immediately to *press*, be squeezed into the genteelest form I can, and then pay my respects to the ladies, and to your lordship.—Meantime

I have the honor to be,
With all due gratitude for past favors,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's much obliged,
And very devoted humble servant.

William Sampson.



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APPENDIX.

No. I.—Page 5.

Informers Hanged by their Employers.

WILLIAM KENNEDY was prosecuted for being aiding and assisting to an armed mob. The principal witness against him was *Lieutenant Heppenstal*, noted alike for cowardice and cruelty. It was he who called himself the walking-gallows, from his custom of strangling men with a rope drawn over his shoulders. To support his testimony, a witness named *Hyland* was produced, who swore that he knew the prisoner, but that, by the virtue of his oath, *he never knew any harm of him.* It appeared from the cross-examination of the *walking-gallows*, that he had knocked this Hyland down, and drawn a rope very tight about his neck, but could get nothing from him. Nevertheless, Hyland was ordered off the table. A bill of indictment was sent up to the Grand Jury. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced *instanter.*

Under the impression of this terror, the trial of the prisoner Kennedy proceeded, and he was found guilty. But on account of his good character, and the polluted nature of the evidence, several gentlemen, Grand Jurors and others, presented a petition in his favor. It appeared also, that one of the petty jurors, who refused to find him guilty, was threatened to be thrown out of the window. Kennedy, notwithstanding, was also sentenced to death, and executed.

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The Judge was TOLER, now Lord NORBURY, the same to whom Robert Emmet said in his defence, that if all the blood he had shed was collected into one great reservoir, he might swim in it. And who, on another trial, uttered that inhuman raillery, "that if the person put to death was innocent, he was gone to a better world—if guilty, justice had been done."

Happenstal since died of rottenness, at a very early period of life.

O'BRIEN.

The following short extracts from Mr. Curran's speech on the defence of Patrick Finney, are well worth the attention of the reader, who may be curious to know to what *necessities* a profligate system of oppression against the general interest and feelings of a people leads:—

"Oh honest James O'Brien!—honest James O'Brien!—Let others vainly argue on logical truth, and ethical falsehood, if I can once fasten him to the ring of perjury, I will bait him at it, until his testimony shall fail of producing a verdict, although human nature were as vile and monstrous in you as she is in him. . . . . .

"Shall the horrors which surround the informer; the ferocity of his countenance, and the terrors of his voice, cast such a wide and appalling influence, that none dare approach and save the victim, which he marks for ignomy and death?

"Are you prepared, when O'Brien shall come forward against 10,000 of your fellow-citizens, to assist him in digging the graves, which he has destined to receive them one by one? . . . . .

"I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger, but here is a wretch who would dip the Evangelists in blood! If he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear, without mercy and without end; but oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath! The arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel; if he will swear, let it be on the knife, the proper symbol of his profession! . . . . .

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" At this moment, even the bold and daring villainy of O'Brien, stood abashed; he saw the eye of Heaven in that of an innocent and injured man; perhaps the feeling was communicated by a glance from the dock—his heart bore testimony to his guilt, and he fled for the same! . . . . .

" You find him coiling himself in the scaly circles of his cautious perjury, making anticipated battle against any one who should appear against him—but you see him sink before the proof. . . . . .

" He assumes the character of a king's officer, to rob the king's people of their money, and afterwards, when their property fails him, he seeks to rob them of their lives! . . . . .

" This cannibal informer; this dæmon, O'Brien, greedy after human gore, has fifteen other victims in reserve, if, from your verdict, he receives the unhappy man at the bar! Fifteen more of your fellow-citizens are to be tried on his evidence! Be you then their saviours; let your verdict snatch them from his ravening maw, and interpose between yourselves and endless remorse!" . . . . .

☞ This villain was not punished, but was rewarded for his manifold services, until he became not merely useless, but dangerous to his masters: then he was hanged for a very ordinary murder, namely, for having killed an old sick man. *(See further, App. No. 9.)*

No. II.—Page 22.

Massacres of the Curragh of Kildare, and Glenco.

GENERAL DUNDAS, when at his head-quarters in Naas, on the 24th of May, received a message from a body of the Irish, that they were willing to surrender their arms, provided one Perkins should be liberated from prison, and they all, permitted to return home in peace. The general, after writing to the castle for instructions, ratified the condition.

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And a few days after, a large body, who had surrendered their arms, were cut to pieces at Gibbet-Rath, on the Curragh. The only pretext which bears any colour of truth, was, that one of the *rebels* was foolish enough to discharge his gun in the air before he delivered it. This was done by Lord Jocelyn's Fox-hunters, under the orders of Sir James Duff, who had written that morning to General Lake, that he would make a dreadful example of the rebels. No reprimand was ever given, nor enquiry made, and doubtless the act was much applauded. See the Rev. James Gordon's History of the Rebellion, p. 101—and Plowden, vol. 4, p. 341.

Having mentioned the massacre of Glenco, it might be worth while to remind the reader of that odious crime, which has this affinity to that of the Curragh, that both were executed by treason, and in defiance of that good faith which savages respect; and that, in one as in the other, the actors were not only unpunished, but preferred.

That shocking story of Glenco, is thus briefly related by an intelligent and unprejudiced writer:—"A proclamation was published in autumn, 1691, which declared, that all rebels who took the oaths of the government, before the first of January ensuing, should be pardoned. All the attainted chieftains of the Highlands, except M'Donald of Glenco, took the oaths before the time prefixed. Upon the last day of December, he went to Fort-William, and desired the oaths to be tendered to him by the governor of the fortress, who, as he was not a civil magistrate, refused to administer them.—M'Donald then went to Inverary, the county town, to take them; but by bad weather was prevented from reaching it, till the term prescribed by the proclamation was elapsed. The sheriff scrupled at first, but was prevailed upon at last to receive his allegiance. Advantage was taken of M'Donald's not having complied literally with the terms of the proclamation, and a warrant for proceeding to execution was procured from the king, which was signed both above and below with his own hand. Sir John Dalrymple, the secreta-

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ry, gave orders that the execution of it should be effectual, and without any previous warning. For this purpose, in the month of February, two companies went, not as enemies, but as friends, to take quarters in the valley of Glenco, where all the clan lived. To conceal the intention the better, the soldiers were of their own lineage, Highlanders of Argyle's regiment. They were all received with the rude, but kind hospitality of the country. They continued in the valley near a fortnight; and then in the night-time rose to butcher their hosts! Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, who was uncle to the wife of one of M'Donald's sons, and had supped and played cards with M'Donald's family the night before, commanded the party. Thirty-eight men were slain. The rest would have shared the same fate, had not the alarm been given by one of M'Donald's sons, who overheard one of the soldiers say to another, 'he liked not the work; he feared not to fight the M'Donalds in the field, but had scarcely courage to kill them in their sleep; but that their officers were answerable for the deed, not they.' This execution made the deeper impression, because the king would not permit any of those who were concerned in it to be punished, conscious that in their case his own was involved."—Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 213—Dub. ed.

"As a mark of his own eagerness to save Secretary Dalrymple, King William signed the warrant both above and below with his own hand. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at M'Donald's door; he was instantly admitted. M'Donald, as he was rising from his bed to receive his guest, was shot dead behind his back with two bullets. His wife had already put on her cloaths, but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter became general. To prevent the pity of the soldiers to their hosts, their quarters had been changed the night before; neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women in defending their children were killed. Boys im-

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ploring mercy were shot by officers, on whose knees they hung. In one place nine persons as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were shot dead by the soldiers. The assassins are even said to have made a sport of death. At Inveriggen, in Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers—then shot at intervals, one by one. Several who fled to the mountains, perished by famine, and the inclemency of the season. Those who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march with four hundred men, to occupy all the passes, which led from the valley of Glenco : he was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the unfortunate tribe. He entered the valley the next day ; he laid all the houses in ashes, and carried away all the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers."—Macpherson's Hist. vol. I. page 628–9—Dub. ed.

A still more interesting account of this black transaction, is in Garnet's Scotland, vol. 1, p. 288—but it is too long for the present purpose.

No Irishman, I believe, ever read this story without the strongest sympathy with the unfortunate victims of royal and ministerial cruelty. It should be hoped that Scotchmen are not less generous towards Irishmen, when it is their turn to be betrayed and suffer. Those that are not, are undeserving of the name of SCOTCHMEN—an honorable name when *truly merited.*

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No. III.—Page 35.

Speech of Theobald Wolfe Tone,

To the Court Martial, assembled to pass sentence on his life,

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1798.

Mr. Tone was made prisoner on board the French ship of war the Hoche. *A former Court Martial had been named, but was dissolved by the Lord-Lieutenant, as there were several officers appointed, whose regiment were under sailing orders. On the day of the trial, the doors of the Dublin Barracks, where the court met, were at a very early hour beset by an immense crowd of all descriptions of persons, who, as soon as they were open, rushed in.*

TONE appeared in the uniform of a Chief of Brigade.—The firmness and serenity of his deportment, made even his bitterest enemies feel the greatness of mind.

The Judge Advocate informed the prisoner, that the Lord-Lieutenant had established this Court Martial, to try whether he had acted traitorously and hostilely against his majesty; to whom, as a *natural-born subject*, he owed allegiance. And he was called upon to plead guilty or not guilty.

Tone.—I shall not give the Court any useless trouble; I admit the facts alleged, and only ask leave to read an address which I have prepared for this occasion.

Colonel Daly.—Warned the prisoner, that in admitting the facts, he necessarily admitted, to his own prejudice, the having acted treasonably against the King.

Tone.—Stripping this charge of its technical forms, it means, I presume, that I have been taken in arms against the soldiers of the King in my native country. I admit the accusation in its utmost extent, and desire nothing further than to give my reasons.

The Court.—Was willing to hear him, provided he confined himself within the limits of *moderation.*

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Tone.—Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Court Martial—I do not mean that you should waste your time in proving, according to law, that I have borne arms against the King's government in Ireland—I admit the fact. From my tenderest youth I have considered the union of Ireland with Great Britain as the scourge of the Irish Nation. And that the people of *this* country can have neither happiness nor freedom whilst that connection endures. Every day's experience, and every fact that arose, convinced me of this truth; and I resolved, if I could, to separate the two countries.—But, as I knew Ireland could not, of herself, throw off the yoke, I sought for help wherever I could find it.

Content in honorable poverty, I have refused offers, which to one in my circumstances, might seem magnificent. I remained faithful to the cause of my country, and looked for an *ally* in the French Republic, to free three millions of my countrymen from .....

..... Here he was interrupted by the *President* and *Judge Advocate*, who observed that this discourse tended not to justify himself so much, as to enflame the minds of certain men *(United Irishmen)* of whom, doubtless, numbers were present.

Tone.—Unconnected with every party in the republic, without protector, money, or intrigue, the frankness and integrity of my views soon raised me to a distinguished rank in the French army. I enjoyed the confidence of the government, the approbation of my General; and I dare assert it, the esteem of my brave comrades. Reflecting upon these circumstances, I feel a confidence, of which no reverse of fortune, nor the sentence which you are so shortly to pronounce, can rob me. If I enrolled myself under the banners of France, it was with the hope of contributing to the salvation of my native land. From that same and single motive, I encountered the dangers of war in a country not my own, and on seas which I knew to be covered with the triumphant fleets of a government whom it was my glory to resist.

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I have courted poverty—I have left without protector, a beloved wife; and without a father, children whom I adored. To such and to so many sacrifices, in a cause which my conscience still tells me was a just one, I have little difficulty now to add that of my life.

I hear it said that this country has been a prey to horrors. I lament it if it is so. But I have been four years absent, and cannot be responsible for individual sufferings. It was by a frank and open war that I proposed to separate the countries. It is unfortunate, that private vengeance on one side or on the other, should have considered itself authorised to mingle its fury in the contest. I grieve for it as much as any other, but I am innocent of all these calamities; and to all those who know any thing of my sentiments or character, justification on that head would be very useless. But in vulgar eyes, the merit of the cause is judged by its success.—WASHINGTON CONQUERED—KOSKIUSKO FAILED!

After a combat nobly sustained, which would have inspired a sentiment of interest in a generous enemy, to the eternal shame of those who gave the order, I have been dragged hither in chains. I speak not for myself in this. I know my fate right well. But the tone of supplication is beneath me. I repeat it again. I admit all that is alleged against me, touching the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Words, writings, actions, I avow them all. I have spoken, and I have acted with reflection and on principle; and now with a firm heart I await the consequences. The members who compose this court, will doubtless do their *duty*, and I shall take care not to be wanting to mine.

This discourse was pronounced with an accent so dignified, as deeply affected every hearer; the members of the tribunal not excepted. A silent pause ensued, which Tone first interrupted, by asking if it was usual to assign an interval between the sentence and the execution? The Judge Advocate answered, that the members would immediately give their opinions, the result of which would be forthwith laid be-

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fore the Lord-Lieutenant. If the prisoner therefore had any further observations to make, it was now the moment.

Tone.—I have a few words to say relative to the mode of punishment. In France, the emigrants who stand in the same situation as I do now before you, are condemned to be shot. I ask, then, that the court should adjudge me to die the death of a soldier, and that I may be shot by a platoon of grenadiers. I ask this, more in right of my situation as Chief of Brigade in the French army, than for my own sake. It is a respect due to the coat I wear. And I shall, therefore, beg of the court to read my commission and letters of service, by which it will appear that I do not avail myself of any deception or subterfuge, but that I have been long and *bona fide* a French officer.

The Judge Advocate.—You must feel, Sir, that the papers you allude to, are undeniable proofs against you.

Tone.—Oh I know it well, and I admit the facts, and I admit the papers as proofs of full conviction!

[*The papers were then read. They were, a brevet of Chief of Brigade from the Directory, and signed by the Minister of War—a letter of service, giving to Tone the rank of Adjutant-General—and a passport.*]

General Loftus.—By these papers you are designated as serving in the army of England (l'Armee d'Angleterre.)

Tone.—I did serve in that army, when it was commanded by Bonaparte, by Dessaix, and by Kilmaine, who is, as I am, an *Irishman*—but I have also served elsewhere.

General Loftus.—The court will not fail to submit to the Lord Lieutenant the address which has been read by the prisoner, and also the object of his last demands.—His lordship, however, took care to efface a great part of it, namely, that which Tone was prevented from reading.

The sequel is well known. Mr. Tone, finding that he was to be executed in the same savage manner as his brother

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had been a few days before, found means to disappoint his enemies, and chose the manner of his death.

[*And thus perished Theobald Wolfe Tone, a man of unquestioned personal honor, of heroical courage, of the most amiable character, and of talents, which, for the same reason that they drew upon him the sentence of a traitor in Ireland, would, in any other country, have raised him to the highest distinction.*]—For some account of his wife and children, see Appendix No. 16.

No. IV.—Page 37.

The following document will shew the nature of those *peep-of-day, Orange, or No-popery-men*, who at present govern the king's conscience, and consequently his councils throughout the empire. The encouragement of them, and their acts of ruthless persecution, were among the principal means which the ministers boast of having used, to bring about REBELLION, and through Rebellion, UNION.

ARMAGH, *December* 28, 1795.

At a numerous meeting of the magistrates of the county of Armagh, convened this day, at the special instance of Lord Viscount GOSFORD, Governor.

His Lordship having taken the chair, opened the business of the meeting, by the following Address:

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING requested your attendance here this day, it becomes my duty to state the grounds upon which I thought it advisable to propose this meeting, and at the same time to submit to your consideration, a plan which occurs to me as most likely to check the enormities that have already brought disgrace upon this country, and may soon reduce it into deep distress.

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It is no secret, that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country.—Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, as to any guilt in the last disturbances, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection.

The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime indeed of easy proof; it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic Faith, or an intimate connexion with a person professing that faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is equally concise and terrible—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and immediate banishment.

It would be extremely painful, and surely unnecessary, to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so wide and tremendous a proscription—a proscription, that certainly exceeds in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient or modern history can supply. For where have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read, of more than half the inhabitants of a populous county, deprived, at one blow, of the means, as well as the fruits, of their industry, and driven in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves, and their helpless families, where chance may guide them?

This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this county. Yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosom.—These horrors, I say, are now acting, and acting with impunity. The spirit of partial justice (without which, law is nothing better than an instrument of tyranny) has for a time disappeared in this county; and the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh, has become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.

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It is said in reply—The Roman Catholics are dangerous—they may be so—they may be dangerous from their numbers, and still more dangerous from the unbounded views they have been encouraged to entertain.—But I will venture to assert (without fear of contradiction) that upon those very grounds, these terrible proceedings are not more contrary to humanity, than they are to sound policy.

It is to be lamented, that no civil magistrate happened to be present with the military detachment on the night of the 21st inst. but I trust the suddenness of the occasion, the unexpected and instantaneous aggression on the part of the delinquents, will be universally admitted as a full vindication of the conduct of the officer and the party under his command.

Gentlemen—I have the honor to hold a situation in this county, which calls upon me to deliver my sentiments, and I do so without fear, and without disguise.

I am as true a Protestant as any gentleman in this room, or in this kingdom. I inherit a property which my family derived under a Protestant title, and with the blessing God, I will maintain that title to the utmost of my power. I will never consent to make a sacrifice of Protestant ascendency to Catholic claims, with whatever menaces they may be urged ; or however speciously or insidiously supported.

Conscious of my sincerity in this public declaration, which I do not make unadvisedly, but as the result of mature deliberation, I defy the paltry insinuations that malice or party spirit may suggest.

I know my own heart, and I should despise myself, if under any intimidation, I should close my eyes against such scenes as present themselves on every side, or shut my ears against the complaints of a persecuted people.

I should be guilty of an unpardonable injustice to the feelings of gentlemen here present, were I to say more on this subject. I have now acquitted myself to my conscience and my country, and take the liberty of proposing the following resolutions :

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1st. That it appears to this meeting, that the county of Armagh is, at this moment, in a state of uncommon disorder. That the Roman Catholic inhabitants are grievously oppressed, by lawless persons unknown, who attack and plunder their houses by night, and threaten them with instant destruction, unless they immediately abandon their lands and habitations.

2d. That a committee of magistrates be appointed, to sit on *Thursdays* and *Saturdays*, in the Chapter-Room, in the town of Armagh, to receive information respecting all persons of whatever description, who disturb the peace of this county.

3d. That the instructions of the whole body of the magistracy to their committee shall be, to use every legal means within their power, to stop the progress of the persecution now carrying on by an ungovernable mob against the Roman Catholic inhabitants of this county.

4th. That said committee, or any three of them, be impowered to expend any sum or sums of money for information, or secret service, out of the fund subscribed by the gentlemen of this county.

5th. That a meeting of the whole body of the magistracy be held every second *Monday*, at the house of Mr. Charles M'Reynolds, in the town of Armagh, to hear the reports of the committee, and to give such further instructions as the exigency of the times may require.

6th. That offenders of every description, in the present disturbances, shall be prosecuted, out of the fund subscribed by the gentlemen of this county, and to carry this resolution into effect; be it also resolved, That Mr. Arthur Irwin, be appointed law-agent to the magistrates.

The above resolutions having been read, were unanimously agreed to, and the committee nominated.

Lord Gosford having left the chair, and the Right Hon. Sir Capel Molyneux be requested to take it,

Resolved, That the unanimous thanks of this meeting be presented to Lord Viscount Gosford, for his proper conduct

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in convening the magistrates of the county, and his impartiality in the chair.

Gosford,	Samuel Close,
Capel Molyneux,	John Ogle,
William Richardson,	William Clarke,
William Brownlow,	Ch. M. Warburton,
A. J. M'Cann, Sovereign,	Wm. Lodge,
Robert B. Sparrow,	Wm. Bisset,
Alex. Thos. Stewart,	Thomas Quin,
Michael Obins,	Owen O'Callaghan,
Hugh Hamilton,	John Maxwell,
Joseph M'Gough,	William Irwin,
James Verner,	James Harden,
Richard Allot,	James Lawson,
Stewart Blacker,	William Barker,
John Reilly,	Robert Livingston.

No. V.—Page 48.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

ROBERT STUART, at the general election in 1790, set himself up for representative of the county of Down, against what was called the *Lordly Interest:* and, in order to ingratiate himself with the popular party, took the following oath or test upon the Hustings, as a solemn compact between him and his constituents, namely—

"That he would regularly attend his duty in parliament, and *be governed by the instructions of his constituents.*

"That he would, in and out of the house, with all his ability and influence, promote the success of

"*A bill for amending the representation of the people.*

"A bill for preventing pensioners from sitting in parliament, or such placemen as cannot sit in the British House of Commons.

"A bill for limiting the number of placemen and pensioners, and the amount of pension.

"A bill for preventing revenue officers from voting at elections.

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"A bill for rendering the servants of the crown of Ireland responsible for the expenditures of the public money.

"A bill to protect the personal safety of the subject against arbitrary and excessive bail, and against *the stretching the power of attachment beyond the limits of the constitution.*"

REMARK.

Compare that test with the test of the United Irishmen, and there is not so much difference that the taker of the one should be exalted on a gallows, and the other to a peerage. The only difference is this—He that continued true to his test, was hanged; and he that was foresworn, hanged him.

Now, if ever there was a proof of the lamentable effects of a colonial government, it is this—that the most perfidious should always be selected for favor and power: as if it was a principle of government, not only to deprive the subjects of their liberty, but also, by pernicious examples, of their morals; and above all, to trust no man until he had made his proofs of baseness.

When the *habeas corpus* was to be suspended, could no other be found to execute arbitrary imprisonment, but he who had sworn to oppose "all arbitrary stretches of power?" When the parliament was to be annihilated, could no man be found so fit to destroy it as the man who had sworn to defend its independence and its purity?

How many of those whom Lord Castlereagh swore to protect against imprisonment, he has since imprisoned arbitrarily, and betrayed to the most cruel sufferings, may be better known hereafter—his biography will be written. It is time that false honors should cease to varnish treason; and that lying and foreswearing should cease to pass for talents and merit. Does it require so much genius to lie—and is it so meritorious to betray? If so, let it be proclaimed aloud to all mankind. The field of Genius may be much enlarged—honest men will cease to be troublesome, and thieves will have due honor. It is much to be wished, for the repose of mankind, that a great convention should be formed upon this head—That all may submit, or all rebel together.

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No. VI.—Page 63.

WILLIAM HENRY CAVENDISH, Duke of Portland, one of his Majesty's honorable Privy Council, and Principal Secretary of State, &c. &c. &c.

TO all Admirals, Vice-Admirals, Captains, Commanders of His Majesty's Ships of War or Privateers, Governors, Mayors, Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Constables, Customers, Comptrollers, Searchers, and all others whom it may concern, Greeting:—These are, in his Majesty's name, pursuant to the authority vested in me by his Majesty in this behalf, to will and require you to permit and suffer the bearer hereof, William Sampson, Esq. freely and quietly to go from hence to Falmouth, and there to embark and pass over to Lisbon, without any lett, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever—Provided the said person do embark within ——— after the date hereof, and sail, wind and weather permitting, or otherwise this Pass shall remain no longer in force.—— Given at Whitehall, the thirteenth day of December, 1798.

PORTLAND.

No. VII.—Page 69.

FROM THE *(London)* COURIER.

The following petition was presented to his Majesty at the Levee, by Mr. Fox.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The humble petition of the undersigned, freeholders of the county of Down.

May it please your Majesty——

WE, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, take this opportunity of expressing our loyalty and attachment to

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your Majesty's person and family, and those principles which placed them on the throne of these realms; and, at the same time, of declaring, that, in such a period as the present, we should think it little short of treason to be silent on the state of this your Majesty's kingdom of Ireland. It is not merely of a long, disastrous, unjust, and unnecessary war, which has destroyed public credit, commerce and manufactures, we complain—Your Majesty, in your wisdom, must have perceived the evil consequences of that war through every part of your dominions. It is not the melancholy waste of blood and treasure of which we complain; because those calamities cannot be remedied—but we beg leave to approach your throne with a plain unexaggerated state of our present grievances. Ever since the administration of the great Lord Chatham, almost all and good wise men have concured in the absolute necessity of a parliamentary reform, as well for the security of the throne as the people. Your Majesty's present minister has given lessons to the empire on that head, which can never be forgotten; and the ruin which has accompanied his deviation from that principle has demonstrated the necessity of that measure. The dutiful and loyal petitions of your people have not been attended to. The most constitutional and loyal means of seeking redress have been opposed by the most unconstitutional and illegal coercions. Every right for the establishment of which our forefathers shed their blood, and for the protection of which your Majesty's ancestors were called to the throne, has been successively taken away by the undue influence of your Majesty's present ministers;—the right of petitioning greatly invaded by the convention bill;—the trial by jury, by summary convictions, under the most unconstitutional laws;—the liberty of the press, and the freedom of speech, by the shameful encouragement of spies and informers;—the right of *habeas corpus* has been suspended; and the great right, which is the security of all other rights, the right of bearing arms, has been grossly violated, not only by a series of laws repug-

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nant to the written and acknowledged compact between the crown and the people, expressed unequivocally in the bill of rights; but, in a late instance, by an act of state, avowedly illegal. We, therefore, humbly intreat your Majesty to dismiss from your councils and presence, your present ministers, as the first step towards restoring peace, prosperity and happiness to this distracted country, and thereby firmly securing the interests of the crown and people, which are both at present in the most alarming danger; and we further entreat your Majesty immediately to call such men to your councils as may assist your people in obtaining a reform of parliament, embracing every religious persuasion, as the sure and only means of rendering this kingdom prosperous and happy.

AR. JOHNSTON, Chairman,
ED. POTTINGER, Secretary.

By, and on the behalf, and at the desire of four thousand eight hundred and three freeholders of the county of Down, who subscribed their names to the above petition.

No. VIII.—Page 69.

☞ THE reader is, to avoid repetition, in consequence of the increasing bulk of the work, referred to No. X.—where will be found the substance of what was intended for this Number.

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No. IX.—Page 72.

The following lesson of policy and humanity offered by a hired informer to the government that suborned him, is unparalleled in history.

LETTER OF MR. BIRD,

TO THE LORD-LIEUTENANT, EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

IN as few words as can convey my meaning, I will explain the object of my application, which I am pretty sure will be deemed a very ill-timed one. In a letter which I caused to be delivered to Mr. Cooke, I candidly made known my reasons for quitting a situation which I could not think of without horror! the consequence of which was, that two persons escaped a fate, to which they had been long since doomed by anticipation; that point gained, although a very important one, by no means satisfies me. Messrs. Nelson and Russel *are yet prisoners;* and your lordship's great knowledge of law, precludes the necessity of my asserting, that there is no kind of change whatever, which could by any means be supported against those gentlemen. Then why, my lord, hold honest men in captivity, without even the shadow of a crime to adduce? Why irritate the public mind, already goaded nearly to desperation? Such conduct, my lord, is as base as it is impolitic; spurn such actions as you ought; give peremptory orders for the instant liberation of the persons before-mentioned, and you will acquire an honest popularity, infinitely more grateful to a feeling heart, than the barren adulation of that venal throng, whose baneful advice at present guides your lordship's steps; and who, if suffered to proceed, will lead you to inevitable ruin! The gratitude of those individuals, will induce them to place their freedom purely to your lordship's benevolence, as they are utterly ignorant of this application in their behalf; and I further assure your lordship, that they ever shall remain so, if my request be now granted.

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Your lordship's native goodness, will, I hope, incline you to pardon the freedom of my style. The importance of the subject throws etiquette at a distance; and ceremony, from me, would be mere buffoonery. My mind is intent on weightier matters, and let me incur what censure I may, I am determined to restore those gentlemen to their freedom, or lose my own in the attempt.

I seriously entreat your lordship not to suppose I would deign to use empty menace to attain my purpose. No, I scorn so mean a subterfuge; and did you but know the adamantine foundation on which I build my hope of success, you would not, my lord, for a single moment, hesitate between *right and wrong, justice and tyranny;* but would instantly comply with my just request.

Should the enormous power, the lively craft of your wicked counsellors, prevail over the dictates of honor in your lordship's breast, then, my lord, am I irrevocably determined to place in Lord Moira's hands, such documents as shall strike your boldest orators dumb, and raise through the *three kingdoms* such a tornado of execration, as shall penetrate the *inmost recesses* of the *Cabinets* of London and of Dublin!

If your lordship can find no better way to unravel the mystery, apply to *Kemmis*, the crown solicitor, perhaps he'll tremble; but he can inform you of what it is I speak, and which *your honor and your interest* demand should be *eternally concealed*, or honestly explored!

I now take my final leave of your lordship, in whose breast it remains to decide on as important an event, take it *all in all*, as ever presented itself to your consideration.

I am, my Lord, with the utmost respect,
Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

J. BIRD.

P.S. If the gentlemen, herein-mentioned, are not restored to liberty within three days from the delivery of this letter to your excellency, I shall conceive it a direct denial, and take my measures accordingly.

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LETTER OF THE SAME TO MR. NELSON.

SIR,

IN what language to address a gentleman, whom I have so very deeply injured, I scarcely know ; but with the purest truth I can assure you, Sir, that though plunged in a dungeon, deprived of every comfort tyranny could wrest from you, separated, for ought you know, eternally separated from your wife, your children, friends and home, your property devastated, your health and vigour drooping, beneath such an accumulated load of misery and woe—still, Sir, had you known my *real* state of mind, it was infinitely less to be envied than yours. Happiness has to me been a stranger ever since the fatal day when poverty, and something worse, urged me to accept the wages of infamy. How those men may feel themselves, in whose hands I have been an instrument of ruin, I cannot say ; but I strongly suspect, could the secrets of their hearts be exposed to your view, they would not be more the objects of your scorn, than your pity !

The first gleams of happiness, which for twelve months has visited my breast, have been, since I have ceased to rank among the number of those sanguinary monsters, who are in fact destroying that very system they are striving to support. You, Sir, will shortly be restored to that liberty which your life has been hitherto devoted to procure for others ; and if you can then *think* of me, without horror or disgust, it is as much as I can expect—more than I deserve. Great have been the pangs of remorse I have endured, when reflecting on the situation of your amiable wife and unprotected offspring ; nor did the state of poor Shanaghan's family distress me less—they, I fear, suffered more than yours in some points—but 'twont bear reflection.

I shall only further take the liberty of remarking, that if my utmost exertions to serve the men I was hired to destroy, can entitle me to pardon, from you and from them, I

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should once more feel myself restored to peace and happiness. I beg, Sir, you will excuse the liberty I take, and believe me (if you can) when I assure you that no man more fervently wishes you every blessing Providence can bestow, than the person who for a time robbed you of all comfort on earth.

J. BIRD.

LETTER OF MR. NEWELL TO MR. COOKE,

UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE.

SIR,

AS I hope in a few days to present you with my history in *print*, I shall not trouble you much at present, as in *it* you will see my reasons for *deserting*, and for first becoming one of the *Battalion of Testimony*; on mature reflection I am confident you must say, to *yourself*, I have acted right. I shall not pretend to say I am beyond your power, but should you even arrest me, you will find my heart was never afraid, to end the project I had once began. You well know, not a friendship for government, but my affection for the Murdock family, was my reason for becoming an *Informer*; that attachment having ceased, the tye that bound me to you, was no more, and I am again what I then was. Connected with Murdock, *I was a villain*, but unconnected with him, cease to be so.

An Englishman dared to act honestly, and shall a native of Ireland, whose sons are renowned for their honor, and their courage, be out-done by that nation, which we find in general produce only men of diabolical and vicious principles? Though I can't deny being a villain, I hope clearly to prove, I had the honor of being made so by you, though you did not inculcate enough of your principles to make it lasting. I think you will now be tired of the business of *Information*, and I assure you, you will *shortly have no occasion for it*:—

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Think how disgraceful must appear *your* connections and support, when even *Spies and Informers* scorn and fly their association, and throw themselves on the forgiveness of their injured country, for being a while connected with *such miscreants*. I hope you will now acquit me of the charge *of want of feeling*. I return you thanks for the numberless favors you have conferred on me, and assure you, that I would not exchange one single hour of my present happiness, for ten thousand times the sums you have already lavished on me. I have no occasion *now* for *pistols*, the propriety of my *present* behaviour is guard enough; the forgiveness of my country, its *reward*—every honest man is my friend; and for the other part of the community, their esteem is a disgrace. My bosom is what it has not been this long time, *the seat of contentment*—and I thank my God for having saved me from impending ruin.

EDWARD JOHN NEWELL.

N. B. This was the same Newell who wore the mask, and carried the wand.—(See page 72.)—He was the gallant of Mrs. Murdock. He, with Murdock and Dutton, composed the triumvirate, whose exploits Bird revealed in his confessions, signed by Mr. Grattan, and stated by Lord Moira in the Irish house of lords, as "having made his blood to curdle."

No. X.—Page 80.

BELFAST RESOLUTIONS.

AT a meeting of the inhabitants of Belfast, held by adjournment on the 2d of January, 1797, from the former meeting of the 31st of December, 1796, the committee chosen by the said meeting having agreed to the following resolutions, recommended them to their townsmen for adoption—

COUNSELLOR SAMPSON IN THE CHAIR.

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1st—*Resolved*, That the imperfect state of the representation in the house of commons, is the primary cause of the discontent in this country.

2d—That the public mind would be restored to tranquility, and every impending danger effectually averted by such a reform in parliament, as would secure to population and property their due weight in the scale of government, without distinction on account of religious opinions.

3d—That a determination firmly manifested on the part of government, to comply with the great desires of the people, would be productive of the happiest effects, inasmuch as it would conciliate the affections of the people, whose object is reform alone, and thereby constitute the only rampart of defence, that can bid complete defiance to the efforts of foreign and domestic enemies.

4th—That such a change in the system of government, would give to property, law, religion, and the necessary distinction of rank, additional stability and weight, and that no opinion can be entertained by the people so dangerous, as the despair of succeeding in their constitutional exertions to obtain the most important objects of their wishes.

5th—That we conceive a constitution by king, lords and commons (the commons being then reformed) when wisely and honestly administered, capable of affording every happiness a nation can enjoy.

6th—That we are ready, if permitted by government, to arm in like manner as the volunteers, whose memory we revere, and whose example we wish to imitate.

Resolved—That the chairman be requested to wait upon the sovereign with a copy of the resolutions, and to request him, in the name of the meeting, to communicate the same to the Lord-Lieutenant, and solicit permission for the inhabitants of this town to arm themselves agreeably to the same resolution.

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REMARK.

The chancellor, Lord Clare, in the house of lords, on the 17th of the same month, adverting to these resolutions, made use of the following intemperate expressions:

"To say nothing of the affiliated United Irishmen, avowedly associated to support the enemy, I will recal to your lordship's recollection, the *daring insolence* of some of those persons in the great commercial town of Belfast, where a meeting was lately held; at which resolutions of *so treasonable a nature* were entered into, as to make us amazed at the *mildness* of government in *not punishing* the authors."

Now, in the first place, the *author of these resolutions*, was *Lord O'Neil*, a man of ancient rank and standing in the country; whereas Lord Clare's grand-father was a Roman Catholic priest, and his father a student of St. Omers, destined originally for the same profession, and who had, it is said, been actually *tonsured!*

Lord O'Neil, who was once greatly beloved in the country, had, at this time, lost his popularity, by joining with the Clare faction, and afterwards, a fact deeply to be lamented, lost his life in the battle of Antrim. And was then one of the acting privy counsellors, sitting at the same board with Lord Clare, and signing the same proclamations and acts of coercion.

Lord O'Neil had wished to have these very resolutions adopted by the county of Antrim, as measures of conciliation; but in the exasperated state of the public mind, he despaired of accomplishing it. It was in the interval of the adjournment, that some friends of Lord O'Neil, *moderate* men, and good *government* men, had put these resolutions into my hands, with intreaties that I would use my endeavors to have them passed by the committee of the town. I was not in the secret of the French alliance, and had no other motive under Heaven, than to assuage the violence of party, to prevent the impending massacre, and if possible to keep the door open to reconciliation, and prevent a civil war. But

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though I did not know that the French had been invited, I knew very well that the governing faction were meditating the *revolution*, which *they* afterwards effected, under the name of *Union*. The implacable rancor of Lord Clare against me, could have then no other motive than, that I stood in the way of a darling massacre, and was anxious to promote peace. And certainly, if ever there was an action that deserved the praise of *moderation*, it was that one for which I was thus virulently denounced. If I am now less moderate, it is not because my personal feelings have been injured, for I am still willing to sacrifice what remains of my life and fortune to the advantage of my country; but it is because my eyes are open to the futility of expecting any benefit to Ireland from those who govern her. Had conciliation been compatible with the views of those men, they would have commended my endeavors, and the declarations of the state prisoners examined by Lord Clare himself, would have been convincing proofs how well I acted.—*(See pieces of Irish Hist. p. 228.)*

No. XI.—Page 84.

HUMANITY PUNISHED WITH DEATH,

From the relations of Mr. Hay, and the Reverend Mr. Gordon.

DIFFERENT courts-martial were instituted in Ross, Enniscorthy, Gorey and Newtown-Barry, and several persons were condemned and executed, and others were sentenced to transportation. Among those who were condemned to be executed, I cannot avoid noticing the case of the Reverend John Redmond, a Catholic priest, who, it seems, during the insurrection, had done all in his power to save the house of Lord Mountnorris from being plundered, which he, in some degree, effected, but not at all to the extent of his

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wishes. Lord Mountnorris, however, to prevent the possibility of his being supposed by any one in future a friend to Catholics, sent for Mr. Redmond, upon finding that he was present at the plundering of his house, desiring that he would come to him directly. The Reverend gentleman, conscious of his own integrity, and apprehensive of no danger, as involved in no guilt, obeyed the summons without hesitation; but his instantaneous hasty trial, condemnation and execution, were the reward of his humane and generous exertions. His body, after death, underwent the most indecent mutilations.

It is a melancholy reflection to think how many innocent persons were condemned. I have heard of numbers, of whose innocence the smallest doubt cannot be entertained, whose conduct merited reward instead of punishment; yet they fell victims to the purest sentiments of philanthropy, which dictated their interference: these have been perverted by their enemies, who are also those of the human race, into crimes utterly unpardonable. Is this any thing less than arraigning benevolence and humanity, the most amiable qualities of the soul of man, as criminal and atrocious? But every man's breast, whatever be his principles, will tell him, with irresistible force, that crime and atrocity lie at the other side. From personal knowledge of the circumstances, I knew five or six who were innocent of the charges and of the deeds sworn against them, and who still were condemned and executed. In these turbid and distracted times, I have seen persons sunk so much below the level of human nature, that I do believe they were not capable of judgment or recollection; which accounts to me in some degree for the various assertions, even testimonies on trials, and affidavits made by different persons, who might as well relate their dreams for facts.

Mr. E. Kyan, whose courage and humanity deserved a better fate, was taken near Wexford, on his return home in the night, tried, condemned, and executed the next day;

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for although manifest proofs appeared of his humanity and interference, so conspicuously effectual on the bridge of Wexford, on the 20th of June, 1798, yet this was insufficent to save him, as he had arms about him when apprehended. His fate is the more lamentable, as Mr. Fitz-Gerald, on surrendering to General Dundas, had secured the same terms for Mr. Kyan as for himself; so that had any circumstance interfered to delay his execution for some time, the life of a brave man would have been saved.—*(See Hay's Insurrection, pages 266—7—8—9—70, and Gordon's History of the Irish Rebellion, pages 186—7.—And Plowden, vol. 4.*

A very a remarkable saying is recorded of one of the rebel prisoners, who thanked God that no one could accuse him of having saved the life or property of any body.

REMARK.

It is difficult for an American reader to conceive, why he that shewed mercy, or endeavored after peace, should be most obnoxious. But if it be remembered, that the beginning of this civil war was the recal of Lord Fitzwilliam: if it be kept in mind that the dispute between the English cabinet and that Viceroy, turned not so much upon the Catholic question as upon the apprehension that Mr. Beresford was "*filling a situation greater than that of the Lord-Lieutenant*," and upon the necessity of his dismissal, and also the dismissal of Messrs. Wolfe and Toler, the two public prosecutors: then it will be felt why these men, who, by force of the *King's conscience* remained in office, in despite of the public wish, and whose emoluments and importance grew out of the public calamities, should dread peace, reform, or conciliation; to all or either of which, their fortunes and ambition must of course be sacrificed. Again, if we look to the origin of these gentlemen to whose ascendancy a wretched people have been sacrificed, we shall be less astonished that they should maintain their present elevation by *every* means. If I am rightly informed, the grand-father of the Beres-

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fords came from England to follow his trade of an Inkle-weaver in Coleraine; and the enormous fortunes of that family, are nothing but the *plunder* of the miserable Irish, whom they have scourged, hanged, and massacred, in order to silence their complaints. Ask who is the Marquis of Waterford, or Lord Tyrone? Ask who is Lord Castlereagh, or Lord Londonderry—who is Lord Norbury—who was Lord Earlsfort, and so many other Lords whose origin is as obscure? Ask when and for what virtue they were irradiated with such high glories? Alas! their virtue, of all virtues, was their enmity to Ireland, and their corrupt and violent endeavors to keep her in misery, disunion, and subjection; and therefore *their* worst enemy was the reformer or the peacemaker—the oppressor their natural ally.

No. XII.—Page 135.

Certificate of Mr. Lafargue.

I, ANTHONY LAFARGUE, Marine Agent of the French Republic, for the exchange of French prisoners of war at Lisbon, certify, to all whom it may concern, that *William Sampson*, of Ireland, and his servant of the same nation, embarked on board of the Danish ship, called the Die Hoffnung, Captain Lars Jansen—were put on board that ship by order of the Intendant-general of the police of this city, for reasons of state; and I attest, that these two men have no employment whatsoever on board of the said vessel.—In witness whereof, I have signed this present certificate, and sealed it with my seal.—Done at Lisbon, the 9th of Floreal, 7th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

ANTHONY LAFARGUE.

(Seal.)

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No. XIII.—Page 169.

Arrête Motivé.

Extract from the Deliberations of the Municipal Administration of the Commune of Bayonne.

Sitting of the 14th Messidor, 7th year of the Republic, one and indivisible——Present, *the citizens Sauvinet, jun. President; Andrew Durvergier, Louis Bertrand, Dominick Meillan, James Lacoste, Laurent Garay, Municipal Administrators; and P. Basterreche, Commissary of the Executive Directory.*

THE Municipal Administration of the Commune of Bayonne, having considered the different proofs adduced by Mr. William Sampson, of Ireland, shewing that he had been forced successively to leave Ireland and Portugal; and that the ship which landed him at Passage, was destined for Bordeaux.

Considering—that if it is important to the safety of the Republic to shut out such strangers as are under suspicion, or perturbators, it is also its duty to grant protection to all the victims of despotism.

Considering—that it results from the various proofs, produced to us by Mr. William Sampson, that he was proscribed in his native country, and afterwards in Lisbon, on account of his sentiments of liberty, and the zeal with which he had asserted it in the midst of atrocious persecutions.

Considering, finally—that it may be essential, under the existing circumstances, to give to the government a knowledge of those who are capable of informing it, touching the situation of its enemies: and that in this view, Mr. William Sampson, so well known in the annals of Ireland, may be able to offer very useful instruction.

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Having first heard the Commissary of the Executive Directory, decree—that Mr. William Sampson be permitted to Paris, passing by Bordeaux, Angouleme, Poitier, Tours, and Orleans, under the condition that he present himself to the constituted authorities of the Communes, to have the present passport examined; and that he present himself, on his arrival at Paris, before the Minister of the General Police, who will be apprised of his intention by the Municipality of Bayonne.

Compared Copy,

(Seal.) *The Mayor of Bayonne,*

LACROIX RAVIGNAN.

REMARK.

It will be clear to every intelligent or candid reader, how easily I might have recommended myself to high favor.—I did not choose to do it, for my independence was dearer to me than every thing. I hoped, besides, that the violent empire of terror in my native country might have subsided, and that I might still, perhaps, have been of use in its pacification. Those, I am sure, who would have cried treason if I had accepted of this offer, will laugh at my simplicity. And I know further, that to them my conduct will never be agreeable, whilst it is dignified or honorable.

I am sorry, however, to be obliged, at length, to conform to the sentiments of Mr. Tone—that there never can be happiness or liberty for Ireland, whilst that connection, which is her scourge, subsists. It is now, alas! too well demonstrated by proofs of stupid pertinacity.

My memorial to the Municipality of Bayonne, would, beyond every thing, have put my enemies to shame. But although I sincerely believe it to be in possession, by means which I am not free to mention, I am sure they will never do me the justice to produce it. If it was, on the contrary, a piece tending to my crimination, it would have been public long ago.

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No. XIV.—Page 171.

INTERROGATORIES,

Before the Bureau Central of Bordeaux.

THIS day, the first of Thermidor, seventh year of the French Republic, one and indivisible, appeared before us, administrators of the Bureau Central of the Canton of Bordeaux, the person hereafter named, whose interrogatories and answers were as follows:

Question.—His age, place of nativity, profession, and last domicil?

Answer.—William Sampson, thirty-five years of age, born in Londenderry, in Ireland, counsellor at law; present residence in Bordeaux, at the Hotel de la Providence, in the Street Port-Dijeaux.

Q.—How long he had been in Bordeaux, and what were his means of subsistence?

A.—About twelve days: his means of subsistence, a small sum of money, which he brought from Portugal; and what he can in future procure from the disposable property which he has in his own country.

Q.—From whence and for what he came to Bordeaux?

A.—That being by his profession of advocate, bound to respect the laws and rights of his fellow-citizens, his zeal in their maintainance against the oppressions of the tyrannical government now exercised by England in Ireland, had brought upon him all sorts of persecution. He was long imprisoned—his life exposed, like that of multitudes of his fellow-citizens, to hourly danger.—The details of all he underwent, would be too voluminious to be inserted in these interrogatories. He confines himself at present to the following facts, viz. that he was compelled to leave his country, and go to Portugal, with the condition of remaining there during the present war, and to give security in *two thousand pounds sterling*, not

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to leave that kingdom. That some weeks after his landing at Oporto, he was arrested and conveyed to Lisbon, where he was imprisoned, and made to endure the cruellest vexations, and finally embarked on board a Danish vessel, as he was told, for Hamburg. But that the vessel was in fact bound to Bordeaux, and is now arrived in this port.

Q.—To relate more particularly, for what cause he was transported into Portugal, made prisoner in Oporto and Lisbon, and there embarked. What was the name of the vessel and of the captain?

A.—That amongst other things from the time that the English government declared war against France, he had manifested, by his writings, and all legal means, his aversion to their motives of hostility. Conceiving that it was no just cause of war, that another nation chose to make alterations in its government. 2dly. The desire which he had manifested in common with his fellow-citizens for the reform of the parliament, the dismissal of the ministry, and peace with France. 3dly. The arbitrary, tyrannical and cruel acts which the English government practised in manifest violation of the rights of the people of Ireland. 4thly. That he had constantly demanded a trial, which was refused him, for that it was judged better to proceed arbitrarily against him, as well to prevent his justification as the exposure of the manœuvres of his persecutors. 5thly. That he presumes that it was for the same reasons he was arrested in Oporto, and conducted to Lisbon, in order to deprive him of all correspondence; and that for the same reasons, in the same arbitrary manner, he was forceably embarked on board of the Danish vessel, the Die Hoffnung (Captain Lars Jansen;) and further he adds, that the English and Irish papers had not ceased to publish absurd and contradictory calumnies and falsehoods respecting him, and the motives of his detention.

Q.—Whether the Danish vessel had brought him directly to Bordeaux?

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A.—After being forty-three days at sea, and all the provisions consumed, the captain was obliged to put into St. Sebastian. That he had often, on account of his bad health, solicited the captain to put him on shore, which he refused; that he took the resolution there to make the rest of his way by land to avoid a repetition of the same sufferings; and that his design was merely to follow the destination of the ship, in which he had been embarked with his effects.

Being no further interrogated, and the present being read to him, he affirms the truth of his answers as therein contained, and thereto signs his name.

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

PIERRE BALGUINE, Admr.

BERNEDE, Chief of Bureau.

INTERROGATORY OF FRANCIS RIVET.

This day being the 4th of Thermidor, in the 7th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible: We the administrators of the Bureau Central, of the Canton of Bordeaux, caused the citizen Rivet to appear before us, who was interrogated as follows:

Q.—His name, surname, age, place of nativity, and last domicil?

A.—His name is *Francis Rivet*, age forty years, native of *Nantes*, lodges at the Hotel de la Providence.

Q.—Desired to communicate all he knew touching the case of William Sampson, of Ireland.

A.—The first he heard of him was when he was himself in prison at Lisbon, by means of his gaoler, who had gone to the prison of the said William Sampson, to serve as his interpreter in interrogatories which he then underwent. And the said gaoler told the deponent, that the cause of the imprisonment of the said person was, that he was *Irish*, and his *principles suspected* by the *Portuguese* government. Deponent fur-

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ther says, that about fifteen days after, he was transported with the said William Sampson from Lisbon to the prison of Belem, near Lisbon, where they contrived, by address, to speak together; then he found that he was the same person of whom his gaoler had spoken; but another fortnight elapsed before they could obtain permission to converse freely together, and that was only on the day previous to their quitting the prison. On the day fixed for their departure, without a moment of preparation, they were obliged to embark in a boat belonging to the government, escorted by agents of officers of the police, who conducted them on board of the Danish vessel, named the Die Hoffnung, Captain Lars Jansen, who had then already weighed anchor, and was proceeding to sea.

Q.—If he knew, on embarking, for what port the ship was bound, or at what time he came to that knowledge?

A.—From what he was told, as well by the gaoler of Belem, as by the chief agent of the police, who took him, together with the said Sampson and his servant, on board the said vessel, he supposed they were going to Hamburg, and their passports being for that port, confirmed him in such belief. It was not until *three days after* they left Lisbon, that the captain, who, till then, had kept it secret, declared to them, that he was going to Bordeaux, and shewed his papers, which left no further doubt.

Q.—If he could give any further information touching William Sampson?

A.—That he, together with the said William Sampson, often insisted most earnestly with the captain, that he would put them on shore, wherever he could find it practicable, and engaged to follow the destination of the vessel, and even to leave their effects on board, as a security and proof of their intentions. This latter proposal was made in order to free the captain from the terror with which he seemed to be impressed, and the fear he was under of arriving without his passengers at Bordeaux: but that it was all in vain; for

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that he never would consent to come near the land, until he was finally forced by a total failure of provisions to put into St. Sebastian. He adds further, that considering the generosity of the French nation, and the embarrassing position in which the said William Sampson stood, owing to the perfidious measures of persecution directed against him, he had been the first to encourage him with the prospects of a favorable reception from the constituted authorities: and that deponent advised him, that it was now much safer for him, under the circumstances of his case, to follow the destination given him, than to stop at any other place.

And being no further interrogated, &c.

Signed, &c.

INTERROGATORY OF CAPTAIN LARS JANSEN.

THE THIRD THERMIDOR, &c.

Q.—His name, surname, age, where born, and of what profession?

A.—Lars Jansen, forty-two years of age, native of Finsburg, in Denmark, captain of a vessel.

Q.—The name of the vessel he commands?

A.—The Die Hoffnung.

Q.—How long he has been at Bordeaux?

A.—Since the 22d Messidor.

Q.—Whence he came last?

A.—From St. Sebastian.

Q.—How long he remained at St. Sebastian?

A.—Six days.

Q.—How long he had been at Lisbon?

A.—About twenty-three days.

Q.—If during his stay there, he had not received on board his ship William Sampson, of Ireland?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If he received him willingly, or from constraint?

A.—By force, and by virtue of an order from the Portuguese Government.

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Q.—If the said William Sampson was conducted on board by an armed force ?

A.—That he was brought on board in a Portuguese boat, by a number of persons whom he did not know.

Q.—If when he left Lisbon he was bound for Bordeaux or for Denmark ?

A.—That he was bound to Bordeaux and no where else.

Q.—If he told William Sampson that he was bound to Bordeaux ?

A.—That after he was on board he told him, but not till he was at sea.

Q.—For what reason he put into St. Sebastian ?

A.—On account of a contrary wind, and want of provisions, which were exhausted by a passage of forty-three days.

Q.—Whether the same persons who had conducted the said William Sampson on board, had given to him (the deponent) certificates, and to the said Sampson his passport ?

A.—Yes—the moment the vessel got under way and was proceeding to sea,

Being no further interrogated, the present being read to him, he maintains the truth of his answers as therein contained, and signs, together with the interpreter thereof.

BINAUD,
SAMPSON.

PIERRE BALGUERIE, Admr.
BERNEDE Chief of Bureau.

☞ My servant, John Russel, was also interrogated, in confirmation of the above facts. The originals of all the documents adduced as vouchers of this memoir, are in my possession.

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No. XV.—Page 219.

MY PASSPORT FROM PARIS TO HAMBURG.

Prisoners of War—No. 1324.

WAR DEPARTMENT—FRENCH REPUBLIQUE.

In the name of the French Government.

TO ALL OFFICERS, CIVIL AND MILITARY, charged with the maintenance of public order in different departments of the republic, permit Mr. Sampson (William) freely to pass (with his wife and two children) born at Londonderry, in Ireland, forty years of age—of the height of one metre, seventy-six centimetres—hair and eye-brows dark brown (chatains bruns) high forehead, large nose, hazel eyes, mouth middle size, round chin, and face oval——going to Hamburg, without giving, or suffering to be given to him, any hindrance. The present passport, good to go to Hamburg and return to Paris.

Granted at Paris, the 27th Germinal, 13th year of the republic.

Signed,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

BERTHIER, Minister of War.

Approved by the minister of the police.

Fouché.

No. XVI.—Page 359.

MATILDA TONE.

THIS admirable woman is of a family which moves in the genteelest circles of her country. Her name was Wither-

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ington. At sixteen years of age she made a match of love with Theobald Wolfe Tone, then a youthful student. This marriage produced a separation from her family, which only served to encrease the tender affections of her husband.—He bestowed much time upon her education, and had the delicious pleasure of cultivating the most noble, refined and delicate of minds. "Content (to use his own words) with honorable poverty," they might be truly called a happy couple. But Fortune, which delights in splendid victims, blasted their early joys. Mrs. Tone remained, at her husband's death, in Paris, with three young pledges of their love. The estimation in which Tone was held, and her own merit, had attached to her interest many powerful friends. But, with the arts of intrigue, her noble mind could never be familiar, she retired from the notice of the world. The most elegant encomium ever pronounced on woman, was that which Lucien Bonaparte bestowed upon her, in recommending her case, and that of her children, to the attention of the French Councils.

Her two sons were, in right of their father, received into the national school of the Prytannee, and her charming daughter educated, in the midst of a dissipated city, with the purity of an angel, became the sweet companion, and soother of the sorrows of a widowed mother. But she, like a fair blossom untimely nipped, bloomed at once, and faded. She died in the dawn of loveliness, and felt no pang in death but for sufferings of the mother she adored. Another child of promise soon followed, no less beloved, no less regretted: and Fate, not satisfied with so much cruelty, threatened to bereave her of her remaining comfort. It was to avert that last stroke of angry destiny, that she lately made a voyage to America—and, in the city of New-York, a Society of her affectionate countrymen seized upon the unexpected occasion, and presented her with the following tribute to the memory of her husband, and her own virtues.

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In pursuance of a resolution of the Hibernian Provident Society of the City of New-York, a Committee waited on Mrs. Tone, on Saturday last—and, in the most respectful manner, presented her a MEDALLION, *with an appropriate device and inscription; and to her son (a youth of sixteen) a* SWORD—*accompanied with the following* ADDRESS:

MADAM,

WE are appointed by the Hibernian Provident Society of New-York, to embrace the opportunity of your presence in this city, to express to you their very profound respect for the character and memory of your late illustrious husband, General *Theobald Wolfe Tone*, and their affectionate attachment to his Widow and Son. To many of our Society he was intimately known; by all of us he was ardently beloved; and while we look back with anguish, on the frightful calamities of our time and country, we delight to dwell on his talents, his patriotism, his perseverance, and his dignity in misfortune. Accept, madam, a testimonial of their esteem, which can pretend to no value, but what it may derive from the sincerity with which it is offered. In some other country, perhaps, it may awaken the reflection, that wherever Irishmen dare to express the sentiments of their hearts, they celebrate the name and sufferings of TONE, with that melancholy enthusiasm which is characteristic of their national feelings, for the struggles and misfortunes of their HEROES.

We are likewise directed to present a Sword to his youthful son and successor, with a lively hope, that it may one day in his hand, avenge the wrongs of his country.

We are, Madam,

With the utmost respect,

Your most obedient humble servants.

DAVID BRYSON,
GEO: WHITE,
WM. JS. MACNEVEN,
THOS. ADDIS EMMET,
GEORGE CUMING,
} COMMITTEE.

October 1, 1807.

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To which Mrs. Tone returned the following Answer:

GENTLEMEN,

THE sweetest consolation my heart can feel, I receive, in the proof you now give me, that my husband still lives in your affections and esteem; though, in the course of nine disastrous years, the numerous victims who have magnanimously suffered for the liberty of Ireland, might well confuse memory, and make selection difficult.

I am proud of belonging to a nation, whose sons preserve, under every vicissitude of Fortune, a faithful attachment to their principles; and from whose firm and generous minds, neither persecution, exile, nor time, can obliterate the remembrance of those who have fallen, though ineffectually, in the cause of our country.

For your gift to my Son, take his Mother's thanks and his, while she tremblingly hopes that Fate may spare him, to prove himself not unworthy of his Father or his Friends.

I have the honor to remain,
With grateful respect, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient,

—— MATILDA TONE.

*THE MEDALLION.**

CATO, contemplating the immortality of the Soul; he is seated; one hand rests on the works of PLATO, the other on his sword. The allusion will be readily perceived by those who remember the fate of *General Tone.*

MOTTO.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

INSCRIPTION.

Presented by the HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK, to the worthy Relict of the late illustrious Patriot,

GEN. THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

While we lament his sufferings—
We will ever cherish his memory—
And emulate his virtues.

* Elegantly executed by Mr. Arch. Robertson, of this City.

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FACTS,

IN

CONTINUATION OF THE APPENDIX.

HAVING promised some instances of the cruelties inflicted on the Irish, they will naturally be expected. But what to select, from such a mass of horrors, is a difficult question. If my professional occupations should leave me so much leisure hereafter, I may probably employ it in further pursuit of a subject so interesting to humanity, and so necessary to truth. For the present, the following extracts may suffice, to authenticate all that has been asserted in the correspondence. And it will readily appear to any candid mind, to which of the contending parties in Ireland the imputation of *TREASON* is most deservedly ascribable.

TEST OF THE ORANGEMEN,

Contrasted with that of the United Irishmen.

Orangeman's original Test.

I do hereby swear, that I will be true to the king and government, and that I will EXTERMINATE, as far as I am able, the *Catholics of Ireland.*

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
Where are you?	At the house of bondage.
Where are you going?	To the Promised Land.
Stand fast yourself?	Through the Red Sea.
What is your haste?	I am afraid.
Dont be afraid, for the man who sought your life is dead.	
Will you hold it or have it?	I will hold it.

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Signs of the Orangemen.

Take your right hand, and put it to your right hunch, turn round, saying, great is the man that sent me; then take your left hand and say, welcome brother Prince of Orange.

☞ Such was the grossness of that faction which now governs both England and Ireland, it is almost incredible.

AMENDED OATH OF ORANGEMEN,

As it is said to have issued from the hands of the Grand Master of the Orange Lodges in Ulster.

"I, in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly and sincerely swear, that I will not give the secret of an Orangeman, unless it be to him or them I find to be such after strict trial, or the word of a well known Orangeman, for him or from the body or assembly of Orangemen. I also swear, that I will answer all summonses from an assembly of Orangemen, eighty miles distance; and that I will not sit, stand by, or be by and see a brother Orangeman struck, battered, or abused, or known his character injuriously taken away, without using every effort in my power to assist him at the hazard of my life. I further declare, that I will not lie, to or upon an Orangeman, me knowing the same to be detrimental to him, but will warn him of all dangers, as far as in my power lies; and that I will bear true allegiance to his majesty, and assist the civil magistrates in the execution of their offices, if called upon, and that I will not know of any conspiracy against the Protestant Ascendency, and that I will not make, or be at the making of a Roman Catholic an Orangeman, or give him any offence, unless he offends me, and then I will use my utmost endeavors to shed the last drop of his blood, if he or they be not a warranted mason; and that I will stand three to ten to relieve a brother Orangeman, and I will not be a thief, or the companion of a thief, to my knowledge.

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QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
What's that in your hand ?	A secret to you.
From whence came you ?	From the land of bondage.
Whither goeth thou ?	To the land of promise.
Have you got a pass word ?	I have.
Will you give it to me ?	I did not get it so.
Will you halve it or letter it ?	I will halve it.
March	Delzo thro' the Red Sea.
What Red Sea ?	The wall of the Red Sea.
I am afraid	Of what ?
The secrets of the Orange-men being discovered.	Fear not, for he that sought your life, is dead.
Have you got a grand word ?	I have the grand, I am that I am.
Did you hear the Crack ?	I did.
What crack did you hear ?	A crack from the hill of fire.
Can you write your name ?	I can.
With what sort of a pen ?	With the spear of life, or Aaron's rod, that buds, blossoms, and bears almonds in one night.
With what sort of ink ?	Papist blood.

This last was the amended test, to which a certain Viceroy was said to have subscribed when colonel of the Cambridge Regiment.

[The former was what they called their *purple oath*, and evidently that upon which they acted.]

CONTRAST.

ORIGINAL DECLARATION OF UNITED IRISHMEN.

" We pledge ourselves, to endeavor, by all due means, to obtain a complete and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament, including Irishmen of every religious persuasion."

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LATTER TEST OF UNITED IRISHMEN,

After the insurrection act had made the former obligation a felony, and se- crecy became necessary to self-preservation.

"IN THE AWFUL PRESNCE OF GOD,

I do voluntarily declare, that I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection among IRISHMEN of *every* religious persuasion; and that I will also persevere in my endeavors to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of *all* the people of Ireland. I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform on, or give evidence against, any member or members of this or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs, done or made collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in persuance of the spirit of this obligation."

☞ That the oath to exterminate, should be loyal—and the oath to promote religious reconciliation, treasonable, could happen only under the government of England.

EXTRACTS FROM LORD MOIRA'S SPEECH

In the English House of Lords, on the 22d of November, 1797, in favor of Conciliation.

"WHEN I troubled your lordships with my observations upon the state of Ireland last year, I spoke upon documents certain and incontestible. I address you, this day, my lords, upon documents equally sure and stable. Before God and my country, I speak of what I have seen myself. But in what I shall think it necessary to say upon this subject, I feel that I must take grounds of a restrictive nature. It is not my intention to select any individual, in order to adduce a charge against him. It is not my wish to point a prejudice against any one. What I have to speak of, are not solitary and isolated measures, nor partial abuses, but what is adopted as

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the system of government. I do not talk of a casual system, but of one deliberately determined upon, and regularly persevered in. When we hear of a military government, we must expect excesses, which are not all, I acknowledge, attributable to the government; but these I lay out of my consideration. I will speak only of the excesses that belong to, and proceed from, the system pursued by the administration of Ireland. I am aware it may be urged that a statement, such as I am about to lay before your lordships, is calculated to interfere too much with the internal government of the sister kingdom. In answer to this assertion, I would, if necessary, begin by laying it down as an incontrovertible opinion, that we have so direct a concern and connexion with Ireland, that any error of government in that country, is a fit subject for our attention; and if circumstances required it, for an address to his majesty for the removal of the chief governor. My lords, this observation applies not in any manner to the present Lord-Lieutenant; on the contrary, I will pay him the tribute which I think due to him, that to much private worth and honor, his lordship adds, I believe, very sincere wishes for the happiness of the kingdom which has been placed under his government. My lords, I have seen in Ireland the most absurd, as well as the most disgusting tyranny, that any nation ever groaned under. I have been myself a witness of it in many instances; I have seen it practised and unchecked; and the effects that have resulted from it have been such, as I have stated to your lordships. I have said, that if such a tyranny be persevered in, the consequence must inevitably be, the deepest and most universal discontent, and even hatred, to the English name. I have seen in that country a marked distinction made between the English and Irish. I have seen troops that have been sent full of this prejudice, that every inhabitant in that kingdom is a rebel to the British government. I have seen the most wanton insults practised upon men of all ranks and conditions. I have seen the most

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grievous oppressions exercised, in consequence of a presumption, that the person who was the unfortunate object of such oppression, was in hostility to the government; and yet that has been done in a part of the country as quiet and as free from disturbance as the city of London. Who states these things, my lords, should, I know, be prepared with proofs. I am prepared with them. Many of the circumstances I know of my own knowledge; others I have received from such channels, as will not permit me to hesitate one moment in giving credit to them.

"His lordship then observed, that from education and early habits, the *Curfew* was ever considered by Britons as a badge of slavery and oppression. It then was practised in Ireland with brutal rigor. He had known an instance, where a master of a house had in vain pleaded to be allowed the use of a candle to enable the mother to administer relief to her daughter, struggling in convulsive fits. In former times, it had been the custom for Englishmen to hold the infamous proceedings of the inquisition in detestation: one of the greatest horrors, with which it was attended, was, that the person, ignorant of the crime laid to his charge, or of his accuser, was torn from his family, immured in a prison, and in the most cruel uncertainty as to the period of his confinement, or the fate which awaited him. To this injustice, abhorred by Protestants in the practice of the inquisition, were the people of Ireland exposed. All confidence—all security were taken away. In alluding to the inquisition, he had omitted to mention one of its characteristic features: if the supposed culprit refused to acknowledge the crime with which he was charged, he was put to the rack, to extort confession of whatever crime was alleged against him by the pressure of torture. The same proceedings had been introduced in Ireland. When a man was taken up on suspicion, he was put to the torture; nay, if he were merely accused of concealing the guilt of another. The rack, indeed, was not at hand; but the punishment of pic-

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queting was in practice, which had been for some years abolished, as too inhuman, even in the dragoon service.—He had known a man, in order to extort confession of a supposed crime, or of that of some of his neighbours, picqueted until he actually fainted; picqueted a second time until he fainted again; and as soon as he came to himself, picqueted a third time until he once more fainted; and all upon mere suspicion! Nor was this the only species of torture: men had been taken and hung up until they were half dead, and then threatened with a repetition of the cruel treatment, unless they made confession of the imputed guilt. These were not particular acts of cruelty, exercised by men abusing the power committed to them, but they formed a part of our system. They were notorious, and no person could say who would be the next victim of this oppression and cruelty which he saw others endure. This, however, was not all; their lordships, no doubt, would recollect the famous proclamation issued by a military commander in Ireland, requiring the people to give up their arms: it never was denied that this proclamation was illegal, though defended on some supposed necessity; but it was not surprising, that any reluctance had been shewn to comply with it, by men who conceived the constitution gave them a right to keep arms in their houses for their own defence; and they could not but feel indignation in being called upon to give up their right. In the execution of the order, the greatest cruelties had been committed: if any one was suspected to have concealed weapons of defence, his house, his furniture, and all his property, was burnt: but this was not all; if it were supposed that any district had not surrendered all the arms which it contained, a party was sent out to collect the number at which it was rated; and in the execution of this order, thirty houses were sometimes burnt down in a single night. Officers took upon themselves to decide discretionally the quantity of arms; and upon their opinions these fatal consequences followed. Many such cases might be enumerated; but, from prudential

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motives, he wished to draw a veil over more aggravated facts, which he could have stated, and which he was willing to attest before the privy council, or at their lordships bar. These facts were well known in Ireland, but they could not be made public through the channel of the newspapers, for fear of that summary mode of punishment which had been practised towards the Northern Star, when a party of troops in open day, and in a town where the general's head-quarters were, went and destroyed all the offices and property belonging to that paper. His lordship concluded, with entreating the house to take into serious consideration the present measures, which, instead of removing discontents, had increased the number of the discontented. The moment of conciliation was not yet passed; but if the system were not changed, he was convinced Ireland would not remain connected with this country five years longer."—— *His lordship did not then foresee the kind of connection intended.*

Extracts from the Speech of the same Nobleman, delivered in the Irish House of Lords, on the 19th of February, 1798.

"THAT many individuals had been torn from their families, and locked up for months in the closest confinement, without hearing by whom they were accused, with what crime they were charged, or to what means they might recur to prove their innocence; that great numbers of houses had been burned, with the whole property of the wretched owners, upon the loosest supposition of even petty transgressions; that torture, by which he meant picqueting and half hanging, continued to be used to extort from the sufferers a charge against his neighbours." If he should be contradicted with respect to these facts, he professed himself prepared to "produce the affidavits of them," and declared his intention of moving "for the examination of the deponents at the bar. If there be delinquencies, there must be delinquents. Prove their guilt, and punish them; but do not, on

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a loose charge of partial transgression, impose infliction on the whole community. The state of society was dreadful indeed, when the safety of every man was at the mercy of a secret informer; when the cupidity, the malevolence, or the erroneous suspicions of an individual were sufficient to destroy his neighbour."

COMMITTEE OF ELDERS.

From Mr. GRATTAN'S *Speech against the motion of the attorney-general, for certain additional measures of coercion, in the Irish House of Commons, February* 20, 1796.

THEIR modes of outrage were as various as they were atrocious: they sometimes forced, by terror, the masters of families to dismiss their Catholic servants—they sometimes forced landlords, by terror, to dismiss their Catholic tenantry—they seized, as deserters, numbers of Catholic weavers—sent them to the county gaol, transmitted them to Dublin, where they remained in close prison, until some lawyers, from compassion, pleaded their cause, and procured their enlargement—nothing appearing against them of any kind whatsoever. Those insurgents, who called themselves Orange Boys, or Protestant Boys, that is, a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty—those insurgents had organised their rebellion, and formed themselves into a committee, who sat and tried the Catholic weavers and inhabitants, when apprehended falsely and illegally as deserters. That rebellious committee, they called the Committee of Elders, who, when the unfortunate Catholic was torn from his family and his loom, and brought before them, sat in judgment upon his case—if he gave them liquor or money, they sometimes discharged him, otherwise they sent him to a recruiting office as a deserter. They had very generally given the Catholics notice to quit their farms and dwellings, which notice was plastered on the house, and conceiv-

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ed in these short but plain words: "Go to Hell, Connaught won't receive you—fire and faggot. Will Tresham and John Thrustout." That they followed these notices by a faithful and punctual execution of the horrid threat—soon after visited the house, robbed the family, and destroyed what they did not take, and finally completed the atrocious persecutions, by forcing the unfortunate inhabitants to leave their land, their dwellings, and their trade, and to travel with their miserable family, and whatever their miserable family could save from the wreck of their houses and tenements, and take refuge in villages, as fortifications against invaders, where they described themselves, as he had seen in their affidavits, in the following manner: "We (mentioning their names) formerly of Armagh, weavers, now of no fixed place of abode or means of living, &c." In many instances this banditti of persecution threw down the houses of the tenantry, or what they call racked the house, so that the family must fly or be buried in the grave of their own cabin. The extent of the murders that had been committed by that atrocious and rebellious banditti he had heard, but had not heard them so ascertained as to state them to that house; but from all the enquiries he could make, he collected, that the Catholic inhabitants of Armagh had been actually put out of the protection of the law; that the magistrates had been supine or partial, and that the horrid banditti had met with complete success, and from the magistracy with very little discouragement.

☞ They were afterwards identified with the government, not only in Ireland, but in England.

The Words of LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, *on the same Occasion.*

"I shall oppose this resolution, because I think that this resolution will not prevent the crimes of which the right

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honorable gentleman complains: the disturbances of the country, sir, are not to be remedied by any coercive measures, however strong; such measures will tend rather to exasperate, than to remove the evil. Nothing, sir, can effect this, and restore tranquillity to the country, but a serious, a candid endeavour of government, and of this house, to redress the grievances of the people. Redress those, and the people will return to their allegiance and their duty; suffer them to continue, and neither your resolutions nor your bills will have any effect: I shall, therefore, sir, oppose, not only this resolution, but all the resolutions, which the right honourable gentlemen has read to you, except, perhaps, one—that which goes to constitute the written testimony of a dying witness, good evidence. This, I think, is fair, and likely to facilitate the course of justice, without violently infringing, as all the other resolutions seem to do, the liberty of the subject."

☞ Lord Edward was not at this time, nor for a long time after, a United Irishman, much less had he thought of any alliance with France.

MOLL DOYLE.

THE notices of the government-men, in the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, in the years 1798, 1799, and 1800, ran thus: A— B—. We give you notice in five days to quit—or if you dont, by God, we will visit your house with fire, and yourself with lead. We are the *Grinders—Moll Doyle's true grandsons.*

MOLL DOYLE AGAIN.

On the estate of Mr. Swiny, called Court, *when the leases of the tenants, who were Catholics, expired, the same KING'S CONSCIENCE-MEN posted the following Proclamations:*

LET no Papist presume to take lands; and even if a son of MOLL DOYLE should offer more than half a guinea an

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acre *(worth fifty shillings)* he shall forfeit all privileges of the fraternity, and undergo the same punishment for his transgressions, as if he was a Papist.—The lands, in consequence, remained waste for nearly two years.

☞ MOLL DOYLE, the adopted grandmother of these ruffians, was nothing more than a metaphor, meaning the KING'S CONSCIENCE. This threat of lowering the rents, first alarmed the guilty landlords, and made them feel the danger of extermination.

It may not be amiss to contrast with this gross barbarity, the Proclamation of a REBEL GENERAL, and the Dying Declaration of a REBEL:

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Countrymen and Fellow-Soldiers!

YOUR patriotic exertions in the cause of your country, have hitherto exceeded your most sanguine expectations, and in a short time must ultimately be crowned with success. Liberty has raised her drooping head, thousands daily flock to her standards, the voice of her children every where prevails. Let us then, in the moment of triumph, return thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, that a total stop has been put to those sanguinary measures, which of late were but too often resorted to by the creatures of government, to keep the people in slavery.

Nothing now, my countrymen, appears necessary to secure the conquests you have already won, but an implicit obedience to the commands of your chiefs; for through a want of proper subordination and discipline, all may be changed.

At this eventful period, all Europe must admire, and posterity will read with astonishment, the heroic acts achieved by people strangers to military tactics, and having few professional commanders; but what power can resist men fighting for liberty?

In the moment of triumph, my countrymen, let not your victories be tarnished with any wanton act of cruelty; many

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of those unfortunate men now in prison were not your enemies from principle; most of them, compelled by necessity, were obliged to oppose you; neither let a difference in religious sentiments cause a difference among the people. Recur to the debates in the Irish House of Lords on the 19th of February last; you will there see a patriotic and enlightened Protestant bishop (Down) and many of the lay lords, with manly eloquence, pleading for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, in opposition to the haughty arguments of the lord chancellor, and the powerful opposition of his fellow-courtiers.

To promote a union of brotherhood and affection among our countrymen of all religious persuasions, has been our principal object: we have sworn in the most solemn manner, have associated from this laudable purpose, and no power on earth shall shake our resolution.

To my Protestant fellow soldiers I feel much indebted for their gallant behaviour in the field, where they exhibited signal proofs of bravery in the cause.

EDWARD ROCHE.

Wexford, June 7, 1798.

DYING DECLARATION OF WILLIAM ORR.

My Friends and Countrymen,

IN the thirty-first year of my life, I have been sentenced to die upon the gallows, and this sentence has been in pursuance of a verdict of twelve men, who should have been indifferently and impartially chosen; how far they have been so, I leave to that country from which they have been chosen, to determine; and how far they have discharged their duty, I leave to their God and to themselves.—They have, in pronouncing their verdict, thought proper to recommend me as an object of human mercy; in return, I pray to God, if they have erred, to have mercy upon them. The Judge,

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who condemned me humanely shed tears in uttering my sentence; but whether he did wisely, in so highly commending the wretched informer who swore away my life, I leave to his own cool reflection, solemnly assuring him and all the world, with my dying breath, that the informer was forsworn. The law under which I suffer is surely a severe one; may the makers and promoters of it, be justified in the integrity of their motives and the purity of their own lives.—By that law, I am stamped a felon, but my heart disdains the imputation. My comfortable lot and industrious course of life, best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder: but if to have loved my country, to have known its wrongs, to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, and to have united with them and all other religious persuasions, in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress:—If those be felonies, I am a felon, but not otherwise. Had my counsel* (for whose honourable exertions I am indebted) prevailed in their motion to have me tried for High-treason, rather than under the *Insurrection Law*, I should have been intitled to a full defence, and my actions and intentions have been better vindicated; but that was refused, and I must now submit to what has passed.

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* The indictment was under the Insurrection act for administering the obligation to religious union The informer in his zeal, added some conversation about joining the French. Upon which Mr. Curran and I who were his counsel, moved that he should be discharged of that indictment, as the offence, if the witness was at all credible, would be treason under the Stat. Ed. III. Our motives were these, that under this indictment the witness had only to swear a predetermined oath to the administering a printed test, put into his hand merely *to be sworn to*, and his counsel could not be heard to the *facts*. Under the Law of treason, he would have had a full defence upon the law and the fact, and have been undoubtedly acquitted: although even then, he would have had but half the privilege of an Englishman, as in treason, two witnesses are required to take away the life of an Englishman....one is held enough to swear away that of an Irishman. For the further history of this case see Curran's speech for Peter Finerty.

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To the generous protection of my country, I leave a beloved wife, who has been constant and true to me, and whose grief for my fate has already nearly occasioned her death. I leave five living children, who have been my delight—may they love their Country as I have done, and die for it, if needful.

Lastly, a false and ungenerous publication having appeared in a newspaper, stating certain alleged confessions of guilt on my part, and thus striking at my reputation, which is dearer to me than life, I take this solemn method of contradicting that calumny: I was applied to by the High-Sheriff, and the Rev. William Bristow, Sovereign of Belfast, to make a confession of guilt, who used entreaties to that effect; this I peremptorily refused; did I think myself guilty, I should be free to confess it, but, on the contrary, I glory in my innocence.

I trust that all my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful to each other, as I have been to all of them. With this last wish of my heart, not doubting of the success of that cause for which I suffer, and hoping for God's merciful forgiveness of such offences as my frail nature may have at any time betrayed me into, I die in peace and charity with all mankind.

WILLIAM ORR.

Carrickfergus Goal, October 5, 1798.

PROTESTANT FANATACISM.

IT is an injustice to charge the Catholics in the late rebellion with bigotry or fanatacism, and not to mention a fact which puts it beyond doubt, that the *no Popery Faction* were infinitely the most bigotted, and if bigotry be Popery, much the most Papistical.

Mr. Hay has given a list of the Roman Catholic Chapels burned by the loyalists or *peep-of-day-boys*, in the county of

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Wexford, with the dates of their several conflagrations, amounting to thirty-three. And Mr. Plowden has cited an official list of upwards of seventy, damaged or destroyed by the said government boys.

SACRILEGE.

The following Fact is enough to stamp the English and their Adherents in Ireland, with everlasting infamy. It is from Mr. Hay's History of the Wexford Insurrection, page 301, *where he truly observes, that no such atrocity can, at any period, be imputed to the most infuriated pikemen.*

AT the summer assizes of Wexford, in 1801, James Redmond was tried and condemned for murder; and pursuant to his sentence, was executed on the 30th of July, and his body delivered to the surgeons; who, after dissecting it, permitted it to be taken away—and it was buried. The corpse was dug up out of its grave, and placed in the shed erected for the priest to officiate on the scite of the Catholic Chapel of Monamoling, which had been burned. This exhibition was not discovered until the congregation had assembled to hear mass on the Sunday following, the 3d of August, 1801.

GENERAL MURPHEY.

"THE rebel General Murphey, when led to execution was tauntingly desired to work miracles, and otherwise scoffed at and insulted by a young officer, who went the length of offering a most indecent insult to his person, which so irritated his feelings, that, though on the very brink of eternity, he doubled his fist and knocked down the officer in a blow; upon which he was unmercifully flagellated and instantly hanged."

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IRISH LAW.

"IN the barony of Lower Orion, in the county of Armagh, one Birch, under a military escort, with his hands tied behind him, was cut down by the serjeant, and died of his wounds; the pretext was, that some countrymen, attracted by curiosity, came near them and intended to attempt a rescue; and on the night of the wake of the deceased, some soldiers, under command of colonel Sparrow, broke into the house, took out the corpse, and severely wounded and mangled those who were in the house.

"A party of the Essex Fencibles burned the house and furniture of one Potter, a respectable farmer, because his wife, who had seven infant children, either would not, or could not tell where her husband was. Another party of the same regiment quartered at Enniskillen, broke open the house of Farmer Durman, at two o'clock, murdered one and wounded another of his sons while in bed. The like outrages were committed at Coolairll, upon one Price an innkeeper, and his daughter, who were both dangerously wounded.

"The colonel was tried and found guilty, but he had the king's pardon in his pocket, which he produced upon the sentence being pronounced against him."

☞ I was present at the above transaction; and on the same Circuit at Carrickfergus, I was Counsel for Joseph Cuthbert, and a number of others, who, after a year's imprisonment, were tried and acquitted.—Immediately upon their acquittal, the public prosecutor produced a warrant under the suspension of the *Habeus Corpus Act*, and they were committed afresh to the hands of the gaoler, as *suspected*.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

MR. WALTER DEVEREAUX.

"I cannot omit here mentioning the case of Mr. Walter Devereaux, who, having obtained protections from several

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general officers, had gone to Cork to embark for Portugal; he was there taken up, tried, condemned and executed. Mr. Gibson, a yeoman and wealthy Protestant shopkeeper, and Mr. William Kearney, an extensive brewer, were summoned and attended at his trial, and proved that he was in Wexford, and even in gaol, at the very time some soldiers of the Wexford Militia were shot thirty miles from that town; and the principal charge against him was, that he gave orders and was present at their execution, which some men of that regiment were hardened enough to swear! ! ! I myself saw him in Wexford on the alleged day. He was also accused of aiding and abetting the abomination at Scullabogue, and this charge was similarly supported by the testimony of some soldier's wives! and yet it is an undoubted fact, that he was all that day engaged at the battle of Ross, where he displayed the most heroic bravery and courage, qualities inconsistent with the odious crime it was falsely sworn he had perpetrated! ! ! ! But what puts the falsehood of the facts alleged against him beyond all question is, that after his execution, another Mr. Devereaux was taken up on the discriminating sagacity of the same witnesses, who prosecuted the former to death; but who now (as they said) discovered the *right* Devereaux. The trial of the latter has been published, and I would recommend its perusal to such as wish further information."

ANOTHER.

MICHAEL EGAN.

"WE have taken particular pains to be informed of the sequel of the story of Michael and Thomas Egan, the father and son, who underwent so barbarous and brutal a persecution in the village of Dunlavin, in the county of Wicklow; being, as we have already stated, dragged naked from their beds,

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in the dead hour of night; the father's bones broken by officers and yeomen; for, to the immortal honor of the poor Irish soldiers, they refused to take part in the atrocity; whilst the son was hanged three times, in the presence of his aged father, with every aggravating circumstance of barbarity; and this without any colour of legal authority whatever, but avowedly by the inhuman and illegal process of torture, to extort accusations from the agony of the sufferers. Upon the son's refusing a bribe, the father was violently beaten before his face.

"The young man was cut down senseless, his tongue hanging out of his mouth; but was nevertheless kept several days in the guard-house. In six days he was taken, with his hands tied behind his back, to Wicklow gaol, where he remained, in the most monstrous contempt and violation of the law, in a dismal cell, loaded with very heavy irons.

"He was then brought up to the quarter sessions at Baltinglass, and an indictment read to him, charging him with having spoken seditious words. He was then remanded, and not delivered till he gave bail in so extravagant a sum as *five hundred pounds*. The words, we understand, with which he was charged, were fitter to excite laughter, than to sanction any such persecution; and upon his appearance at Baltinglass, the prosecutor thought fit to quash his indictment; and Mr. Fowler, a principal party, was himself held to bail, upon the information of Michael Egan against him, and is to answer at the next assizes of Wicklow, when the whole will be brought fairly to light, for which reason we forbear from being more particular at present.

"We hear that the friends of the poor sufferers, took down counsel especially to protect them, viz. Counsellors Sampson and Bennett."

☞ The above facts are stated short of the truth. When the defendant came into court, he found it filled with the very soldiery who had committed these barbarous crimes against his father and himself. He found those under whose

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orders, and by whose help they had done those acts, seated on the bench of justice to try him. Between those military justices who had first tortured him, and were now his accusers and judges, and their guards, there was only a thin loose canvas. through which, for more terror, the bayonet's points were visible.

The court thought proper to quash the indictment, and we prevailed so far as to oblige one of the judges to come down from the bench and give bail to answer the charge of the *accused*. This effort was not without risk of our lives. Mr. Emmet and I had obtained a rule in the King's Bench for an Information ; but before the case could be tried, he, Mr. Bennet, and I, were all put in goal.

BLOODY EXECUTIONS AT WEXFORD.

" THE entrance of the wooden bridge was the scene fixed on for the place of execution. The sufferers were hauled up with pullies, made fast with ropes to an ornamental iron arch, intended for lamps, and springing from the two wooden piers of the gate next the town. The large stature of the Rev. Philip Roche caused the first rope he was hauled up with to break ; but another was soon procured, and his life was ended with double torture. The head of captain Keugh, who suffered along with him, was separated from his body, and conspicuously placed on a pike over the front of the court-house. Their bodies, together with those of others executed at the same time, were stripped and treated with the utmost brutality and indecency, previous to their being thrown over the bridge.

" Mr. Grogan was brought to trial, but the evidence, which he hoped to obtain of his innocence, did not attend, on account of the general apprehension which prevailed. His trial was therefore postponed, and he was remanded to gaol. Mr. Harvey was then put on his trial, which lasted for the best part of the day, and ended in his condemnation.

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"Mr. Grogan's trial was then resumed; but this he did not expect until the next day, and consequently he had not been able to procure all the necessary evidence. It was indeed proved, that he was forced to join the Insurgents, but this did not prevent a sentence of his conviction: such was the idea entertained at the time, of the necessity of public example! The condemnation of these gentlemen was afterwards confirmed by the Irish parliament, which passed an act of attainder against them, and a confiscation of their properties; notwithstanding that, on parliamentary enquiry into the merits of the proceedings, it was clearly proved, that the court-martial had not been even sworn: so that, although their condemnation, and the confiscation of their properties, be sanctioned by law, yet the justice of the process is very questionable, and the investigation of it will employ the pens of future historians; particularly in the case of Mr. Grogan, who was undoubtedly sacrificed to the temper of the times. On the following day, Messrs. Harvey, Grogan, and Mr. Patrick Pendergast, a rich Maltster in Wexford, were ordered out to execution. When Mr. Harvey was brought out of his cell, he met Mr. Grogan in the gaol-yard, and accosted him in a feeling affectionate manner; while shaking hands with him, he said, in the presence of an officer and some of the guards, and in the hearing of several prisoners, who had crowded to the windows, "Ah! poor Grogan, you die an innocent man at all events." They were then conducted to the bridge, where they were hanged, when the heads of Messrs. Grogan and Harvey were cut off, and placed upon pikes on each side of that of capt. Keugh; while their bodies, and that of Mr. Prendergast, were stript and treated with the usual brutal indecencies, before being cast over the bridge! Mr. Colclough was brought out to trial on the same day, and condemned. On the next day he was executed, but his body, at the intercession of his lady, was given up to her to be interred. Mr. John Kelly, of Killan, whose courage and intrepidity had been so conspicuous at the battle of Ross, now lay

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ill in Wexford, of a wound which he had received in that engagement: he was taken prisoner from his bed, tried and condemned to die, and brought on a car to the place of execution. His head was cut off, and his body, after the accustomed indignities, was thrown over the bridge. The head, however, was reserved for other exhibitions. It was first kicked about on the custom-house-quay, and then brought up into the town, thrown up and treated in the same manner opposite the house in which his sister lodged, in order that she might view this new and savage game at foot-ball, of which, when the players were tired, the head was placed in the exalted situation to which it had been condemned, above that of captain Keugh, over the door of the court-house."

CANNIBAL.

"A young man, of the name of Walsh, was brought into Naas, who was said by a female to be the person who shot captain Swayne, in the action at Prosperous. It is now well known that he was not within sixteen miles of Prosperous, when the action took place there: nevertheless, he was taken without any form of trial to the ship, and there hanged, dragged naked through the street to the lower end of the town, and there set fire to; and when half burned, his body opened, his heart taken out, and put on the point of a wattle, which was instantly placed on the top of a house, where it remained until taken down by one of the military, who marched into town about nine weeks after. When the body had been almost consumed, a large piece of it was brought into the next house, where the mistress of it, Mrs. Newland, was obliged to furnish a knife, fork, and plate, and an old woman of the name of Daniel, was obliged to bring them salt. These two women heard them say, 'that Paddy ate sweet,' and confirmed it, with a 'd—n their eyes.' These women are living, and worthy of credit, being judged honest and respectable in their line and situation of life."

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ANOTHER.

"ON a public day in the week preceding the insurrection, the town of Gorey beheld the triumphal entry of Mr. Gowan at the head of his corps, with his sword drawn, and a human finger stuck on the point of it.

"With this trophy he marched into the town, parading up and down the streets several times, so that there was not a person in Gorey who did not witness this exhibition; while in the meantime the triumphant corps displayed all the devices of Orangemen. After the labour and fatigue of the day, Mr. Gowan and his men retired to a public house to refresh themselves, and, *like true blades of game*, their punch was stirred about with the finger that had *graced* their ovation, in imitation of keen fox hunters who *whisk* a bowl of punch with the brush of a fox before their boozing commences. This captain and magistrate afterwards went to the house of Mr. Jones, where his daughters were, and, while taking a snack that was set before him, he bragged of having blooded his corps that day, and that they were as staunch blood-hounds as any in the world. The daughters begged of their father to shew them the croppy finger, which he deliberately took from his pocket and handed to them. Misses dandled it about with senseless exultation, at which a young lady in the room was so shocked, that she turned about to a window, holding her hand to her face to avoid the horrid sight. Mr. Gowan perceiving this, took the finger from his daughters, and *archly* dropped it into the disgusted lady's bosom. She instantly fainted, and thus the scene ended!!! Mr. Gowan constantly boasted of this, and other *similar heroic actions*, which he repeated in the presence of brigade major Fitzgerald, on whom he waited officially, but so far from meeting with his applause, the major obliged him instantly to leave the company."

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BLOODY PARSON.

The following atrocity happened in the county of Longford.

"THE Rev. Mr. M——, a parson magistrate, dined at the house of a Mr. Kn—t, near Newtown, and was hospitably entertained; another gentleman named F—ns, was present. The parson drank punch, and having mentioned that a man in the neighbouring village had remarkable good whisky; the servant was dispatched at nine at night for a bottle of it. The poor man went accordingly, and soon returned, and made the bottle into punch for his master's guests. When it was finished, the parson took his leave, having called for an orderly constable, named Rawlins, who always attended him. He then told Mr. K. that, that rascal (alluding to the poor servant who had gone a mile in the dark to procure liquor for this monster) was a damned United Irishman, and he must take him up. Mr. K. remonstrated, and, as well as Mr. F—, informed this Reverend Justice, that during two years he had lived with him, and had no fault, they believed him to be a harmless, honest man. Mr. M—— insisted on his prisoner going with him: the gentlemen, after using every remonstrance, and offering *bail*, were obliged to give up the servant. Mr. F. was to go part of the same road that M—— took, and accordingly went with him and witnessed the horrid transaction that shortly happened. When they had gone about half a mile, the parson who had been using every sort of opprobrious language to his prisoner, desired an immediate confession. The poor man could not make any, on which he ordered the police constable to shoot him, who answered, *Not I really, Sir.*

"*Then give me your gun—on your knees villain—I give you but two minutes to pray!* The man fell on his knees, and prayed for mercy. The constable and other gentlemen interfered; but the parson directly shot his victim, and left him there.

"A coronor's inquest found a verdict; and the grand jury of the county of Longford, found a *true bill for wilful murder*;

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and yet there has been no trial; and Parson M——is still at large, and no doubt ready to continue the system of murder, burning and transporting, for the sake of religion and good government.—(*See Beauties of the* PRESS, *p.* 459.)

WALKING-GALLOWS.

"A Lieutenant, well known by the name of the Walking-Gallows, at the head of a party of the Wicklow regiment, marched to a place called Gardenstown, in Westmeath.—They went to the house of an old man named Carroll, of seventy years and upwards, and asked for arms; and having promised protection and indemnity, the old man delivered up to this monster three guns, which he no sooner received, than he, with his own hands, shot the old man through the heart, and then had his sons (two young men) butchered;—burned and destroyed their house, corn, hay—and in short, whatever property they possessed. The wife and child of one of the sons were enclosed in the house, when set fire to, and would have been burned, had not one of the soldiers begged their lives from the officer; but on condition that if the *bitch* (using his own words) made the least noise, they should share the same fate as the rest of the family. This bloody transaction happened about two o'clock on Monday morning the 19th of June, 1797. He pressed a car, on which the three bodies were thrown; and from thence went to a village called Moyvore, took in custody three men, named Henry Smith, John Smith, and Michael Murray, under pretence of their being United Irishmen; and having tied them to the car on which the mangled bodies of the Carroll's were placed, they were marched about three miles, possing in the blood of their murdered neighbours, and at three o'clock on the same day were shot on the fair green of Ballymore; and so universal was the panic, that a man could not be procured to inter the six dead bodies:—the sad office was obliged to be done by women. The lieutenant, on the morning of this

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deliberate and sanguinary murder, invited several gentlemen to stay and see what he called *partridge-shooting*.—It may not be improper to remark, that Lord Oxmantown remonstrated with the officers on the monstrous cruelty of putting these men to death, who might be tried by the laws of their country and appear innocent. He begged and intreated to have them sent to a gaol, and prosecuted according to law (if any proof could be brought against them) but his humane efforts proved fruitless—the men were *murdered!!!*

"On the fair day of Ballymore (5th of June) a poor man, of irreproachable character, named Keenan, after selling his cow, had his hand extended to receive the price of her, when this valiant soldier struck him with his sword on the shoulder, and almost severed the arm from his body.

"A young man, named Hynes, a mason, passing through the fair on his way home, was attacked by this furious savage, and, in the act of begging his life upon his knees, was cut down by the lieutenant's own hands, and left lying for dead. A clergyman, at the imminent risk of his life, flew to the victim, to administer the last consolation of religion, when three of the militia were ordered back, and, to make use of a vulgar phrase, *made a riddle of his body*; the clergyman however escaped unhurt.—The lieutenant got somewhat ashamed of his abuses, and, by way of apology for his conduct, alleged, that some stones were thrown, though it is a notorious fact, that no such thing happened.

"The clerk of Mr. Dillon, of Ballymahon, being in the fair transacting his employer's business, was so maimed by this valiant soldier, and his party, that his life was despaired of. Sixteen persons (whose names I have carefully entered) were so cut, maimed, and abused, that many of them are rendered miserable objects for the remainder of their lives. So much for keeping the peace of the country: to create inhabitants for the hospital or the grave, seems to be the favorite measure of tranquillizing a nation.

"A village, called Mayvore, was almost at the dead hour of the night set on fire, under the direction of Captain O——

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and the humane lieutenant, and burnt to the ground, except six houses. Captain O——, possessing a little more humanity, seemed to feel for the unparalleled distress thereby occasioned, while this modern Nero only laughed at the progress of the destructive element, and called his brother officer a chicken-hearted fellow, for his seeming compassion, for feeling a pang at the miseries he himself created; seeing numbers of his fellow-creatures petrified with horror at viewing their little properties consumed, and afraid to make the least complaint; seeing that military execution was their inevitable fate, should they make the least murmur.—Good God! is this the way to make the constitution revered, or the government respected? *Had Lord North still lived, and had the confidence of Majesty, he would never recommend the practice of those measures to save Ireland; which lost America.*"—(*Extracts from the* PRESS, *p.* 284.)

TOM THE DEVIL.

"IT is said, that the North Cork regiment were the inventors—but they certainly were the introducers of the pitch-cap torture into the county of Wexford. Any person having the hair cut short (and therefore called croppy, by which appellation the soldiers designated an United Irishman) on being pointed out by some loyal neighbour, was immediately seized and brought into a guard house, where caps either of coarse linen or strong brown paper, besmeared inside with pitch, were always kept ready for service. The unfortunate victim had one of these well heated, compressed on his head, and when judged of a proper degree of coolness, so that it could not be easily pulled off, the sufferer was turned out amidst the horrid acclamations of the merciless torturers, and to the view of vast numbers of people, who generally crouded about the guard-house door, attracted by the afflicted cries of the tormented. Many of those persecuted in this manner, experienced anguish from the melted pitch trickling into their eyes. This afforded a rare addition of enjoyment to these keen sportsmen, who reiterated their

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horrid yells of exultation, on repetition of the several accidents to which their game was liable upon being turned out; for in the confusion and hurry of escaping from the ferocious hands of these more than savage tormentors, the blinded victims frequently fell or inadvertently dashed their heads against the walls in their way. The pain of disengageing the pitched cap from the head must have been next to intolerable. The hair was often torn out by the roots, and not unfrequently parts of the skin were so scalded or blistered as to adhere and come off along with it. The terror and dismay that these outrages occasioned are inconceivable. A serjeant of the North Cork, nick-named *Tom the Devil*, was most ingenious in devising new modes of torture. Moistened gunpowder was frequently rubbed into the hair, cut close and then set on fire; some, while shearing for this purpose, had the tips of their ears cut off; sometimes an entire ear, and often both ears were completely cut off; and many lost part of their noses during the like preparation. But, strange to tell, these atrocities were publicly practised without the least reserve in open day, and no magistrate or officer ever interfered, but shamefully connived at this extraordinary mode of quieting the people! Some of the miserable sufferers on these shocking occasions, or some of their relations or friends, actuated by a principle of retaliation, if not of revenge, cut short the hair of several persons whom they either considered as enemies or suspected of having pointed them out as objects for such desperate treatment. This was done with a view, that those active citizens should fall in for a little experience of the like discipline, or to make the fashion of short hair so general that it might no longer be a mark of party distinction. Females were also exposed to the grossest insults from these military ruffians. Many women had their petticoats, handkerchiefs, caps, ribbons, and all parts of their dress that exhibited a shade of green (considered the national colour of Ireland) torn off, and their ears assailed by the most vile and indecent ribaldry."
(Plowden, vol. IV. page 346.)

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BLOODY FRIDAY.

"THE northern part of the county of Wexford had been almost totally deserted by the male inhabitants, at the approach of the army under General Needham. Some of the Yeomanry, who had formerly deserted it, returned to Gorey, and on finding no officer of the army as was expected to command there, they, with many others, who returned along with them, scoured the country round, and killed great numbers in their houses, besides all the stragglers they met, most of whom were making the best of their way home unarmed from the Insurgents, who were then believed to be totally discomfited. These transactions being made known to a body of the Insurgents, encamped at Peppard's Castle, they resolved to retaliate, and directly marched for Gorey, whither they had otherwise no intention of proceeding. The Yeomen and their associates, upon the near approah of the Insurgents, fled back with precipitation: and thence accompanied by many others, hastened towards Arklow, but were pursued as far as Coolgreney, with the loss of forty-seven men. The day was called bloody Friday. The Insurgents had been exasperated to this vengeance, by discovering through the country as they came along several dead men with their skulls split asunder, their bowels ripped open, and their throats cut across, besides some dead women and children: they even met the dead bodies of two women, about which their surviving children were creeping and bewailing them. These sights hastened the Insurgents' force to Gorey, where their exasperation was considerably augmented by discovering the pigs in the streets devouring the bodies of nine men, who had been hanged the day before, with several others recently shot, and some still expiring."——(*Plowden, vol. V. p. 36.*)

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FEMALE WRETCHEDNESS.

"THE Reverend Mr. Gordon, an Episcopal clergyman, recounts an occurrence after the battle, of which his son was a witness, which greatly illustrates the state of the country at that time: Two Yeomen coming to a brake or clump of bushes, and observing a small motion, as if some persons were hiding there, one of them fired into it, and the shot was answered by a most piteous and loud screech of a child. The other Yeoman was then urged by his companion to fire; but being less ferocious, instead of firing, commanded the concealed persons to appear, when a poor woman and eight children, almost naked, one of whom was severely wounded, came trembling from the brake, where they had secreted themselves for safety."—*(Plowden, vol. V. p. 2.)*

MARY SMITH.

The following letter—the simple, unadorned, and genuine expression of misery, may serve better than the most laboured strains of eloquence, to shew, that the hideous system of Marat *was never practised in full vigour, but against the innocent and unresisting Irish peasant.*

Moyvore, June 23, 1797.

DEAR JAMES,

TO my great grief and sorrow, I have to inform you, of the untimely end of your two brothers—and, alas! me deprived of a good husband. It is tedious to insert all the miseries the enemies to United Irishmen has brought on this neighbourhood; but particularly on the town of Moyvore, where there was forty houses and tenements burned, and levelled to the ground, on Monday night last, totally, by a boy of Pat Ward's, who was taken for robbery, and to avoid being shot, turned informer, and brought in the guilty and innocent. He first discovered where there was found arms, and that was found true, they gave his speech credit afterwards. The same day, after shooting three men, the father and two sons

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where they found the arms, they took poor Jack and Harry, together with one Mick Murray, and when they could not get information from them, after getting the rites of the church, they were shot on Ballymore green. We waked them in the chapel of Moyvore, when no man dare go near us—and applied to the Scully's, to shew us where we would bury them in Moran's Town, and not one of them would come near us—nor could we get one to carry them, until Pat Flanegan gave us a bed to carry them to Templepatrick, where we buried them. Harry's little effects were saved; but on account of my going backward and forward to Ballymore, all my effects were consumed to ashes, as there was no one to carry them out. So, my dear friend, I have no shelter here, and I will impatiently wait your answer; or, if you can afford me any relief, let me know it, as poor Jack relied on you to relieve his children—so no more at present, from a poor disconsolate widow, who subscribes herself, your loving sister-in-law.

(See Beauties of the Pass, *p.* 346.) MARY SMITH.

FEMALE CHASTITY.

Mr. Plowden, vol. 4. p. 389, observes that "as to this species of outrage, which rests not in proof, it is universally allowed to have been exclusively on the side of the military: it produced an indignant horror in the country, for it is a characteristic mark of the Irish nation, neither to forget nor forgive an insult or injury done to the honor of their female relatives. Is has been boasted of by officers of rank, that within certain large districts a woman had not been left undefiled: and upon observation in answer, that the sex must then been very complying, the reply was, that the bayonet removed all squeamishness. A lady of fashion, having in conversation been questioned as to this difference of conduct towards the sex, in the military and the rebels, attributed it in disgust to a want of gallantry in the croppies."

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It had often happened to Irishmen, to be accused of too great sensibility to the charms of the fair. It remained for this desperate faction, to make their generous continence their crime.

The crime then of Irishmen is this, to win the fair by persuasions, and defend them with their last drop of blood. The *boast* of their enemies is, to overcome their chastity, by brutal force, and their loathing, by the bayonet. Oh, monsters! hateful in the eyes of civilised humanity! More barbarous than the tygers that prowl through the desart. When your power and your *money* shall cease to bear down truth, how hidious will be your name in future history!!!

Something similar to those *boastings*, and those jests, is a work, lately imported into America, as the production of a British Minister (Canning.) There are some jokes, vapid, state, and disgusting, touching the hanging of Irishmen, and some drivelling attempts to laugh at Mr. Plowden's preface. If that witling author, whoever he was, meant to point out to general view, the abject meanness of a British Cabinet, he did well to advert to that preface. If he wished to make known the spirit of his wolfish gang, he did well to simper at their atrocious deeds in Ireland.

The felonious gibes of this author, have been compared to the elegant irony of the Salmagundy. But, oh how unlike! That little American work, while it gracefully wantons through the regions of taste, does not make sport for ladies, of hanging and massacreing; nor would the delicacy and refinement of the American Fair, tolerate such ruffian railleries.

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